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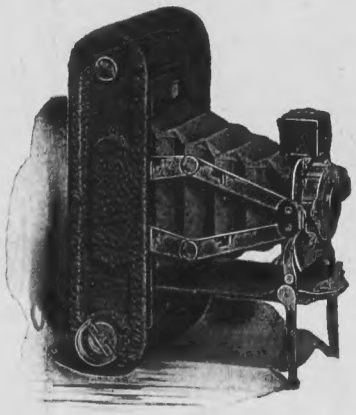

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213 Rupert Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

A Chat With our Readers.

As each issue of the W.H.M. reaches its readers throughout the West we receive assurances that it has become the best magazine in the country. This is naturally very pleasing to us, and is a stimulus to the best effort of which we are capable. While it is not so perfect in many respects as we hope to make it, yet we do claim for it that has an individuality of its own. That it is not merely one of the monthlies, but a publication unlike any other. Its aim is to deal fully and authoritatively with all matters that are likely to interest the homes of the Canadian West. It maintains a uniformly high quality in its literary contents, and its illustrations are chiefly by our own special artists and photographers, who not only are experts in their own line, but know the West as outsiders do not. From this view at least it undoubtedly is unequalled in the variety of interesting topics described and illustrated in each issue. But a healthy magazine must keep on growing, both in circulation and quality, and for our circulation we are largely dependent on the good word and kind recommendation of our readers. It was this generous co-operation of reader and publisher that brought success to the "W.H.M.," and gave it to-day a larger circle of readers than any other Canadian magazine. As to quality we can assure our subscribers that neither money nor energy will be spared in bettering and strengthening the magazine in all its departments. We are very anxious that everyone living in Western Canada should become familiar with our magazine. We strive to make each issue instructive, interesting and entertaining, and are careful to publish that which is healthy in tone only. At present we are making a great effort to introduce the magazine to those not already acquainted with it, and with that end in view are making an offer of 25c from now until the end of the year. This of course is only available to those who are not, and have not been subscribers at any time. Is it too much to expect every one of our readers to bring this offer to the notice of a non-subscriber We believe that we can rely on your friendship and co-operation to this extent and we feel sure that you are interested in extending the sphere and influence of such a magazine. It is published in the West for Western people, and we hope to make it, not only a magazine of surpassing interest to its readers, but a credit to Western Canada.

In the past you have found much to enjoy within the covers of this magazine. You have in recent issues found well informed, fearless editorials dealing impartially with matters of grave interest to this western country. These will be continued so that every reader may have enlightened and non-partisan views on the questions that have from time to time to be solved by the people.

You have found its fiction pages healthy and fascinating; you have found its many special departments, dealing with every phase of home life, helpful; its fashion pages artistic and reliable; and generally speaking you have regarded the W.H.M. as your good friend who could always help, instruct and entertain you. You have been enthusiastic about the monthly and thus you have encouraged the publishers to better effort. You know how much easier it is to work when appreciation is shown. The Western Home Monthly entered 1911 with a most sanguine spirit, endorsed by an army of readers of whom any magazine would be proud. The duty devolving on all those who appreciate the W.H.M. is not only to send their own subscriptions in early, but to see that their friends share in the happiness that this magazine brings with its twelve monthly visits. Indeed there could be no better remembrance of a friend than a year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly. We will continue, on a larger scale, to give our readers the benefit of expert knowledge in the various departments. The daily mail of the magazine would, by its size, surprise even our most ardent supporters and always the letters teem with kind words of approval and generous good wishes, for all of which we are very grateful. During the past twelve months the sphere of the W.H.M. has been very greatly extended and for this our thanks are due our subscribers. The thousands of new subscribers added have taken up the cause with true Western zeal and enthusiasm. The Western Home Monthly is a purely Western product and its aim is to be helpful and interesting

As showing the value which some readers place on the W.H.M. we are continually coming across very crude expressions of what the Monthly really is to the settler in the West. A letter which attracted our attention recently was of a somewhat amusing character, and as it may be of more than interest and amusement to some of our friends, we give an extract from the letter. "I have not received the month of June yet and I feel very lonesome without it, I would rather go without my meals than have to go without that book. Please forward me the month of June by return mail." We wonder how long this reader would be prepared to fast, but we will not tempt him.

Another writing from the remote north says: "If you had any conception of how your magazine is enjoyed by us in this lonely portion of the country you could not have stopped it. Yes you are right we must pay up and to avoid missing any more issues you will find three years subscription herewith."

FACTS FOR ADVERTISERS ABOUT THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Is the Home's favorite literature—it is read by one member of the household after another. Its contents are discussed in the family circle. As the well conducted magazine of to-day deals extensively with every department of the well-regulated home it is consulted as an authority and guide for months after its publication. Nothing that it contains escapes notice. It is attractively, durably, and conveniently got up, and again its reading takes place in the seclusion of the home where the distractions of business are put aside. Such reading is generally careful and thorough, and in the reposeful hours when the mind is in an impressionable and receptive mood. It is not read in hurried glances, nor in feverish haste, and with divided attention, and then relegated to the waste basket or the furnace. It is reasonable to conclude that the Monthly magazine with that choicest of all distributions—the responsive home circulation, must continue to command first consideration from the advertiser who is looking for tangible and lasting results.

Genasco

the Trinidad-Lake-Asphalt Roofing

has the life that only *natural* asphalt can give roofing to lastingly resist all kinds of weather.

The **Kant-leak Kleet** clamps the roof-seams water-tight without cement, and prevents nail-leaks. Ask your dealer for Genasco with Kant-leak Kleets packed in the roll.

The Barber Asphalt Paving Company
Largest producers of asphalt, and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.
Philadelphia
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MONEY IN YOUR SOIL

You Can Get it Out By Good Farming

Our school, through its course and its consultation department, puts you directly in touch with the most practical and most successful farming experts on the continent.

This is Professor Redford, who handles the work on tillage, grain and fodder crops; rotation of crops; manures, grading and judging of grains, etc., and who has supervised our entire course. He is only one of nearly a score of equally capable men on our staff.

We are now forming clubs all over Western Canada for fall study and are offering many special inducements to the first hundred farmers in each district. For one thing we guarantee you free advice as long as you live, on any farm problem. This alone may save you hundreds of dollars per year.

Mr. A. H. Finch, of Lidstone, Man., says: "Judging by the men who are conducting this correspondence course, I deem it of inestimable value to every person in the West. Any man will miss a great opportunity if he fails to take advantage of this splendid source of practical information."

We want YOU to receive the benefit of our service and we are prepared to make terms which will easily place it within your reach. Write us to-day.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF SCIENTIFIC FARMING LTD.
59 EDWARD BLOCK (OPP. EATON'S) WINNIPEG.

Shave in Comfort

Do you want a quicke easier, pleasanter shave than you ever before experienced? Do you want to keep your face in the pink of condition, free from pimples, ingrowing hairs, scratches or cuts? Then hone your razor thirty days on the Perforated Razor Hone at my expense. Take your finest blade or your poorest, and give it six strokes, or hone all day—the result will be the same—A PERFECT SHAVE.

The Perforated Hone is the ONLY hone in the world that makes OVERHONING impossible. You don't have to be careful or experienced. The small, deftly-rounded holes in this hone absolutely dispose of that hacking, pulling, irritating edge, which no amount of old-fashioned honing could ever remove. The picture shows how. The holes make your razor edge keen, incisive and firm.

The Perforated Hone is made from a natural grit stone found only in British Columbia. It lasts a lifetime.

Pin a dollar bill to this advertisement, write your name and address on a slip of paper and mail to me. I will send you at once, all charges prepaid, a Perforated Hone packed in a neat pocket case. Try it Thirty Days FREE. Unless you find it leave a keen, smooth-cutting edge on your razor that will feel like silk on your face, return it at my expense and get your money back immediately. Send today.

Booklet, "The Secret of Easy Shaving," **FREE**

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W. A. CAUNT, MGR
POST OFFICE BOX 931 VANCOUVER, B.C.
REFERENCE BANK OF TORONTO

"Best for Baby—best for you."

Baby's Own Soap

Made of specially purified and refined vegetables oils. It will not hurt the most delicate skin.
Refuse all substitutes.

Albert Soaps Limited
Mfrs.,
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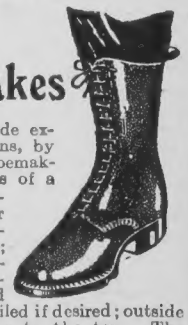
BOOTS

CARRIAGE FREE AND CUSTOMS DUTY PAID.

Frae the Land o' Cakes



This Boot is made expressly for Canadians, by competent Scotch shoemakers. The leather is of a Special Scotch tannage—Brown or Black. It is a Stitched Boot, 9 in. high; plain fronts; full watertight double tongue; plain sole and heel which can be nailed if desired; outside back strap extending to the top. The upper is made to allow of the trouser leg being turned inside the boot as shown.

The eyelets are large and suitable for raw hide laces. They are absolutely watertight and made by a firm with a world-wide Footwear reputation of 75 years standing.

We guarantee our statement or refund your money in full.

For a money order or notes value we will send you a pair of those **$7.00** boots delivered to your door in Canada by return mail, carriage paid and duty free.

Send for our DUTY FREE Footwear. Colonial Catalogue, free on application.

J. Brown & Son
313 Argyle Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

Household Suggestions.

THE PICNIC BASKET.

By Sophie K. Underwood.

Don't start on a picnic unless you are taking a good lunch and plenty of it. Plan a day beforehand, if you are one of those unlucky creatures who are possessed of a short memory, and make a little list of what you will need for the occasion, for verily to be ten miles from home and to discover that you have forgotten the lemonade is enough to turn a festive occasion into a most unpleasant one.

The sandwich is the picnic stand-by, of course, and unusually good ones can be made by baking a pan of little round rolls, cutting the tops nearly off when they are cold, scooping out some of the crumb, and filling them with chicken chopped and reduced to a stiff paste with cream. They must be seasoned, mixed with mayonnaise, pepper, and celery salt if liked.

For a simpler sandwich, butter white bread thinly, and place between two slices a thin slice of cold chicken and a thin slice of cold ham.

A streamed brown-bread loaf a day old, cut in slices, and spread with a mixture of Neufchatel cheese and chopped stuffed olives, makes sandwiches which never satisfy the demand for more.

If you are going to build a camp-fire, take some thin slices of bacon or a dozen frankfurters, and toast them over the fire. These will necessitate preparing some long rolls, split and lightly buttered, and for the frankfurters one needs also a little wide-mouthed bottle of prepared mustard.

All of these sandwiches and rolls may be kept fresh and moist by wrapping in paraffin paper, or if this is not at hand, in an old napkin or tea-towel wrung as dry as possible out of very hot water. Cream the butter used in spreading the sandwiches, and see that the bread of which they are made is twenty-four hours old.

Those Delicious Stuffed Eggs.

Stuffed eggs are a most agreeable addition to the picnic lunch and may be prepared in a variety of ways. The eggs must be boiled hard, dropped at once into cold water, and when cool, shelled. The whites are then cut off in lengthwise halves, the yolks mashed and seasoned, mied with mayonnaise, shaped into balls, and replaced in the whites.

For stuffed eggs with meat, add to the yolks half the quantity of finely-chopped ham or the same quantity of finely-chopped chicken. Cream or melted butter may be used to moisten the mixture if preferred to mayonnaise. Salt, pepper, lemon-juice and cayenne are the seasonings to use.

Saratoga chips may be either bought or made. For the benefit of those who are far from the delicatessen store, here is a good recipe: Pare, and slice very thin medium-sized potatoes. Let the slices stand in very cold water for an hour and a half. Drain on a towel. Fry in deep fat until delicately browned, remove to brown paper to absorb the superfluous fat, and sprinkle with salt.

Don't Forget the Cake.

Of course you will want to take some cake for dessert. A good devil's-food cake with a nice white icing makes a splendid cake for a picnic. Try this recipe: Melt four squares of chocolate over hot water, add one half cupful of sugar and one half cupful of sweet milk; add the yolk of one egg, and cook until the mixture thickens. Let cool, and in the meantime cream one fourth of a cupful of butter, add one half cupful of sugar, one egg well beaten, one fourth of a cupful of sour milk and one and one eighth cupfuls of flour with which has been sifted one half teaspoonful of soda. Combine the two mixtures and add one half teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in a sheet, and frost with boiled icing in which one fourth of a cupful of seeded and chopped raisins has been mixed.

A few bottles of grape-juice of some concentrated sort which is to be diluted with water makes a good drink, or one may take a bottle of lemon-syrup and make lemonade "all in a minute." Boil one cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of water twelve minutes. Add one third of a cupful of lemon-juice, cool, and pour into a wide-necked bottle. It may be diluted according to the individual taste.

Now about the little things. Have a big sheet of heavy brown paper, folded to fit the top of the basket. It is to be the table-cloth. A supply of paper napkins is better than taking linen ones. A few wooden plates, some drinking-cups, a few knives, forks and spoons and little pepper and salt shakers will set the table sufficiently. Fill in the chinks of the basket with bottles of olives—little ones—bottles of pickles, a box of sardines and two or three of crackers if there are children in the party. If you have a number of discarderd cracker-boxes, fill them with the various sorts of sandwiches, one kind in each box.

Fruit Punch.

Pour a pint of water over a pound of sugar, add the juice of one orange and the juice and grated rind of one lemon, blend thoroughly, and boil for about five minutes. When cooked sufficiently, remove the syrup from the fire; strain it carefully, and, while still warm, add half a tumblerful of currant jelly. Stir until the latter has dissolved, and set by the ice to cool. When about to be used, pour the syrup into a punch-bowl, pack ice all around it, and add the juice of two lemons and two oranges, half a pint of grape-juice, and a quart of carbonated water. If desirable, the flavor of this punch may be changed occasionally by the addition of cold tea.

The Larder.

In warm weather the larder needs a little extra attention. There should be a daily inspection,,,,,,,,did.ffl ? o-si;kM a daily inspection each morning, and any food put away on plates or dishes will keep better if removed on to clean ones. The breadpan should be emptied, wiped out, and the bread replaced. All gravies and soups that have been left should be boiled up and poured into clean basins. All fish and meat should be kept covered over with wire covers or with a piece of muslin to keep off the flies. A simple butter-cooler is made by wrapping a porous flower-pot in a wet cloth. If possible, let the milk be kept in a place away from the other food; an outside safe, in the shade, is the best for this. In summer it is advisable to scald the milk as soon as it is delivered; place it in a clean, shallow basin, and throw a piece of clean muslin over the top to protect the contents from dust. It is a good plan, too, where possible, to store pastry in a separate cupboard to preserve its crispness, as when kept in the larder it is liable to become damp and heavy. If the larder has a stone floor, use it for the storage of greens, lettuce, etc. Twice a week the larder should be thoroughly cleaned and scrubbed out.

Mosquito Bites.

The simplest and most effective remedy for mosquito bites is ordinary soap. When in the country, or at any time when one is liable to meet those pests, a small piece of soap should be carried in the pocket, and when bitten a lather should be made over the affected part and left to dry on. The soap at once relieves the irritation. If, however, it should return, a second application is all that is necessary.

Give the Window-Screens a Cold Sponge Bath

occasionally in summer and you will keep o... much heat and dust. A small basin of cold water and an old sponge may be easily carried from one window to another, and it takes but a few minutes to sponge off the screens. During a hot wave, or whenever there is sickness in the house, dampen the screens frequently.

To Drive Flies Away from a Screen Door

rub the door with a cloth dipped in kerosene oil. Oil of peppermint, or oil of lavender, put in an atomizer with water and sprayed around the porch, will sometimes keep them off. It is said that the common house-fly does not like the odor of sweet peas, and will not go where there are any bouquets of these flowers.

Does the Sewing Machine Need Cleaning?

Empty the oil-can, fill with gasoline, flood every oiling place on the machine, run it rapidly, repeat process if necessary; then oil with best machine oil, and wonder, in your surprise at the result, why you did not do it sooner.

How to Wash Dishes.

Have plenty of hot water, clean, dry wiping-towels, and the dishes arranged in order on the table before beginning. I first wash tumblers and all glassware in hot suds, rolling the tumblers and dipping other pieces in the hot, rinsing water, using a brush for cut-glass China I do not pour boiling water over, but dip the pieces in the rinsing water. After washing the glassware, I wash the silver, pouring boiling water over it to rinse it. Porcelain dishes can be piled on something that will allow them to drain in the rinsing-pan, and boiling water poured over them. When the available space is filled, put the clean dishes away, making room for more. Sticky dishes that have been used for mixing batters, etc., I fill with water as soon as I have finished using them. Greasy kettles and skillets I pour boiling water into and add some good washing-powder, then set on the stove and let them boil a while; this loosens the grease. I turn out the water, wash the utensils in hot soapsuds, scour well, rinse in hot water ,dry, and set on the back of the stove or expose to the air a while before putting away, to prevent rust.

To wash colored dresses successfully, soak ten or fifteen minutes in middling strong salt water to set the color. Then rinse out and wash in lukeworm suds made with white soap. Rinse immediately after they are washed, turn inside out, and put them through good clear starch that has been strained, or stiffen them by putting them through a thin gum-arabic water, and dry as soon as possible. When dry, sprinkle, roll up a short time, and iron on the wrong side over a thick ironing-cloth.

If there are any spots, such as grease, fruit, or ink stains, on the dresses, they should be taken out before the dresses are washed. Remove all stains before they are dry.

To Keep Ice Cream Left Ovef from Dinner

put it into a fruit-jar, being careful to pack it down hard with a spoon; then put a piece of paper over the top and screw on the cover as tight as you can. Place the jar back in the pail with the ice and salt. If this plan is followed you will find the ice cream firm several hours later, no matter how soft it was when put into the jar; provided, of course, the pail has plenty of ice left in it.

His Mother's Corn Bread.

Young Mrs. Gillmore watched her husband anxiously as he cut into a smoking pan of corn bread.

"I do hope you'll like it, dear ! I made it myself."

"It looks very good." replied Gillmore, as he helped himself liberally and shoved the pan toward her. "Last time we had it I thought it was a little too short."

"I know you did, and yet I was sure that Katie put in the right quantity of shortening."

"It crumbled all to pieces when it was cut. But it was better than the one we had Friday morning. That was soggy."

"That's the reason I was so particular about having plenty of shortening in the last one."

"You should learn not to go to extremes," said Gillmore. He had often thought that if he had not been a practical business man, he might have become a philsopher.

"Why, Martha," he exclaimed, after swallowing his first bite of the corn bread, "I do believe that you put sugar in it!"

"Of course, Byron. It was only yesterday morning that you told me that your mother put some sweetening into her famous corn bread."

"I said that mother used just a suspicion of sugar. This is really as sweet as cake, and I think you must have left out the salt. Mother often said, 'Spare the salt and spoil the food!'"

"She must have been a remarkable cook," sighed Mrs. Gillmore.

"Indeed she was."

"I sometimes wonder," continued Mrs. Gillmore, gently, "if our boyish appetite did not have something to do with your relish for your mother's cooking."

"That boyish appetite explanation is getting pretty stale, Martha. I guess I always knew palatable food when I tasted it, even in my early youth. My mother was an expert."

"I heartily wish that she had bequeathed her receipts to your wife."

"It's one thing to be funny," Gillmore retorted, "but it's another to excel in cooking. Martha, do you put any white flour with the corn-meal?"

"Yes, some."

"Well, that's the trouble. It destroys the flavor of the corn."

"But, Byron, you have told me a number of times that your mother always mixed a little spring wheat flour with the corn-meal."

"Of course, I suppose a little is necessary, but you must use discretion."

"I don't seem to have any," murmured Mrs. Gillmore, wearily.

"Well, mother often said that some women were born cooks and some weren't." Gillmore took the last piece of corn bread in the pan.

One night, a week later, Mr. Gillmore handed her an evening paper, opened at the household department page.

She glanced at a paragraph he had marked and read aloud, "Will some one kindly tell Martha, who is troubled with many things, how her husband's mother made corn bread? M. G., 1000 Blank St."

"So they really printed it," she said, much amused. Gillmore joined in her laugh somewhat weakly.

Every day for two weeks the postman brought Mrs. Gillmore at least one letter, and sometimes half a dozen, from other housewives who had long been struggling to reach that height of perfection in cooking which their husband's mothers were said to have attained. They wrote in a spirit of sympathy for a fellow sufferer.

"Martha," remarked Gillmore, after listening with the air of a martyr to a dozen of the communications which Mrs. Gillmore had read him gleefully, notes to me, "I'll never say corn bread "if you'll stop reading those ridiculous to you again."

"Just one more, Byron, that you must hear. It's form your sister Lucy. She says she laughed till she cried when she saw my letter in the paper."

"Why? It didn't strike me as so wonderfully amusing. Read me what she says, please."

"'Poor, dear, busy mother,'" began Mrs. Gillmore, in a tone that she tried to make inexpressive, "'never was much of a cook. She had too much to do to bring up her hungry brood to be very particular about the cooking. I well remember how father used to fuss about her corn bread. She never could reach his ideal of that dish. He wanted it just as his mother had made it.'"

WHY DO YOU DRINK TEA?

Because, when it is good tea, it is a refreshing, invigorating, healthful beverage.

You do well, when buying tea, to get tea which is known as a rich, perfectly pure tea.

Otherwise, you will not obtain the helpful and delightful effect that good tea gives.

For many years Blue Ribbon Tea has been known as a most excellent tea---makes many cups to the pound---always delicious in flavor---a pure, rich, satisfying tea.

You ought to try Blue Ribbon Tea. Its popularity has been growing in a wonderful way; people who have started using it telling their friends how pleased with it they are.

Buy a packet of Blue Ribbon. Find out for yourself how good it is. Perhaps you have never yet really known how truly delightful to the taste good tea is. You **will know** if you drink a cup of Blue Ribbon.

But if you are not fully satisfied, return the balance to your grocer and he will at once refund your money.

BLUE RIBBON, LIMITED, WINNIPEG, MAN.

MOONEY'S BISCUITS

ONE TIRED WOMAN

AND ONE LITTLE OVEN

You have probably been there yourself---perhaps are right now.

Bright women all over Canada are getting away from this---they welcome **MOONEY'S BISCUITS** as a most acceptable substitute for their own bread and biscuits.

MOONEY'S PERFECTION

SODA BISCUITS

are the crispest, creamiest crackers made.

Better still, they are baked in Winnipeg; right at your very door. They come to you fresh as the product of your own oven.

Use **MOONEY'S** and be sure of a biscuit that is **absolutely fresh**; a biscuit that will satisfy the family. You can have them in air-tight packages or sealed tins as you prefer.

LET MOONEY DO IT

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG. AUGUST, 1911 PRICE TEN CENTS.

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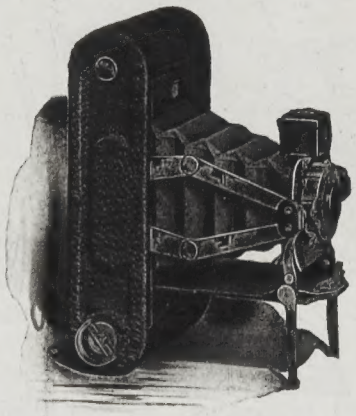

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213 Rupert Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

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In the past you have found much to enjoy within the covers of this magazine. You have in recent issues found well informed, fearless editorials dealing impartially with matters of grave interest to this western country. These will be continued so that every reader may have enlightened and non-partisan views on the questions that have from time to time to be solved by the people.

You have found its fiction pages healthy and fascinating; you have found its many special departments, dealing with every phase of home life, helpful; its fashion pages artistic and reliable; and generally speaking you have regarded the W.H.M. as your good friend who could always help, instruct and entertain you. You have been enthusiastic about the monthly and thus you have encouraged the publishers to better effort. You know how much easier it is to work when appreciation is shown. The Western Home Monthly entered 1911 with a most sanguine spirit, endorsed by an army of readers of whom any magazine would be proud. The duty devolving on all those who appreciate the W.H.M. is not only to send their own subscriptions in early, but to see that their friends share in the happiness that this magazine brings with its twelve monthly visits. Indeed there could be no better remembrance of a friend than a year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly. We will continue, on a larger scale, to give our readers the benefit of expert knowledge in the various departments. The daily mail of the magazine would, by its size, surprise even our most ardent supporters and always the letters teem with kind words of approval and generous good wishes, for all of which we are very grateful. During the past twelve months the sphere of the W.H.M. has been very greatly extended and for this our thanks are due our subscribers. The thousands of new subscribers added have taken up the cause with true Western zeal and enthusiasm. The Western Home Monthly is a purely Western product and its aim is to be helpful and interesting

As showing the value which some readers place on the W.H.M. we are continually coming across very crude expressions of what the Monthly really is to the settler in the West. A letter which attracted our attention recently was of a somewhat amusing character, and as it may be of more than interest and amusement to some of our friends, we give an extract from the letter. "I have not received the month of June yet and I feel very lonesome without it, I would rather go without my meals than have to go without that book. Please forward me the month of June by return mail." We wonder how long this reader would be prepared to fast, but we will not tempt him.

Another writing from the remote north says: "If you had any conception of how your magazine is enjoyed by us in this lonely portion of the country you could not have stopped it. Yes you are right we must pay up and to avoid missing any more issues you will find three years subscription herewith."

FACTS FOR ADVERTISERS ABOUT THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Is the Home's favorite literature—it is read by one member of the household after another. Its contents are discussed in the family circle. As the well conducted magazine of to-day deals extensively with every department of the well-regulated home it is consulted as an authority and guide for months after its publication. Nothing that it contains escapes notice. It is attractively, durably, and conveniently got up, and again its reading takes place in the seclusion of the home where the distractions of business are put aside. Such reading is generally careful and thorough, and in the reposeful hours when the mind is in an impressionable and receptive mood. It is not read in hurried glances, nor in feverish haste, and with divided attention, and then relegated to the waste basket or the furnace. It is reasonable to conclude that the Monthly magazine with that choicest of all distributions—the responsive home circulation, must continue to command first consideration from the advertiser who is looking for tangible and lasting results.

MONEY IN YOUR SOIL

You Can Get it Out By Good Farming

Our school, through its course and its consultation department, puts you directly in touch with the most practical and most successful farming experts on the continent.

This is Professor Redford, who handles the work on tillage, grain and fodder crops; rotation of crops; manures, grading and judging of grains, etc., and who has supervised our entire course. He is only one of nearly a score of equally capable men on our staff.

We are now forming clubs all over Western Canada for fall study and are offering many special inducements to the first hundred farmers in each district. For one thing we guarantee you free advice as long as you live, on any farm problem. This alone may save you hundreds of dollars per year.

Mr. A. H. Finch, of Lidstone, Man., says: "Judging by the men who are conducting this correspondence course, I deem it of inestimable value to every person in the West. Any man will miss a great opportunity if he fails to take advantage of this splendid source of practical information."

We want YOU to receive the benefit of our service and we are prepared to make terms which will easily place it within your reach. Write us to-day.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF SCIENTIFIC FARMING LTD.
59 EDWARD BLOCK (OPP. EATON'S) WINNIPEG.

Shave in Comfort

Do you want a quicke easier, pleasanter shave than you ever before experienced? Do you want to keep your face in the pink of condition, free from pimples, ingrowing hairs, scratches or cuts? Then hone your razor thirty days on the Perforated Razor Hone at my expense. Take your finest blade or your poorest, and give it six strokes, or hone all day—the result will be the same—A PERFECT SHAVE.

The Perforated Hone is the ONLY hone in the world that makes OVERHONING impossible. You don't have to be careful or experienced. The small, deftly-rounded holes in this hone absolutely dispose of that hacking, pulling, irritating edge, which no amount of old-fashioned honing could ever remove. The picture shows how. The holes make your razor edge keen, incisive and firm.

The Perforated Hone is made from a natural grit stone found only in British Columbia. It lasts a lifetime.

Pin a dollar bill to this advertisement, write your name and address on a slip of paper and mail to me. I will send you at once, all charges prepaid, a Perforated Hone packed in a neat pocket case. Try it Thirty Days FREE. Unless you find it leave a keen, smooth-cutting edge on your razor that will feel like silk on your face, return it at my expense and get your money back immediately. Send today.

Booklet, "The Secret of Easy Shaving," **FREE**

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POST OFFICE BOX 931 VANCOUVER, B.C.
REFERENCE BANK OF TORONTO

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the Trinidad-Lake-Asphalt Roofing

has the life that only *natural* asphalt can give roofing to lastingly resist all kinds of weather.

The **Kant-leak Kleet** clamps the roof-seams water-tight without cement, and prevents nail-leaks. Ask your dealer for Genasco with Kant-leak Kleets packed in the roll.

The Barber Asphalt Paving Company
Largest producers of asphalt, and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.
Philadelphia
New York San Francisco Chicago

"Best for Baby—best for you."

Baby's Own Soap

Made of specially purified and refined vegetables oils. It will not hurt the most delicate skin.
Refuse all substitutes.

Albert Soaps Limited
Mfrs.,
Montreal. D511

BOOTS CARRIAGE FREE AND CUSTOMS DUTY PAID.

Frae the Land o' Cakes

This Boot is made expressly for Canadians, by competent Scotch shoemakers. The leather is of a Special Scotch tannage—Brown or Black. It is a Stitched Boot, 9 in. high; plain fronts; full watertight double tongue; plain sole and heel which can be nailed if desired; outside back strap extending to the top. The upper is made to allow of the trouser leg being turned inside the boot as shown.

The eyelets are large and suitable for raw hide laces. They are absolutely watertight and made by a firm with a world-wide Footwear reputation of 75 years standing.

We guarantee our statement or refund your money in full.

For a money order or notes value we will send you a pair of those **$7.00** boots delivered to your door in Canada by return mail, carriage paid and duty free.

Send for our DUTY FREE Footwear. Colonial Catalogue, free on application.

J. Brown & Son
313 Argyle Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

You Read a little, Write a little, Visit and Sew but you get 1000 Meals a Year

A little journey to the home of the average woman shows clearly that the most important part of her daily routine is the "bread-and-meat" problem in the kitchen.

Three meals a day—more than a thousand times a year—the housewife plans and prepares the family diet. Success depends largely on health, health depends on food and its cooking, and the success of that cooking is assured by the use of a Gurney-Oxford range.

This range is built with all that highest skill and best materials can put into it—all the *lasting* qualities —all the points that tend toward comfort and convenience of operation.

It is built on honor by a firm of sixty year's standing, whose splendid reputation depends on a continuation of the integrity and square dealing that has made it famous.

In short, the housewife, to whose care is intrusted the imperative "three-times-a-day" demand for meals, will find every possible aid to perfect results conveniently obtained in Gurney-Oxford Stoves and Ranges.

The Oxford Economizer is a big factor in the working out of the fuel and time-saving principle. This Economizer is a small lever used *only* on Gurney-Oxford stoves. A turn of the Economizer and your fire is held at even temperature for hours without attention and with 20% saving in coal. It will bake though the pipe be cool.

The divided flue-strip gives an *honest* oven-baking that never disappoints, because the heat waves travel *equally all over it.* Ask the dealer to demonstrate the principle by which this oven-arrangement is assurance of baking success.

GURNEY-OXFORD

STOVES AND RANGES

Ask to see, also, the clever working of the Reversible Grate. It can be cleaned with a half-turn to the right, and there is no trouble with clinkers, owing to the force of the strong interlocking teeth.

The Gurney-Oxford special soft coal grate is equally good for bituminous coal.

Full measure of beauty and style is added to these practical advantages. Ask your dealer or write our nearest branch for the most convenient address. Ask for free booklet.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., LIMITED

TORONTO MONTREAL HAMILTON WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

Happy Home Life.

THE FIRST NECESSITY.

They met in the village grocery store and as usual began to exchange opinions on all topics great and small. "I'll tell you what this country needs," said the first speaker. "It needs free trade within the Empire." "No!" said a second. "It needs better farmers." Said a third speaker: "It is better schools we need," and a fourth said that "we need cleaner politics."

Yet they all missed the great thing. And it is for that greater thing the Western Home Monthly would plead. A country's greatness depends ultimately upon the character of its people, and the character of a people is determined in the first place, not by trade relations nor by schools nor by churches, but by the quality of the home life.

One by one the great nations of the world may come before us to give their testimony and one by one they will agree in this, that when home life was pure and honorable the nation was great and prosperous, but that when infidelity and disobedience and discord reigned in the family circle, national disintegration began. When was Rome great? Not in the time of the Caesars, when every man mistrusted his wife and every wife had reason to mistrust her husband, but in the time when social purity was the chief characteristic of Roman life—the time when the Gracchi lived, and when Cornelia led forth her two sons in the hour of her country's need, saying: "These are my Jewels." Is there in all literature a finer picture than that of the old Scottish home given to us in the Cotter's Saturday Night? Truly, Burns knew that Scotland's wealth was not in her fields and her industries, but in the sweetness and devotion shown in the home life.

And if we as Canadians go back in our history a few years and begin to ask why it is that so many of the sons and daughters of the Dominion have grown up strong, stalwart and efficient, why so many of them have become distinguished at home and abroad, we can find and answer in the home life of the early days.

THE HOMES OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

The home life of those days was not like that of to-day, and though its spirit may and should be retained amongst us, the activities that bound the members together can never be repeated. For in those early days the home was the centre of all industries. The great factory did not exist. There was scarcely an article of food or clothing, and scarcely a toy or weapon that was not made in the home.

Beef, pork and mutton—who cannot remember the smoked beef, the pickled pork, and the mutton all prepared for the time of the fall threshing? Wheat, oats, peas, beans, barley, corn and rye—everyone was used in some form for diet, and as for roots and vegetables, why, there was nothing worth growing that did not find a place in the farm garden. Small fruits of every kind were grown, and apples, pears and peaches were found in most gardens. Yes, and the goodwife had time to make her butter and cheese, to dry the apples and the pumpkins, to lay by preserves of a dozen varieties, and then when the evening came she had time for knitting and spinning and sewing, while her daughter who had been to boarding-school used her spare time in making farmer's wreaths, and hair wreaths, spatter work decorations, and Berlin wool mottoes, or perhaps she even had the temerity to hang up a few pictures drawn in charcoal or with lead pencil. And the children played games, using toys of their own making—dolls made from pillows or with potato heads, and tops made from ends of spools. And as for Sundays—it was a time for reading, or perhaps the neighbors dropped in for a song, and the old Vocalist was produced and the time-honored melodies sung with a vigor and power that would make modern trills and trillers seem tame by comparison.

But it is not necessary to recall it all. That old life was supremely simple, yet altogether beautiful. Father, mother and children were drawn together in the many activities of work and play. There was a real communion born of interdependence. Then were implanted the seeds of loyalty and self-sacrifice, and these two virtues have never been developed nor can be developed any other time nor in any other way.

THE HOME LIFE OF TO-DAY.

This old life has gone and given way to another. No longer is manufacture carried on in the rural home, no longer are the things for wear and use made by the parents and children. The factory and the departmental store have ushered in a new order of things. Under this new order of things it is not easy for old relations to be maintained, it is not easy for those cardinal virtues which are necessary to all social, civic, and institutional advancement to be cultivated. Yet, if our country is to retain an envied place among the nations of history, we must see to it that the old home virtues are exalted. It is our one hope, for the greatness of a people depends not upon what the people have but what they are.

THE MARRIAGE BOND.

The very first condition of secure and happy home life is that the sacredness of the marriage tie be observed. There is nothing makes for laxity and infidelity so much as marriage for money and social position. The union of King Cophetua and the beggar maid is more to be commended than the life-long separation of Maud Muller and the enamored judge. Whatever financial and personal difficulties may arise in any home, there is always hope of successful settlement if the parents are loyal in heart the one to the other, and there is always danger of friction if the bond of union is anything less than personal attachment. In a home where love reigns it is not difficult to find the spirit of contentment, and if happiness is to be permanent this spirit of contentment must be felt by each member of the family.

HAPPY MOTHERHOOD.

Sometimes it comes about that the mother is not content. It may be that her life is too strenuous. As a young girl, she had some natural longings for the beautiful and the artistic, she had thought of a home possessing refinement, taste and a few of those comforts that tend to lift life above a purely animal existence. Yet she has been compelled by her partner or perhaps she has been unconsciously educated to join in the quest of material wealth until all the finer feelings and noble resolves have been subdued, and now she drudges from year's end to year's end, with no higher thought than that of keeping up with the work, so that the acres may be free of debt, or the herd of cattle and bushel of grain increased. It is said that of those who are found in the asylums for the insane the wives of farmers form an unduly high percentage. The monotonous wear and tear, the absence of social and aesthetic joys, has brought about a mental condition that has in time produced insanity. It is for men in this land, in their mad rush for gain, to see to it that into the lives of their wives there shall enter that variety, and especially that touch of the aesthetic and the social, which are the only sure preventive of eunui, lonesomeness and ceaseless brooding.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

But although father and mother may grow unhappy and discontented because of the long, dreary grind, the great danger is that owing to their complete devotion to the affairs of the farm and their failure to consider the mental effect upon the children, the birthright they have been acquiring may be despised by their offspring.To the young ones the farm may become a hateful place, because the associations are so devoid of that which it is natural for young people to seek. In every young soul there is implanted the appetite for play for companionship, for knowledge, and, in short, for varied experience. Monotonous repetition in a small field is unendurable.

LEAVING THE FARM.

It is often asked why boys wish to leave the farms. The answer is that the experiences are not sufficiently attractive. To make them so is the first duty of the parents. It is idle ta attempt to meet the difficulty bo coercion and restraint. At a certain age there will be a rebellion. So through the work of home and school the hungers of the young soul must be met. Every child is educated away from the farm whose soul is starved. Why cannot one acre a year be saved for children's use? Let the proceeds purchase suitable books, toys, and materials for home games. Let there be a little time sacred to social enjoyment, when there is relief from the endless strain and worry, when parent and children need not as workers but as glad companions.

The only reason why there has been a migration to towns and cities during these last forty years is not because farming has become unattractive. It is probably much more attractive than ever. On the whole, it is much easier work than formerly, and the farmer has a standing in the community he did not occupy a generation ago. But on the farm a man now does as much as twelve men long ago; and as has been indicated rural home manufacture is no longer a common activity. Therefore, there is a natural shifting of population to the great centres of industry. There are proportionately three times as many in these centres as there were fifty years ago. Where there are numbers there are social advantages, and to really ambitious souls hopes of distinction. Hence the cities will always call to the country. Fortunately, however, there is a counter-call, and young men and women of the towns are now beginning to respond to the call of the land. The call to be effective must be the call to a larger, freer, fuller life, and not supply a call to monotonous existence. Those who have lived both in city and in country know well that life in the fields can be much more attractive than life in the crowded thoroughfare. Unfortunately, however, care is not always taken to make it attractive.

A TYPICAL CASE.

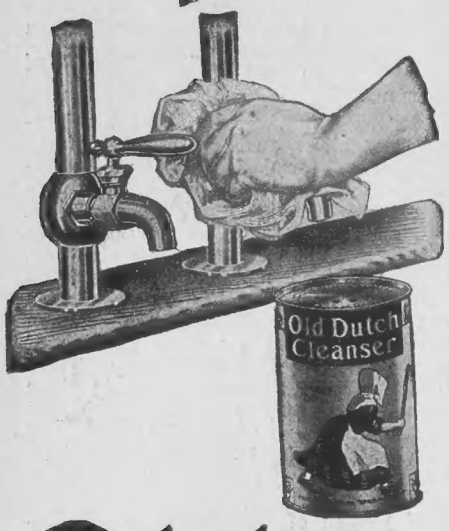
The other day, I visited a farm. The owner was a city man, and the management of the farm was committed to his son a young fellow of eighteen. How did it come about that the young fellow willingly gave up his city associations, his luxurious home, and devoted himself so gladly to work in the fields and the stables? Simply this, that the father had some wisdom. He begun by erecting a comfortable dwelling. He did not spend everything in stables, leaving the poor humans to fare as best they might until the mortgage was all paid. His first care was to get a small, but thoroughly attractive home. Then he got a fine outfit of tools and rigged out a carpenter's shop, complete even to the lathe and the tools for working on brass and iron. There on rainy days the young fellow spent his time, not idly, but in making the repairs which are always necessary where implements and conveyances are in daily use. Then he was given responsibility for investment and for sale. True, he consulted with his father very frequently at first, but more and more he took burdens upon himself. And so in his life was fulfilled the very common experience that where one finds his interests provided for he is as happy as the day is long.

THE SIMPLE WAY.

The making of homes pure and sweet depends much upon the example and the conversations of the parents. They can make life rise to what level they please. The making of the home attractive requires only a little outlay and a little time during which matters are considered from the view-point of the children.

To make the bedrooms as attractive as those in town is quite possible if people were not so mercenary; to add a few books to the library for the use of the children is not impossible to any parent who thinks of his children; to get materials for playing a few indoor and outdoor games is always possible to those who believe play is a natural and necessary impulse. Above all, to add a little of the beautiful—to use wild flowers and the grasses to adorn the rooms, to arrange the table as tastefully as in any city home, to attend to the flower garden—all these are but illustrations of what is meant by satisfying the natural craving of the adolescent. And he will attend to these things, making the farm and its home a real paradise will realize what happiness and contentment mean.. Under such conditions the problem of government will not be serious, for it is life misdirected or activity unprovided for that lies behind all badness and rebellion. He who will recognize the inherent needs of the human organism as they manifest themselves and who will make provision for them will have no difficulties in management, and there will be no estrangement in later life to fill it with bitterness and vain regrets.

Just WHY



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Quickly

Because the Cleanser immediately takes off all rust and tarnish, and the metal surface then readily takes a gleaming lustre with a few moments' rubbing. Apply some Old Dutch Cleanser with a wet cloth or brush; rub slightly, then wipe dry. Use dry as a polish. In this way you can easily keep brass, nickle, copper, steel, tin and aluminum bright and shining. (Not recommended for silverware.)

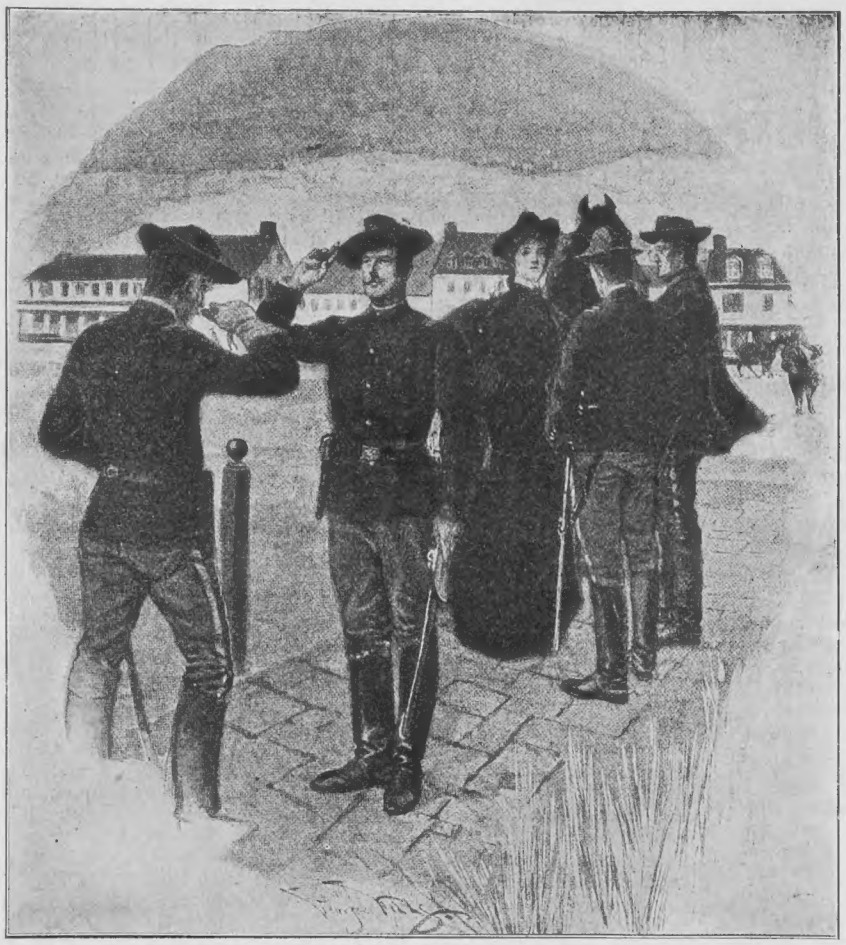
Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

A Garrison Ghost.

By General Charles King.

SOME queer things happened at an old frontier army post the summer of '76 while all the cavalry of the garrison were out on the chase of the Sioux. It was a grewsome year—the year that Custer and his gallant men went down before the hordes of Sitting Bull and weeping women and children cowered in many a fort all over the Western plains. But even under such conditions "love will find a way," and Fort Russell was at once enlivened by a romance and thrilled by a visitor from the spirit world. Somebody, without the courage to declare himself, had declared his love for a soldier's daughter. Somebody was writing letters, verses, and passionate appeals to the prettiest girl at the post—somebody who raved of noble birth and barionial estates, and a legend-haunted castle in the Rhineland to which he besought her to fly with him. In his present humble disguise, he wrote, he dared not reveal himself to her until, by openly wearing a certain knot of ribbon which he sent her, she gave him to know her heart was inclined to hear further. "A modern major-general" had her father been in the great war of the sixties, and his daughter would stoop to no such conquest; but all the more intense became the mysterious missives, picked up at various points along the row of officer's quarters, and faithfully brought to her by the finders. And finally, as the writer's hopes gave way to despair, pleas and protestations were followed by threats. Since she scorned his love, he could but die. Since she would not see him in the flesh, she should see him in the spirit. Nor bolt, nor lock could bar him from her bedside. That should be the reward of her cruelty, and, strange to say, Miss Thornton, who laughed at first, began to pale. There had been no place in her heart for anonymous admirers. It had gone to another. But the letters suddenly ceased. Then those queer things began to happen and strange stories were now afloat.

There came a bleak November evening. The sun had sulked behind the snow-clouds, hovering thick over the Black Hills of Wyoming. A spiteful wind blew whistling out from the sombre depths of the Pass, and moaning about the ramshackle buildings and quarters of the old frontier fort. The prairie, townward, was swept clean of any covering save the thin blanket of bunch grass, but every little ditch or depression had its fleecy lining, and the flakes came swirling on the chill blast of the mountains, sending a shiver through the worn frame of many a trapper just in from the long, ill-starred campaign of '76. They had had to eat their horses to keep alive that summer and fall, and were not enraptured with Indian-chasing as they had found it, with Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse leading the huge hostile bands. They averaged nearly twenty pounds lighter to the man when they started forth so buoyantly from this very point in early June. They were bidden to get home and recuperate—headquarters and six troops coming here to old Fort Russell. They thanked God when the trumpets sang "Dismount" at the stable, and their scarecrow steeds neighed an equine amen.



Bob saluted his commanding officer and stood at attention.

There were others looking on with less equanimity—officers, men, and some few women, members of a garrison now ordered to vacate and make room for the Fifth. Russell was a pet station, being near Cheyenne, the cars, and civilization. They, these others, had occupied it four long years and thought they owned it. They had been very civil to the Fifth when it pitched its tents on the prairie late in May, coming up from Kansas to help subjudate the Sioux. They little dreamed then that in less than six months the general would turn them out and the Fifth in, but he had, and here were the new tenants, gaunt, bearded, and hard as nails, officers and men looking for a place to lay their heads, while more than half of the outgoing families were still unpacked.

"Haven't you any unoccupied quarters?" demanded the major commanding, of the young post quartermaster. "It's five months since I've slept under a roof.'

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"The Universal Perfume"

Is unique in quality and universal in popularity. It cannot be replaced by any of its imitators. For the bath, for use after shaving, as a rub-down after exercising, and for general dressing-table use, it is matchless. Its fragrance is delightful and permanent, and during hot weather especially, Murray & Lanman's Florida Water is truly a necessity.

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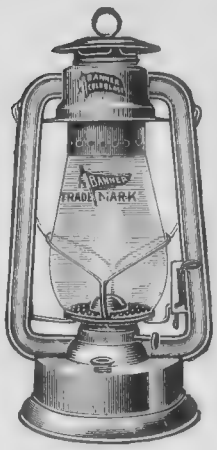
BANNER Is Not Just As Good It' s Better

GOOD POINTS OF THE BANNER ARE BROUGHT OUT IN BAD WEATHER



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Sanitas exactly reproduces the finishes, designs and effects of the finest wall papers and fabrics, but in a far more serviceable material of moderate cost.

Sanitas is fade-proof, stain-proof, dust-and-dirt-proof, never cracks, never tears, is instantly cleaned with a damp cloth.

All the handsomest glazed tile effects are also made in Sanitas, for bathrooms, kitchens and pantries.

Sanitas is sold by all reliable dry goods and wall paper jobbers in Canada.

Write us your needs fully, and we will send you samples and sketches and tell you how to be quickly, satisfactorily supplied.

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Stamped on Every Yard — *USE MERITAS -- the guaranteed table oil cloth. For the name of any dealer not handling Meritas we will send you ½ dozen handsome Meritas doilies.*

SANITAS
THE WASHABLE WALL COVERING

"Only No. 1," answered the youth, with marked hesitancy, and his face clouded as he spoke.

"Well, what's the matter with that? We can go in there, can't we?" The major shoved his blue hands in the pockets of his worn scouting breeches and glowered.

"Why—yes, sir—you can—only—" Then the lieutenant gulped and got no further. The prettiest thing the major and his two staff officers had seen for six months came galloping up on a spirited bay. Off came the battered felt hats. Major commanding, adjutant, and regimental quartermaster were deaf to further remarks of local officials and sightless to everything but the winsome girl in saddle.

She could not have been more than eighteen. She was divinely tall and, in spite of all that Cheyenne zephyrs could do at the expense of complexion, most divinely fair. She had laughing blue eyes, a lovely mouth, with large, white, even teeth. Her bright brown hair was piled up and scientifically screwed under a jaunty, drab felt hat. Her form was wellnigh perfect, so beautifully was it rounded and developed. She sat her horse like an Amazon queen. Small wonder: she had ridden since babyhood. She had all her father's regiment at her feet and now sought other worlds to conquer, in spite of the fact that the man she most feared and fancied stood in silence not ten paces away, a witness to the scene.

A brave girl, too, was Jessica Thornton, and a good one. Coquetry is no crime—a woman without it is a rose without its fragrance. Daughter of the regiment, long at Russell, she had turned from the importunity of its commissioned bachelors, and had fascinated big Bob Ramsay of the Fifth; danced with him, three out of six, at the farewell hop the 1st of June; quarrelled with him vehemently that very night, and parted with him ten hours later without a word of remorse. He had sent back a few little, friendly, uncompromising missives and marched the next day. Now, here he was back with his regiment—indeed had been sent in two days ahead, preceding it to choose camp ground and arrange for all supplies, and never had he come near her. She, springing lightly from saddle, overwhelmed the major and his satellites with joyous, jubilant congratulation on their return, but it was Bob Ramsay she was studying out of the corners of her blue eyes—Bob, who was busy directing the unpacking of a big army wagon, and could not be induced to glance at her at all.

Even when the major, "sizing up the situation," found means whereby to summon the young officer into his presence and Jessica Thornton's, no good resulted. Bob saluted his commanding officer and stood at attention. He did not even touch his hat-brim to her. Mentally and physically his attitude was "strictly business," and the major had to devise a protext.

"Have you relieved Lieutenant Dunn as post commissary?" he asked.

"Four hours ago, sir, and so reported at the time."

"Fact," said the major, coloring, "I had forgotten it. Er—well, that's all—unless—" he finished lamely and glanced to where Miss Thornton, chatting with the adjutant, stood with her left arm through the reins, her gauntleted hands drawing her whip-lash to and from between her ripe red lips, her eyes shooting furtive glances under their long lashes away from the two staff officers and straight at the unmelting Ramsay. The major's hint fell flat. Ramsay chose to regard the situation as entirely official.

"Well—oh, what I wanted to say, Ramsay," hurried on the major, "is that we're going to sleep in No. 1 to-night make our bedding down on the floor, you know, and as you're relieved from troop duty we'd be glad to have you with us. Tell the wagoner to dump your bedding roll with ours over at the end house of the row."

"Thank you, major. I may have to," answered Ramsay promptly, but still maintaining the attitude of attention. "Dunn went off an hour ago and forgot to leave me the combination. I can't open the office safe and here's a wad of something like seven hundred dollars commissary funds. If it won't crowd you—"

"Oh, not a bit of it!" said Downer heartily. "The more the merrier."

"Where did Major Downer say you were to sleep?" asked Miss Thornton, suddenly, of the adjutant. "Not—No. 1?" and an odd anxiety stood in her bright eyes.

"No. 1 it is—four doors from yours, as I remember, and convenient to the clubroom." Mr. Billing's gaze was following Ramsay as that officer hastened back to his wagon, still refusing to see that Jessica Thornton stood chatting with his comrades but shooting glances at him. She, too, in spite of gallant effort, found that impulse to gaze uncontrollable, but, noting his persistent indifference, presently turned away.

"I think I'll ride over home now," she said, gathering skirts and reins, even as her eyes, suspiciously beginning to swim, flashed back once more on the broad straight back and squared shoulders of Mr. Robert Ramsay. Her radiant face had paled a bit. Her right hand sought the off pommel; the toe of a shiny little boot popped into the practiced hand of the quartermaster, and up she shot into saddle, light as a bird, and, with a comprehensive nod and smile to the three, rode swiftly away toward the eastward gate.

"Where're you going?" said the adjutant, that night, to Gray, the orderly in charge. "I told you to make down your blankets in the dining-room."

"I know, sir," said Gray, with embarrassed salute. "But—if the lieutenant doesn't mind, I—I'd like to sleep over with 'C' Troop. I know most of their fellows. I—I've bolted the rear doors."

"Oh, as you please—though that leaves us with nobody. Preuss, too, asked to sleep over in barracks"—But Gray was gone.

Mr. Billings looked about him. The walls and floor of the little army parlor seemed unusually bare. A wooden table, with a lantern on the south side and a coal stove at the north, were the only items of furniture. Radiating from the latter were the outspread camp kits of four officers, spread on the floor, and, though it was barely ten o'clock, two of these gentry, the major and Lieutenant Ramsay, the new post commissary, had turned in for the night. They had been up since the earliest dawn and were glad of rest. Hull, regimental quartermaster, was still out—calling somewhere along the row.

Back of the bare parlor lay the bare dining-room. Back of the bare dining-room the cheerless kitchen; back of that some wood and coal sheds. "Bolt the doors, will you, Billings?" shouted Ramsay, as the former had gone exploring. "I can't risk this money, yet I've got to, until morning."

"All set," answered the adjutant, as he in turn kicked off his boots. In ten minutes in came Hull, locking the door behind him. In twenty the major was snoring and, turning the lantern low, Hull, too, scrambled into his blankets and the quartet was speedily lulled to sleep.

Two hours later Billings started from slumber. Somebody was sneaking.

"Who's that walking about there?" testily demanded the major. "What the devil's the mater?" No answer.

Bilings squirmed out of his blankets. "I haven't moved,' said he. "Did you put out the light?" he continued, as Hull's long arms came out from under the blanket and the quartermaster indulged in a stretch and yawn. The adjutant had struck a match and was retouching the lantern. The major was sitting up. "Nobody seems to have stirred in this outfit. What had you heard?" asked Billings.

"Somebody moving about—plain as could be. I hailed twice and got no answer. I thought it must be Hull.

"And I thought it was you, Billings," put in the quartermaster. "Somebody was prowling about here in stocking feet—sure." Then Ramsay started up and shoved a hand underneath his rude pillow. The lantern threw its mild rays about the room. "Packet's all right," said he. "Could it have been Gray, or Preuss, coming in after all?"

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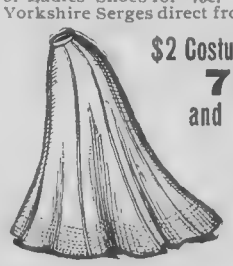

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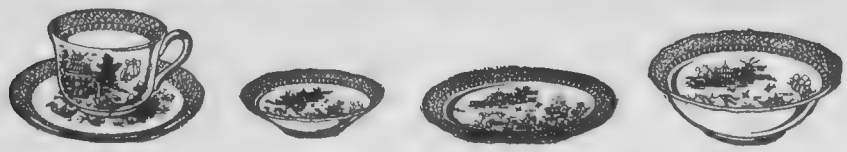

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Billings took the lantern and scouted the dining room and kitchen. "All doors bolted and windows fastened," said he. The two front windows had been raised some six inches each for fresh air, but the blinds were latched. The night was sharply cold. The little wood fire in the stove had burned out. Billings shivered a bit as he reset the lantern on the table and huddled again under his blankets. Nothing more was said. The major and his staff officers confided to one another next day that they thought it must have been Ramsay—nervous and anxious because of his packet of currency—stirring about, half asleep, half awake. The sentries about the post were calling twelve o'clock as the quartet dropped off to sleep again. They were calling two when the sound of placid snoring was rudely interrupted. It was the major again.

"D—n that door!" said he, as he shuffled out of his blankets, and with suggestive emphasis shut the light wooden portal that swung between them and the hallway.

"Why, I closed that when I came in," drowsily spoke Hull.

"I know you did," growled the major, burrowing again into warm buffalo robe and blankets. "And the cantankerous thing swung open at one and let in a lot of cold air. I got up and shut it. Five minutes ago that cold draft woke me again. The lantern's burning queer, too."

"Br-r-r!" shuddered Ramsay, sitting up. "We ought to have kept up the fire. Billing's hand here is just like ice. What were you reaching for anyway?" he abruptly querfied of his next-door neighbor on the floor.

"When?" asked Billings, yawning.

"Just now—just after the major spoke. I felt your hand on my face and it gave me the creeps."

For answer Billings whipped both hands from under his blankets. "Feel," said he. "I didn't touch you."

Ramsay grabbed first one hand, then the other. Each was warm as toast. "Well, I'll be jiggered," said he. "Hull have you been up?"

"Haven't stirred," was the sententious ansewr. For a moment there was silence. Then Ramsay gave a nervous laugh. "Well, by crimminy, fellows, this may be all right, but I've been told a dozen times, I think, that they had a haunted house here at Russell, and, begad, I believe we're in it." Then all of a sudden he whirled about and up to his knees, and out came his revolver. "By God! Look at that door!"

In an instant the other three also had whirled about and were on their knees at a bound. In the dim gleam of the sputtering lantern, the hall door, closed so carefully by the major not three minutes before, was slowly, unaccountably, swinging open again. Revolver in hand, Hull sprang to his feet and the table, seized in his left the lantern, and four strides took him through the doorway. A cold wind came blowing down from the upper floor, and, left in darkness, the trio heard him swiftly mount the creaking stairs, then go searching through the two rooms and hallway aloft. In five minutes he was back, curiously examining the latch of the offending portal. "All five windows fastened," said he. "Pane broken in the back dormer might account for the cold wind, and there's lots of rubbish in a closet, but that's all." He slammed the door to, shoved his pistol under his pillow, and crawled in again. "But it's —mighty queer," he added. And then there were silence.

Thornton, lieutenant-colonel commanding the post, but under orders to march, met our major in the morning. "How'd you rest?" asked he, and was duly enlightened as to what had taken place. His face was a study, finally he spoke. "Downer you've known me twenty years and know that I don't stampede easy, but I may as well own that I'm up against something here I can't fathom. Our fellows shun that set of quarters as they would a pest-house. Three times we've had men desert post when put on sentry duty back of it. Sloan of the old Riflers shot himself in No. 1 the year it was built, and there isn't a man in the ranks, or a woman in Sudstown, that don't believe his ghost walks there to this day." Then, in lower tone and with a grimace, "And there are lots of people up here along the line that you couldn't bribe to spend a night there. That's my legacy to you. I march to Laramie to-morrow."

And with the morrow, all but the wives and chidren of the officers, the old regiment had pulled out and the Fifth struck tents and were moving in. The colonel of each regiment had been a major-gneral in the war days. One was now going to Europe on leave; the other had been called straight from the field to division headquarters, for Sheridan wished to hear at first hand the details of the strange and eventful campaign. Leaving the colonel's quarters to their legitimate occupant, therefore, when he should reappear, Downer chose No. 5 as the temporary commander of the regiment and post; courteously bade Mrs. Thornton and Jessica to take their own time in packing, assuring them that he would not move in until they were all started for Laramie on the trail of the regiment. Old Stannard, senior captain, had taken No. 9 for his future home. Mrs. Stannard and the ladies of the fifth were still at the Kansas posts occupied at the outbreak of the Sioux war. So for several days the officers were keeping bachelors hall as they shook down into their new station. Billings, the adjutant, went to Kansas to bring up the band and regimental headquarters. Hull, the quartermaster, and Ramsay, the post commissary, set to work to get their offices and storerooms in order. Hull chose No. 8 as his abiding-place and set plasterers and kalsominers to work. Ramsay decided that he would take a room under the quartermaster's roof, as they were to mess together, but both of them shook hands on it that for the present, at least, they would sleep in one house that hadn't a claimant—that in which Jim Sloan had blown out his brains the year of our Lord eighteen sixty-eight and of the post of Fort Russell the first.

When this decision was made known to Troopers Gray and Preuss, strikers-in-ordinary to the two young gentlemen in question, they promptly begged to be relieved from the personal service and extra pay that they had so gladly chosen in the past, and allowed to return to regular duty with their respective companies.

And so it happened that, three nights after this initial experience at No. 1, Trooper Preuss was a member of the guard duly mounted and sentry on the post numbered 5, directly in rear of the back yards of the eastward end of officer's row, between those quarters and the inclosure in which stood the house of the post surgeon, and in full view of the post hospital, one hundred yards out across the flat open prairie. Preuss had begged the sergeant not to put him on the midnight relief and on No. 5, and the sergeant had scorned and scoffed at him.

There was a farewell dance at the assembly-room that evening, complimentary to the ladies of the old regiment still lingering at the post about to move. Jessica Thornton, a radiant picture early in the evening at least, was there, and easily the belle of the ball; but she looked in vain at the doorway hour after hour—the unmollified Robert came not at all. "Is Mr. Ramsay ill?" she ventured to ask of Hull, and the answer came with hearty reassurance: "Bob? Bob Ramsay has never had a sick day in his life! He's busy, that's all—ghost-hunting."

Her face went white as the flanks of the peak, glistening there in the brilliant moonlight a hundred miles to the south. "Ghosts," she faltered. "You don't mean, Mr. Hull, he—you—have seen —that thing, too?"

"Why, Miss Thornton!" he cried, "we saw nothing. But you! What have you seen?" for, to the quartermaster's surprise, Jessica Thornton, who rode so daringly and so well, was trembling, actually trembling, from head to foot.

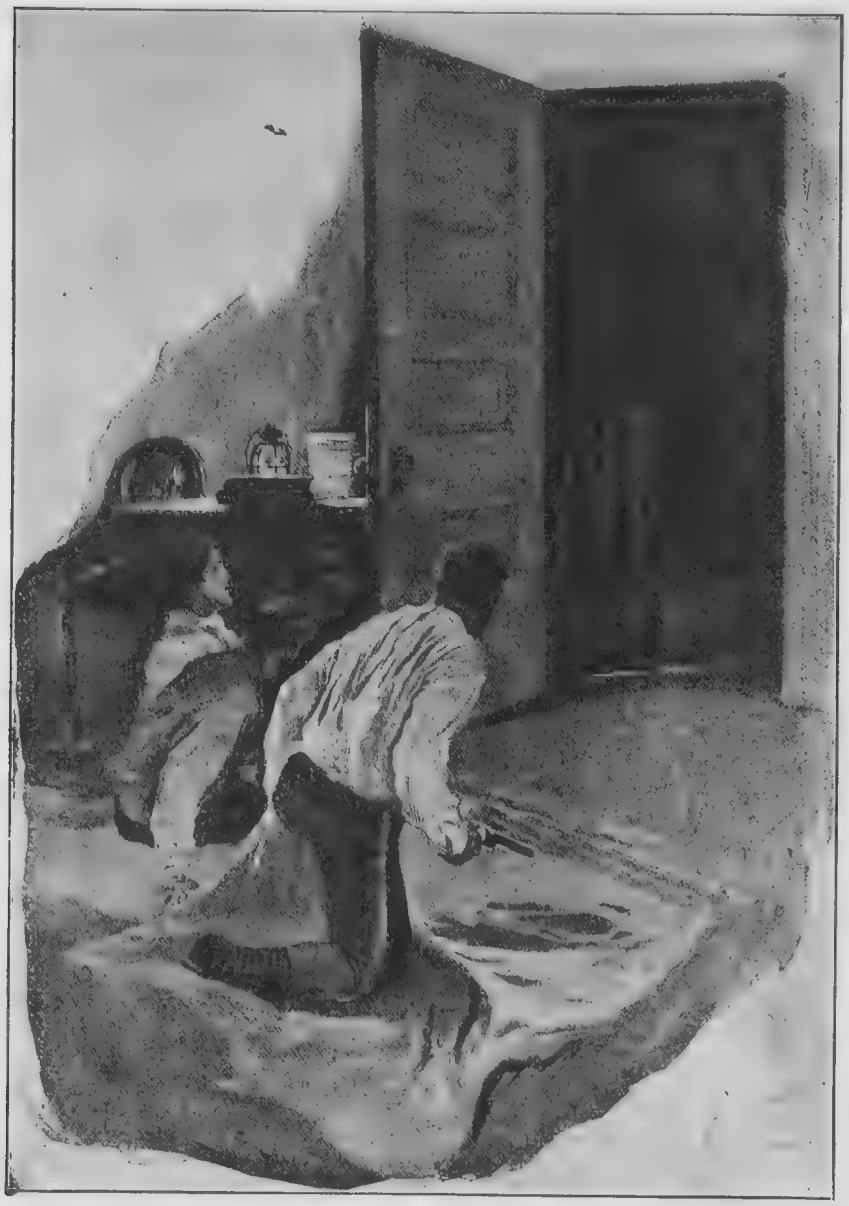
"Hush! I don't wish mamma to know —to hear," she murmured.—"Yes, mother dear, whenever you say I'll be ready. —It is getting late, Mr. Hull, and," with lowered voice, "you are going to stay there at No. 1 tonight? You'll be with him. Think how awful if he had to meet it—alone."

That was but a few minutes after

midnight. Hull, overcome by curiosity, was mad to learn what it was Miss Thornton had seen that she should show such terror at the mere mention. To this end he begged the honor of escorting her home, but she had come with Travis, of the Infantry, and with him she would return. So Hull tendered his arm to Mrs. Thornton, a chatty, cheery matron who kept him listening instead of asking questions. The wind was blowing hard from the northwest and thick masses of flying scud came sailing out from the bold Black Hills, obscuring at intervals the brilliant stars and threatening speedily their total occulation. Not until they reached the gate of No. 5 had Hull another word with Jessica. There she showed generalship. "As I live I've dropped gloves!" said she. "Oh, would you be so kind, Mr. Travis?" Already the youth was harking back across the road. She knew he would not come without them, and she knew, moreover, that he would have to go more than half-way back before he could find them. She knew her mother would

1. I had been over to the hospital quite late to take some jelly to Fallon, one of our old men. Coming back I heard the sentry gasp. I looked where he pointed and there was this—thing, beckoning—beckoning at that back window. The face was ghastly and all luminous. The head was bandaged. No! It was no hallucination. The sentry saw it, too, and he's in hospital yet ,sick from the shock. Don't let—Mr. Ramsay see it alone!"

And then Travis came bounding with the missing gloves, and Hull said good-night and left. It was now 12.30 and the moon was hidden. Ramsay was still up, reading, wide awake. "Bring that lamp and come upstairs," said Hull; so together they clambered. The back dormer window opened on the eaves. There was barely foot-room. Dust had settled on the sill and bore trace of neither hand nor foot. Moreover, the catch above the lower half of the window was firmly set. No ghost could budge it. There was a closet set in on the south side of the room back



In an instant the other three had whirled about.

not linger long in the sharp, biting air. She stood with Hull alone at the doorway within a minute.

"Had you heard—did your father tell you—anything of our experience the other night?" he asked.

She bowed her head, her fingers interlacing. "That has happened to others—to several. That is why no one will occupy No. 1," she murmured, low and hurried, with anxious glances back over her shoulder lest her mother should come again. "But—you saw—you saw nothing?"

"Nothing," said Hull stoutly. "What was there to see—a spectre with the top of his head blown off?"

"Don't laugh! . That is just what some have seen—what I saw with my own eyes," and the girl gripped the door-knob tight and stood there visibly trembling.

"Well—I'm blessed!" said Hull. "Where was he? Where were you?"

"It was at the dormer window of No.

of the hallway. Some empty cracker-boxes, pickle-jars, and beer bottles were all that the lantern disclosed. Asking no questions, Ramsay followed Hull. Except for that dormer window the north side was solid. Hull swung his lantern along the wainscoting and the papered wall. Neither seam, break, nor crack was visible. The one thing peculiar was the breadth of the pine wainscoting. It was fully a foot and a half.

"Ramsay," said Hull, finally, "from what Miss Thornton and certain sentries say, that was an honest ghost we had the other night. They've seen him at this window."

"So have I," said Ramsay, unexpectedly, "and I'm laying for him now."

And then, all of a sudden, borne on the rising nightwind, there came from up the row, half muffled, yet piercing—startling—a most awful scream. Ramsay went down the stairs six at a clip; bounded out into the night and up the row to No. 5. Old Stannard, officer of

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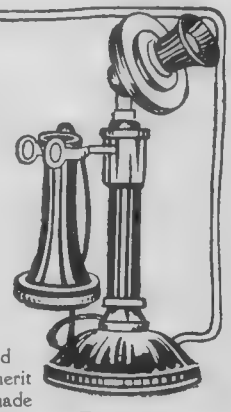

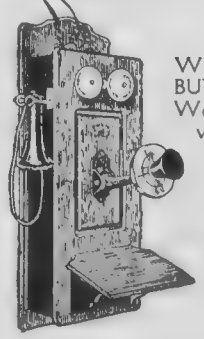

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the day, came hurrying from the opposite direction, stanch and truculent. Together they kicked in the front door. Mrs. Thornton was whimpering through the lower story, a candle in hand. Ramsay borrowed it and bolted up the stairway to the second floor. In the doorway lay the beautiful form of Jessica Thornton, still in her party dress and now in a deadly swoon. Her window, a dormer, too, like that of No. 1, stood wide open, and even as Ramsay bent and clasped her in his arms and bore her to the white bed half-way across the room, there went up a yell from back of the fence, the loud bang of a carbine, and then agonized cries for the corporal of the guard. Hull was first to reach the sentry—Preuss, livid, trembling and ghastly—leaning against the fence in semi-prostration. It was no time for the enforcement of the rules of guard and sentry duty. The post quartermaster had no right to question, but he took it.

"What on earth's the matter, Preuss?" he shouted, and Preuss, too scared to explain, could only point eastward down the row—the line of the back fence—and gasp "Spook!" Whatever it was, he, too, had seen it.

Not for an hour did the quick-gathering throng finally disperse. The major ordered a new sentry on No. 5, for Preuss was demoralized. The doctor had two or three more patients that night; but Jessica, rallying from her swoon and blushing deep at sight of Ramsay bending over her, vowed she needed no treatment. Setting her teeth, she told her story to Downer and the doctor. All was darkness in her room when she trotted upstairs and struck a match at the doorway. There in the feeble glow, close to the window, one hand uplifted and pointing on high, the other at the bandaged head, with lumionous flames playing about a ghastly face and open, gaping mouth, in a robe of white, somewhat soiled she noted even then, there stood glaring at her the spectre she had seen that night from beyond the back fence. The sight was too horrible for her nerves and down she went. Major Downer and her mother searched the upper-rooms. Trinkets lay on the bureau-top and in the open trunk-trays, and not an item had been disturbed. If material, solid flesh, the ghost had probably slipped out of the open window the way he came and made his way along the kitchen roof. If ethereal and volatile, then his ghostship had flitted forth upon the empty air, retaining shape and semblance enough to scare the sentry out of his wits. Then the wraith had vanished.

So the Thorntons did not leave for Laramie, as had been planned. Mrs. Thornton it was whose nerves now gave way and sent her to bed.

Jessica's ghost became the topic of all tongues for an entire week, the terror of most of the women and children and not a few of the men until the dark of the moon, and then came the cock crow that laid him forever.

Hull was more than half a believer, for he had interviewed nearly a dozen old residents of Russell who swore they had seen and heard things about No. 1 that could only be accounted for as supernatural. But Ramsay from the start was fiercely sceptical. "Ghost be jiggered!" was his irreverent expletive. "I'll make a ghost of him if ever I catch him!" And to the misery of Jessica Thornton and the amazement of most of the garrison, he refused to move into his room at No. 8. "Nobody wants No. 1," said he, "so I'll keep it for the present."

Careful investigation had taught him two things: the ghost never had appeared of a moonlit night; it had never been seen by any sentry except No. 5. Ramsay's fox terrier, Whiffet, left at Fort Hayes during the Campaign, arrived with the rejoining families about this time, and Bob and Whiffet spent the nights at No. 1 alone. Remonstrance on the part of Ramsay's chums and entreaty on the part Jessica proved powerless to move him. "He thinks more of that ghost than he does of me," said she, with a sigh, for reconcilliation seemed still far off.

"Never show a woman, ye care the snap of a finger for her, and begad she'll come bleatin' to your boot-heels," is the dictum of Private Munvaney. The girl who had sent Bob Ramsay to the campaign with a sore and wounded heart would now be giving worlds to soothe it all—and he would not see.

Friday night had come in, dark and gusty. The moon was not due to rise—a mere waning segment—until nearly one. Mr. Ramsay had had a brief confab with the post surgeon and a whispered word with No. 5 sentry. The broken pane in the dormer had been repaired, and, rather against his will, Mr. Hull, regimental quartermaster, had come to sit an hour or two with Ramsay on promise of something worth seeing. At 11:30 Bob had removed his boots, seated himself near the hall door in front, enjoined silence, and waited. "Whatever you see or hear," said he, "don't speak, don't interfere. Meantime—just watch that door."

Watch they did, both of them, and just after the call for 11:30 went the rounds of the shouting sentries, Hull started as though stung, and the perspiration began rolling at the instant. Impelled by some unseen, unknown force, the hall door began slowly, stealthily to swing open. With kindling eyes and clinching fists, but noiseless as a cat, Ramsay started to his feet, then crept up the narrow stairway—and then came the deluge.

To the accompaniment of Whiffet's furious barkings and scamperings, there rose the sound of intense action, of scurrying feet, of tremendous blows, of rending cotton, of panting breath, of mad, miserable pleading and entreaty. "Ach Gott!" "Ach Himmel!" Biff, bang! "Ach bitte, Herr Lieutenant!" Thump, thud, crash, bang, and Hull, lantern-bearing, jumping into the room, came upon Ramsay, a bounding bunch of muscle and sinew, chasing about the little box of a human punching-bag in shreds of dirty white, landing on back and shoulder, wind and heart, nose and eyes and jaw, to the end that blood was flying like rain, and a wildly imploring bundle of rags went suddenly down on the wooden floor with a thump that shook the whole house, and then, stretching out, lay still and stunned and senseless, and Ramsay stood panting over it a moment until he could speak. "There's your ghost!" he finally gasped. "Better send for the doctor."

"It's that infernal fool Steiner," said the medicine man, who speedily appeared and heaved the culprit to his feet. "He's been hospital attendant a whole year and scaring our patients with his idiotic ghost stories till he's daft on the subject himself, I believe."

And so indeed it proved. Stiener had always been flighty and queer—had long known the story about the spook in No. 1, and finally had taken to playing ghost himself. Sheets, bandages, phosphorus, and his various "properties" he could take at any time from the hospital. He grew daring with success, and, from scaring sentries and servant maids, sought higher game. Not until long long after was it known to the many that he had another object than that of making No. 1 untenable and sacred to his own use. In this he had practically succeeded until he tried his spook shines on Downer and his military family, actually venturing among them as they slept. Then he ran foul of an unsympathetic medium in Ramsay.

Detection had not been such a feat. Ramsay told it in a very matter-fact-of way. Together he and Whiffet had explored the premises from top to bottom, and in the woodshed the terrier had struck a trail. His obvious excitement, his sniffing and leaping at the back of the one-storied annex, and his wild barking and persistent gaping at the back, triangular void above the kitchen sent Ramsay clambering up by means of door, frame, lintel, and a transverse slat or two. He was surprised to find a board stretching along the joists beneath and parallel with a ridge piece. Following this board on hands and knees he came to another, and that led him to an open space close to the back wall of the house proper and to a discovery; a bundle of dirty white sheeting, some bandages, red painted in blotches, a little phial labelled and tightly corked, a tin box or two with hardtack and half an Edam cheese, three empty and two full bottles labelled beer, at all of which

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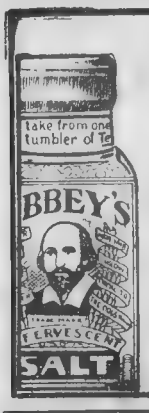

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Whiffet yelped gleefully. One discovery led to another. A wooden button, turning on a screw, released a neat panel about two feet six by one and a half that swung outward on leather hinges, revealing a little space between the frame uprights, and then two handles screwed to the broad boarding beyond. A tug at these latter and a section two feet thick in length and about one and a half in breadth came easily toward him and was as easily slid to one side. Whiffet bounded through, and then, thrusting his head into the aperture, Mr. Bob Ramsay was in no wise surprised to find himself surveying from the level of the floor the second-story back room of No. 1. The removable panel of wainscoting began at the west wall where it joined the companion piece on that side. It had been carefully painted over, after being as carefully sawed some two feet out, and from the interior of the room, at least, defied detection. This, then, was the dressing-room of the ghostly visitor, and Ramsay felt sure he had only to wait and watch. Some night the cold current of air, sweeping down and slowly swinging the door with the loosened latch, would tell that the panels were open and the ghost getting ready to walk. Then whoever he was, Bob meant to hammer him well for daring to terrify Jessica Thornton.

She blushed red when told that it was Steiner who had been posing as ghost. And then that voluble mother of hers let another cat out of the bag. Steiner, it seems, had been the worshipper from afar who had written Jessica many a lovelorn verse and at least one romantic, despairing letter in which he raved of noble birth, and baronial estates, and besought her to fly with him to the Rhineland. For these unsigned effusions, little Gretel, the hospital-steward's daughter, had been his messenger, and she did not fear to point him out. So Steiner languished in the guardhouse awaiting trial, and here endeth the ghost part of the story. The rest is soon told. Mamma Thornton got well. It was time to start for Laramie, and poor Jessica had grown tired waiting—waiting for Bob Ramsay to come to his senses and his knees, or hers, and say he was sorry for what she had said. Come he would not, however. He had been stung to the quick. He was heartless, obdurate, abominable, said he, for she knew he loved her and longed to hear him say so. The night came that was to be their last at Russell, but no Bob Ramsay, and then Jessica Thornton did a remarkable thing. Not until twenty years after, however, did any one but Billings, the adjutant, and Bob Ramsay know of it. Then it was told to Jessica Ramsay, aetat 18, to help her out of a tangle of her own, and told by her mother—but that has nothing to do with the present story. When another November came and with it the Fifth again back from the chase of Chief Joseph and his brave, devoted, but luckless band, the old ghost-haunted rookery of No. 1 was the blithest army home on the line, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Bob Ramsay were the occupants.

The glee party.

Jim's Boy.

An Ideal of Parental Obligation—A Story of Camp Life at the Diamond Mine.
By Mrs. Tom Kelly.

Hot air, blazing sand, a sky of brass, and a shadowless world.

It was the dry season in Pniel, on the banks of the Vaal, when Pniel was the bustling centre of the river diamond diggings of South Africa. The sun's rays appeared to be vertical all day long, and a magnetic attraction seemed to be drawing the orb itself nearer to the earth, for its beams scorched every inanimate object, and inflicted fateful strokes on many a living thing exposed to its merciless power.

Among innumerable dwellings whose unsightliness proclaimed their temporary character, and whose ugliness (broken poles, torn canvas, and ill-fitting walls and roofs of corrugated iron) was all glaringly displayed by that most ostentatious showman, the Sun, stood a small and neat construction, a striking contrast to its surroundings. It had been erected from an architectural design gradually evolved as plant and labour had been obtained, and weather had permitted The result was a well-thatched shanty, made principally of wood, with here and there a patch of wattle and daub. The corner poles were of various heights, suggesting the masts of a ship, and the abode was called "The Admiralty" by the camp, and its owner was known by the appellations "Admiral" and "Big Jim."

When our story begins he was preparing an evening meal. Notwithstanding heat and bad luck, he always told little Jim there was "a shot in the locker still," but though he had bought a selection from the dainties available (confined to bread, sugar, coffee, tea, beef and mutton, all at famine prices), he was not versed in the art of cooking for invalids, and little Jim had taken but scant interest lately in the repasts. For some weeks the boy had been ailing; his limbs had become weak, his eyes were feverishly bright, and his features often now relaxed into a weary expression when his smile died away, and the Admiral, seeing these signs of declining health, watched for the rains more eagerly than ever he had looked on stormy nights for the lights of Plymouth Sound. But the rains did not come, and the luck did not turn and the Admiral, following a theory in diamond mining essentially original, dug on persistently, "up against the prevailing winds" that blew clouds of scorching sand all over the country, while little Jim was surely pining.

Suddenly a new idea occurred to our elder hero, and, with the tact upon which he was wont to pride himself, he set to work to carry it out.

"Jim," he began apologetically, "I've lost my genius for cooking. You see, digging and sorting takes the delicacy out of the fingers. I think we'll go up to Joe Murray's, and you'll get supper there, for I have to go to the ferry to yarn

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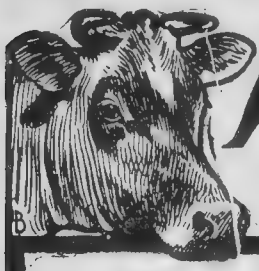
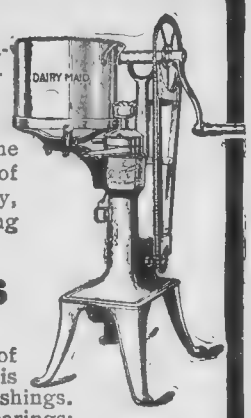


When The Cow Has Done Her Part



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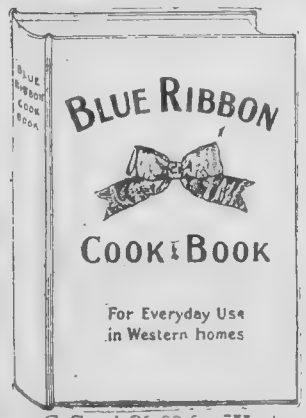

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with a man who has been making inquiries about the price of diamonds."

"You ain't got any to sell, dad," said the boy quickly, "so he can wait till you have had your supper too."

"No, he can't," answered the Admiral, with a knowing look; "he thinks weare working with a plan, and I'm going to let him have the first refusal of the big stone; he has a lot of money, and I intend to give him my confidence about our expectations of the claim."

"I wouldn't tell him everything," said the boy indifferently, as if merely stating his own impression, with no wish to persuade conviction. "If I was you I'd go to Mrs. Murray's and have my supper too, and then he'd think we'd found already, and that you wasn't anxious to sell, and he'd give a far better price for our stones when we get them."

The Admiral smiled, and in a patronising but kindly tone remonstrated:

"You ain't fit for a business man, Jim; you'll have to be fixed up in a profession. You get the hang of things first-rate for a young 'un, but it isn't expected that a ten-year-old can know all the ropes, nor how wide awake I have to be to understand the tricks of that man with the crossjack eye, and I promised to meet him at the ferry; so luff up, Jim, my boy."

Yankee Joe's canteen was, as usual, filled to overflowing; pretty Mrs. Murray was, as usual, occupied with her guests to all of whom she was the ssme pleasant, thoughtful hostess. Education had no, biassed Mrs. Murray's natural gifts, not had the narrowing limits of conventionality ever cramped her generous impulses: her fair face, kindly eyes, and cleanly industry had won for her the admiration of the camp and an annuity of other people's troubles, as well as the care of many a sick digger who wandered up to Pniel from Gong-Gong, Forlorn Hope, and other riverside "rushes," where the yields, alas! consisted in more disappointments than diamonds, and far more failures than fortunes.

Little Jim was a favourite with the frequenters of the canteen, and a welcome never failed him from its mistress. She had noted lately that the boy's health had been gradually declining, so that the Admiral's brief explanation was quickly apprehended, and, listening attentively while he was asking her to let him leave Jim to dine, she saw the look of mingled hunger and hesitancy on the face of the speaker (unmistakable to her sublime intuition) which wordlessly confessed that money was getting too scarce to pay for more than one dinner a day. She assumed a blank expression of indifference, and, taking the child's hand, turned with no other response than the ordinary valediction of the camp, an abrupt "S'long."

The Admiral called for his boy some hours later, and as they were leaving Mrs. Murray followed them to the door, a bowl full of meat in her hand. She said briefly:

"Jim couldn't eat all his dinner, so you'd better take this home for him. Bring him every day, and pay me at the end of the month; it's more convenient, and won't worry my accounts."

It was on the first day of the month that she spoke thus.

The Admiral now took Jim regularly to dine at the canteen, but by and by made his calls for him later; and although he always had a specious explanation to account for his absence, he never told the boy where he had it reality spent the interval. How eager the man was to find by any means the gains that would enable him to take little Jim to another climate, only he who watched the child with sickening fear knew, and he had begun to gamble for his sake in a very meagre fashion. Toiling cheerfully, without success from sunrise to sunset, he grudged himself the barest necessaries of life, for in his simple earnest heart he believed implicitly in the luck eventually turning; he labored like a galley-slave, picked and dug in his dreams, and strained his eyes by day and night for the glitter that ever eluded though it lured him on.

Little Jim's appetite at length failed entirely, but he liked to sit at the canteen listening to the conversations of the dining diggers, which consisted generally of accounts of finds, with original remarks concerning chance and luck, and little Jim became as familiar with the brag of success as with the sullenness of failure.

After dinner there was usually a lull in the busides clamour of the canteen; sometimes one or two men would remain for the evening; a few would drop in for tea or supper, but often Mrs. Murray and the boy were left together. One evening a new-comer sat opposite to Jim, and seemed strangely fascinated by his appearance. It was a beautiful face that the stranger saw, and the lithe form gave promise of fine height and girth by and by; he was prematurely tall, and his expression was prematurely grave. His motherless look had often excited Mrs. Murray's tender sympathy, and perhaps it also attracted other observers; but it was certainly not indicated except in he's face, for his clothes were darned and extended in a deft manner quite impossible to many maternal fingers

The stranger had not a prepossessing countenance; he was about thirty-six years of age, and had a self-satisfied, haughty manner, which gave the impression that he considered his fellow-creatures honored by his notice; and there were weak lines in the well-cut face, unequivocal traces of gratified impulse. During dinner the stranger had hardly looked at any one but little Jim, and when it was over and most of the company had gone, he leant across the table and asked the boy to tell him his name.

"Little Jim," answered the child briefly.

"Yes, but your other name?"

"Don't recollect it just now," said Jim, with instinctive reserve. "Father's name's Jim, too—Big Jim, he's called."

"You're on the defensive, my boy," said the stranger; "I don't want to harm you."

"Dad says there's such a queer lot here, we can't be too particular about asking and answering questions.'

"Your dad seems to be an uncommonly wise sort of fellow. Doesn't he ever call you anything except Jim?"

"O yes," said the boy, smiling as if he were about to puzzle his interrogator; "he sometimes calls me Jimmy Fog, 'cause he says I was born in a fog."

The stranger asked no more questions, but quickly rose and went out.

The night which followed was similar to those nights which preceded it, only more stifling, and never a breath of air. Although the sun went down, its absence gave scant relief: the earth was a furnace, and mere darkness could not cool it; and every one knew that before refreshing repose could come the sun would blaze again, and that dread alone often exercised sleep. Both occupants of the Admiralty were awake hour after hour, for sometimes a faint breeze came up the river at dawn, and they were wont to listen for it. It never brought cooler air at that season, but they fancied they could then breathe more freely. Little Jim was very weary, and the Admiral ministered to his wants in every conceivable way with his limited means.

"Jim," said he, leaning so that the boy's head might rest comfortably on his shoulder, though he knew the position would soon cramp his burdened arm, "you ain't a-pining for high society with going so often to the canteen? You wouldn't like to try a new berth, would ye? Would you care to be the son of one of those rich gents as walks the deck with you up at Mrs. Murray's?"

"They ain't a-pining for me nohow; it's more diamonds and money they wants, not more folks to help 'em spend what they've got. Be you gettin' tired of me, dad?"

"You ain't got no sort of reason to ask that," said the Admiral in a melancholy tone. After a pause he went on: "It's queer, now, folk don't suspect what great big diamonds we have in our claim. Nows and thens I think they sort o' guess the bearings, and that's what makes them respectful-like and kind o' soft on you."

"They ain't a bit soft on me, dad," said the boy, "and I don't think as one of 'em builds anything on our claim. We haven't given 'em cause to be jealous yet, but we'll have to spend money by and by, only it's too hot to do it now."

"Much too hot," quickly responded the Admiral, "that's the reason. It 'ud be no pleasure in such weather as this—it would be tempting sunstrokes—to spend money free, but it 'cumulates al' the same in hot weather. Cash doubles itself in no time if you don't spend it. The bankers don't steer by weather."

"It won't make any difference to our cash, dad, and we don't need to trouble them kind bankers much, not yet."

"No, not yet, Jim; but we'll likely come on the big stone sudden and unex-

pected, and it's best to have the decks clear. You see, we'll have to go to England. I'll feel as much at home as if I was sailing round Beachy Head in a fog if I turn passenger; but we'll go first class, Jim, grumblin' and particler along with the best of them. If it wasn't for you, I'd be more cheerful in the fo'castle with my mates; but I'll not pretend as I knows anything about a ship unless there's a storm, and then you wouldn't be ashamed of your old father risen to the occasion?"

But little Jim was in the land of dreams.

The following evening the stranger remained after all the diners had departed, except Jim, and Yankee Joe, who either was indulging in a profound sleep, or profoundly pretending oblivion. The stranger got up, hesitated a while, and then came across the room to Jim, and asked him if he felt better.

"Not much, thank ye, 'cause I ain't been bad," answered the boy briefly. He did not feel drawn to this fine gentleman who, as Yankee Joe afterwards related, "was trying to interfere with the young 'un's health."

"Would you like to see some diamonds?" asked the man, evidently deter mined to make himself agreeable. He drew a small parcel from his pocket, and, opening it, spread on the table in front of little Jim some fine stones in the rough, and, offering him one of the best, said, "You shall have this for yourself."

"You'd better keep it for your own boys," answered little Jim, perplexed.

"O. I've lot's of diamonds," was the quick response, "But I haven't got any boys. Take the stone; it's nothing; I shall never miss it."

Jim hesitated a moment, and then put the stone in his pocket, saying:

"It's the first one I've had, but I'll pay you for it soon. Don't tell dad."

Next morning, as was his wont, Jim went to the claim to watch the working, and, an hour after he left, the Admiral found his first stone, and now great joy and hope came into his simple heart. During their walk to the canteen that evening he told Jim that if there were any of the gunroom stores there which he had hitherto denied himself, he need not stint his fancy any more; that he must eat nothing but the best, not even if it were hot mince-pies: he must just keep them making mince-pies for him all the time.

Another stifling night followed, and, after two hours of restlessness, a plaintive sigh from little Jim made the Admiral get up, light a candle, and put on his clothes. He propped the boy up in bed, talking soothingly to him all the time, and then seated himself in a chair near, feeling depressed and anxious.

"Won't you sing for me, dad?" said little Jim at length.

He lifted his beautiful voice in song, and to the sick child it was as sweet as rest to hear it. In the subdued tone there was only a hint of the great compass of the voice, and sometimes it had been successful in luring sleep. Involuntarily the Admiral's strains grew more fervent, for he persevered as solemnly as if he were trying to sing his soul out of purgatory, melody after melody, till a familiar ballad in turn was recalled, and little Jim heard the words:

"An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain," he opened his eyes, and the two simple souls laughed merrily as they looked round on the barefaced poverty of their surroundings.

"You ain't feelin' quite at home here, Jim," said the singer. "You was born to find that Kooinoor, and it isn't likely as ye can be satisfied with a shanty; but you wait a bit, and we'll have the nicest farm in Devonshire, and everything you want, after we've got your mother's tombstone, Jim—after, you know."

"What sort of a tombstone shall we get, dad?"

"A bran'-new white marble one," returned the man, glad to dilate on any subject in which the boy seemed interested; "and there must be a schooner carved on it, struck by lightning."

"Can they make lightning on marble?" interrupted Jim, his artistic perception seemingly more alert to the infelicity of the novel design than was the Admiral.

"O yes; they can do anything if only we give them diamonds enough. If they saw we wasn't mean, quite on the other tack, perhaps they would make an extra wave on it to show as how she had wind and tide against her. Poor little Kitty!" The Admiral seemed now to be speaking to himself. "Perhaps they'd put in gold letters on the bows 'Kitty Fog;' it's a good name for a craft. Then the monument would be complete, and we'd plant lilies and roses all round, and they'd grow tall and white like herself."

The languorous breeze of dawn had sprung up, and Jim had fallen asleep while the Admiral went on whispering his plans softly as a voice in a pleasant dream.

The acquaintance between the stranger at the canteen and little Jim increased, for the persistence of friendly advances

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was reassuring. Mrs. Murray regarded the intimacy with doubt, and would often look at the pair from her busy niche at the end of the room, conscious of a perplexity for which she could give no reason. The Admiral never dined at the canteen, so he had not yet met the stranger.

It was late one stormy night, and an unusually large number of visitors had taken shelter from the tropical downpour in Mrs. Murray's house. Yankee Joe had been dozing in his accustomed place, but roused up as the Admiral came in. He entered at a door behind little Jim's seat, and looked over the boy's shoulder; Jim was leaning over the table, intent on a paper on which the stranger beside him had made a sketch.

"That's a niggerly-rigged ship, Jim; she's bound to go to the bottom on her first cruise," he remarked, smiling.

The stranger looked at the Admiral with a curious and contemptuous expression.

"I made the sketch," he said, "but I've not had the benefit of a nautical training."

"Yes, Mr. Bracebridge has been drawing the ship for me, dad, and has put a name on the bows. He hasn't quite scratched it off; it's the 'Kitty Fog.'"

The two men exchanged glances, brief as lightning, and Mrs. Murray saw a sudden resemblance between the stranger's face and little Jim's, and she now understood the reason why she had often been perplexed about them, for she saw also how unlike in from and feature were the Admiral and his boy. The resemblance must have struck another as well as Mrs. Murray.

"Bracebridge!" said the Admiral, as if recalling some half-forgotten misery. "Bracebridge!" he said again; and turning to the stranger, drew himself up and looked like a judge delivering sentence on some long-concealed iniquity. "Curse you for a villain! What right have you to speak to my child?"

"A parental right, I suppose, answered the other with an ill-concealed sneer. "I presume, if every man had his own, this youngster would belong to me. I've been thinking lately of claiming him, and of paying you what the law allows for bringing him up, but I won't be dunned for extras and sundries."

The words were spoken with cold satirical indifference, and little Jim looked in alarm from one face to the other, while the Admiral's wrath was growing. In the silent moment that ensued the two men again exchanged glances, of full comprehension now, indicating that each accepted all the significance of the facts.

"What's up, Joe?" asked Morton, a frequent visitor. He had just entered as the pause occurred, having come straight from Nashwell's, where, with his customary condescension, he had staked and lost his last shilling at faro.

"Reckon the Admiral's going to make a speech, and you're jest in time," answered Joe. "Shouldn't be astonished if he chose the downward career of the gambler, and took you as a gay and festive example."

"He'd better touch on the immoralities of conversation, and cite you as a specimen of what can be attained in that line; but he doesn't look like speaking about religion."

"I ain't on the religious tack, gentlemen," began the Admiral; "it 'ud be in a head wind here, savin' Mrs. Murray's presence." (Mrs. Murray had sat down on a vacant chair beside little Jim, and was endeavouring to draw him into conversation; but the Admiral's voice was loud and stern, and her efforts to keep the boy's attention were useless). "I ain't been accustomed to speakin' afore more nor one or two. I'd rather reef topsails in the worst gale I've ever seen than do it now, but I've got to defend myself and another that's not here no more. Gentlemen, I ain't jumped that boy. It hasn't been convenient never to tell little Jim's history before, but he's got to choose for himself, and he'll have to listen. Little 'un, hold on there."

The speaker's expression softened for an instant as he looked down at the child, and his rugged features were transfigured by the dread of involuntary sacrifice and separation. (Continued on Page 57).

The Town Bicycle.

By Alice Wellington Rollins.

It was not that Miss Matilda was tired of her sphere. She simply had never had one. It occurred to her somewhat late in life that it would be pleasant to have a definite object in view, and if it should prove to be spherical by nature so much the better. Unselfish always, hers was no personal aim. She did not crave culture, nor a profession, nor a husband, nor anything that could be hers. She wished to do something for the world. The world, of course, meant Boxton.

There was one difficulty. She did not like to admit the present existence of a flaw in Boxton. To try to improve it would imply that it needed improving, and Miss Matilda had always considered the village of Boxton quite perfect of its kind, and the kind quite perfect of itself. What did it not possess? It had a meeting-house with a spire, a schoolhouse, a fire company with red shirts and buckets, a common, a grocery store with one corner in it for a post-office, and even a small circulating library, emanating from the "sitting-room" of Maria Follansbee. Miss Matilda would not have advocated the acquisition of anything which might have been had before, but which Boxton had been without. The aquisition of something new, however, something which other towns never had had till recently, seemed to offer no insult to the past, and to be merely a proper deference to the present and a noble legacy to hand down to the future.

Such a thing was the bicycle.

True, no one in town could afford to buy a bicycle. What was worse, Boxton had no leisure class able to devote Saturday afternoons to the enjoyment of a bicycle. No, it was certain that no individual in Boxton was well adapted for the bicycle craze.

But the town, as a town? Why not have a public bicycle, as we have a public library or a public school? The town could own it; the people could hire it by the hour, and Boxton hold up its head with the cities that had boulevards. True, the dreadful thought did cross her mind that if ever such a day did arrive, everybody would want the bicycle on the same afternoon, and there would be only one. However, she decided that sufficient unto that day was the evil thereof. Her duty was to provide the bicycle. Others might quarrel over it as they pleased.

A bicycle was expensive, she knew that. And they could not increase the town taxes, and they had no village millionaire to subscribe the whole amount. But they could give a strawberry festival, and the children could pick huckleberries, and she, she—Miss Matilda—could take a boarder.

She had often thought it a pity not to take boarders in the roomy, old-fashioned house, with the neighboring woods, and the splendid well, and the fine apples, and the excellent croquet ground. Admirable woman that she was, she had never regretted that a certain aristocratic sense of fitness in reigning supreme over such a mansion had cut her off from adding another source to her income; but she had always been haunted with a sincere sympathy for the boarder that might have been, cut off from the splendid privilege of dwelling, even for a few weeks, in the green pastures of Boxton. Now, however, that she had a motive outside herself, and outside any personal or individual prejudices in favor of other towns, she felt justified, for the honor of Boxton, in assuming the role of a compensated hostess.

It was Samuel Barstow who first checked her enthusiasm

"Is it a-goin' to be a feller's or a gal's wheel?" he asked suddenly.

Miss Matilda was startled—she had not known there were two kinds—but only for a moment "Both," she answered firmly.

For in the brief instant of shock she

had decided to take two boarders. She had always wanted to, and now it was her duty to.

So a few evenings later there appeared in a city paper the advertisement:

"Wanted—A boarder with a bicycle."

For with true New England thrift Miss Matilda had no sooner decided on a boarder than it occurred to her what a saving it would be if the boarder should bring a bicycle with him. This would serve the double purpose of inspiring the villagers by frequent exhibitions of the wheel in motion, and save the expense of their having to take lessons when their own town bicycle should finally be installed in—

By-the-way, where should it be installed? There was no livery stable, and if left in the schoolhouse the children would handle it and "muss" it. Thomas Paxton had a shed, but it was exposed to the weather and the machine might suffer. Miss Matilda finally decided that she would lock it up in a large old glass-covered and curtained cabinet in her parlor. The curtains should be kept drawn back, so that occasional callers should always have the stimulus of being conscious that Boxton owned a bicycle. Then, as she said, by watching the boarder on his wheel the Boxtonians would soon become expert in the projected use of a wheel of their own. Besides, a bicycle boarder would not have the contaminating effect upon Hiram that a mere boarder might. Miss Matilda had seen signs in her nephew of aspirations for a dress-suit that she wished to quell. That Hiram was really pining for that of which a dress-suit is merely a symbol, for that to which the possession of a dress-suit would entitle him, never entered Miss Matilda's head. She supposed it to be the clothes themselves that appeared to Hiram so desirable. But if a real city boarder should appear among them in the bicycling costume, which she understood to be exceedingly simple, Hiram might see that city folk did not attach such value to city clothes, and so be gradually weaned from his dangerous predilections.

Hence it happened that Grahame Johnson read in the evening paper: "Wanted—a boarder with a bicycle."

It tickled his fancy. He could answer all the requirements. He had always been a boarder, and he had recently bought a bicycle. But what was their idea? Would they want to borrow the bicycle? Or did they want a boarder with an object in life that would keep him most of the time away from home, and therefore away from meals? At any rate, it was worth finding out. He might, at least, secure material for a New England dialect story. So a few days later he took part of the journey by rail and the rest on his wheel. Had he known Miss Matilda's preference for a boarder in simplicity of costume he could not have looked tireder, hotter, or dustier than he did when he finally appeared at her front door. It was an attractive front door, that is, it would have been if it had been standing open to the wide hall, with the breath of June and June roses blowing through it. But at the moment it was shut fast, and when his knock was finally responded to, there was an ominous and thunderous unbarring of a bolt, implying that a June rose would have hard work to send in even a whiff through a crack.

But behold! When it did open the June Rose had been behind it all the time. It was clad in pink, and it had cheeks like a girl, and it was good to look at.

"Excuse me," he stammered. "I am the new boarder."

"Excuse me," she said sweetly. "But you can't be, for I am the new boarder myself."

"Oh," he said faintly. This, then, was not his hostess. "Then I think I must be a newer boarder."

"I will call Miss Matilda," said the June Rose, incapable of coping with this logician. Would he come in?

Of course he would come in. He had come to stay.

The June Rose walked across the hall. "Miss Matilda, another boarder has come."

"Very well," said the unsurprised Miss Matilda, rolling up her knitting. "I expected him."

For Miss Matilda was not of those who advertise and wait. She knew that all that would be necessary was for her to announce that she would take boarders. Of course they would come if they were once permitted.

"Good-evening," she said politely, as she entered the south parlor.

But even her self-possession nearly gave way as she encountered the unkempt young man of the highway. She had desired simplicity of costume for Hiram's sake; but really—really—she didn't know that bicyclists never brushed their hair.

"Where's your trunk?" she said tersely.

He assured her it was coming on the next train. It would never do to let this excellent lady suspect that he had merely come to reconnoitre.

"Then you can go right up to the room next to Hiram's, and——"

Miss Matilda was about to add, as she had to her first boarder, "Take off your things," but he looked so distinctly as if everything had been taken off that could be, that she hesitated. It seemed more appropriate to tell him to "put on his things," for she never allowed even Hiram to come to the table in his shirt sleeves, but poor fellow, his trunk hadn't come.

In half an hour they were all at the tea-table, luxuriating in the pleasant sense of a stimulating novelty. The cold ham was pink and thin and delicious, the biscuit had "risen" properly, and the waffles were done to a turn. Miss Matilda was the only unexcited person present. Things had turned out exactly as she had intended they should, and she was content.

The June Rose was agreeably stimulated by the prospect of more fun than she had anticipated. Mr. Grahame Johnson believed himself in Paradise.

And Hiram? Hiram was a surprise. Grahame had expected a lean, lank countryman, devoted to corn; and behold, he was a student from a Western college, merely seeking rest and recreation in the friendly tilling of his aunt's pastures as a diversion. Mr. Johnson felt a little afraid of Hiram. His name was against him, but everything else appeared to be in his favor. Why Mr. Johnson was not agreeably surprised at finding the other young man attractive seems unreasonable; but it had a reason.

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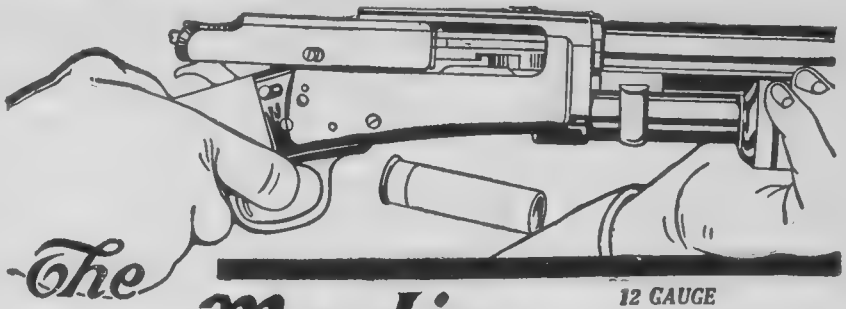

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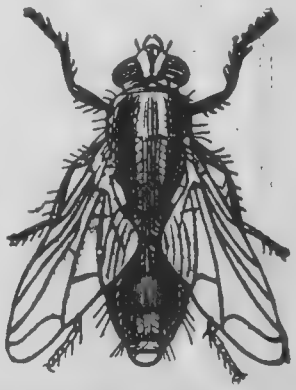

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"I've found out her idea. She wants to give the town a bicycle. And she means to pay for it by her boarders. Not out of the profits, mind you, she isn't going to charge herself with the expenses; she is going to turn over to the town every cent we pay her. She says, 'Lor, child! What with all this garden sauce, and the well, and the apples, and the corn, it won't cost anything to keep you.' What troubles her is the meat question. Meat in the country is dear, and not always to be had even at that. no you must tell her to-night that you Sever eat beefsteak for breakfast, but prefer just coffee and a 'biscuit.' Then we must manage to be away a great deal at dinner-time bicycling, you know."

"Together?" interrupted the young man joyfully.

"And then we can come home to an early tea"—the June Rose ignored his allusion to companionship—"and have cold ham and sardines. You see she will get on beautifully."

"She," murmured Grahame.

"Yes, she. It's no matter about us. I am determined the town shall have that bicycle—I mean, those bicycles, for she wants two. Then we must arrange to stay till very late in the season——"

"I will," assented Grahame eagerly'

"And then, when we get ready to go, we must present her with our bicycles!.'

At this culmination the June Rose looked triumphantly at the new boarder, as if she had achieved a master diplomacy.

"Well, really——"

"Yes, really. We can assure her that they are in good condition, and I'm sure she wll not mind their being second-hand, she admires them so. Papa is going to give me a new bicycle for Christmas anyway and I'm perfectly sure you will never be satisfied with a '96 when you see what improvements a '97 will have; so you see we might as well be generous with the old ones."

"Perhaps she would want a '97, too," murmured Grahame feebly.

"Oh, no! I'm quite sure she would be satisfied. And if you shouldn't want to give yours away, surely you would let her have it very cheap under the circumstances?"

"Certainly, certainly!"

"Then it's a bargain," and the June Rose tripped away—to ask Hiram about something.

And the next evening they walked a little in the garden. Grahame had generously lent Hiram his bicycle, and had been astonished to see him mount it with ease and ride away.

"I wish young Lochinvar would ride back to the West," he thought, and he added to the June Rose:

"They're not so innocent as you think. Hiram knows all about a bicycle."

"Hiram? Of course Hiram knows. The only reason he hasn't his own bicycle is because he was generous and left it to his younger brother when he came East."

"Well, you needn't be so sarcastic. I haven't any younger brother to leave mine with."

"No, you are to leave yours with Miss Matilda. Even if Hiram can ride, the town can't. Miss Matilda wants the town to ride."

An amused fancy kindled Grahame's imagination. He projected a cartoon for some comic weekly, representing a town on a bicycle. Yes, he was getting rural material for literary purposes; only, as he thought with another inward smile, he was getting it, not from the country people, but from a city visitor. However, he conquered his smile and asked:

"Do you think the experiment is succeeding?"

"Succeeding? Of course it's succeeding. I hope you don't mind very much about the beefsteak?"

"No, I don't mind very much so far. Hiram is probably used to cultivating literature on a little oatmeal, and you seem to be as much of a June rose as ever. Only I'm a little afraid of turning myself into a Grahame 'biscuit' before the season is over."

(Continued on Page 56)

The Fisherman's Daughter.

By Mary N. Prescott.

Priscilla Farnham was the daughter of a fisherman who had lost his life at the Banks, leaving his children to the tender mercy of Uncle Eben, sail-maker, living on Tide Street, in the sea-port town of Shadville. But to Priscilla's sorrow, be it said, she understood the ancient pastime of coquetry as well as the most accomplished dames of society. "It was bred in the bone," averred her neighbors.

But Captain Jasper always frowned when these things were said of her in his presence. If he could have said, "It is false," but in his heart he knew it to be true, he would not have cared so much; and it vexed him to hear it repeated. He had loved Priscilla through thick and thin, and though he very well knew if she were kind to day it it was because she meditated a relapse to-morrow, still he loved her as no mere words could depict, dreamed of her, plotted and worked for her. Perhaps it was because she meditated a relapse that he loved her; because she was so changeful and beautiful, never the same thing twice in her life. He did not often stay to consider the reason, but went his way guided in all things by this one flame, which never veered however the winds might blow or the storms beat.

"We shall sail to-morrow," he said to her one evening, as the dusk was closing down, leaning in at the kitchen window, while Priscilla folded the clothes from the week's wash.

"Oh! did I sprinkle you?" she cried, as she let fall a douche from her rosy hand.

"It is not the first cold water you've thrown at me," he laughed. "I'd rather take it in this shape. I'll be worse sprinkled before you see me again, I reckon."

"Shall you be gone long?" she said.

"That depends. If I had anything to come home to—who knows? Do you know, Priscilla, a man with a wife or a sweetheart floats where another would sink?"

"Why don't you marry, then? It would be as good as taking a life preserver along."

"You laugh at me, Priscilla; but you don't comprehend. The first man has something to live for, something that makes life an elixir. In danger he thinks of the dear face watching at home, of the weary waiting, of the bitter blinding tears, and he makes up his mind to live—for her sake."

"But you will be home by Christmas?" she asked, leaving the point undisputed.

"If God wills it."

"Come, then, and pull a wish bone with me on Christmas Day, and praise my plum pudding."

"With all my heart; but Priscilla——"

"Well?"

"Think how long it will be without seeing you. Answer me one question before I go."

"It's impertinent to ask questions, sir."

"Not this one. Priscilla, may I come to your Christmas dinner as—as your sweet-heart? I love you, dear."

" 'But come as ye were na courting o' me.' "

she sang, mockingly, in answer.

"Consider, dear," he persisted, for he knew her ways, "not twice in a lifetime is such love offered to another as I offer to you."

"Oh thank you," she said, folding her clothes vigorously, "I'm sure I'm not worth such a prize. It would be wasted on me."

"Indeed, you are worth far better; but can I do more than give you my best? Of course I think it worth your taking or I shouldn't offer it. it would be folly to pretend I don't. But if I were a king you should be my queen—if you would."

"If I wouldn't?" she asked.

"Then good-bye."

"Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye."

Had he really gone? He would be back presently—no danger. He would get aground down at the gate; they always did. There, he was returning already.

"If you should change your mind," he said, coming to her side, "send me a line. Lewis will sail in a month; he will touch at our port before we leave on the return trip. If you send me a line by him it may be a life-line—if you should change your mind, Priscilla."

"I shall be hardly likely to change my mind," she answered, haughtily enough, with the inborn love of playing with fate, of finding out how near she might come to the edge of a precipice and yet preserve her balance in full possession; and then she heard the gate click after him, and watched his shadow vanish down the street. Oh, but he would come to-morrow—she was sure of that. Couldn't he see that she was used to being sued, that she never yielded at the first word? Couldn't he be certain that her reserve was all a make-believe; couldn't he see her heart beating through it all? Was he blind? Did love really make people blind to their own undoing, to lead them astray? She never once questioned if she were blind herself! He might have carried the day with another word, and she felt aggrieved that he had omitted it, and a little angry with him. Besides, she had not lied to him—she should not change; only just now she did not feel like binding herself, and so be left out of all the merry-makings between this and Christmas.

At any rate she would see him to-morrow, and perhaps——But when to-morrow came up out of the east the Heron was no longer in the stream, nor yet a phantom sheet lost in the fogs across the bar. She had weighed anchor during the night, and dropped down with the tide and a fair wind that was even now filling her canvas out on the Atlantic.

Plainly Captain Jasper would not press his suit to-morrow.

Priscilla was dishing the dinner when Uncle Eben came in.

"Heron's off," said he, "and Jasper with her."

"I thought," she said, smothering a sigh—"I thought they were not going till to-day," putting the potatoes into the butter-boat in her absent-mindedness.

"Wa'al, ye see, wind came up fair and tide served; and Jasper said he hadn't anything to wait for—how is that, Cilly?"

"What's that to me?" she answered, crossly; "what isn't worth waiting for isn' worth having."

"No, no, that ain't it; what ain't worth asking for ain't worth having. Captain Jasper was very sore about it. You treated him ill, Cilly. Fire and love are dangerous playmates."

"The burned child," she insinuated, saucily.

"The same. I don't mind owning to it. I shall carry the scars to my grave. But you'll send Jasper that line, Cilly?"

"It's a pity Jasper can't keep his own counsel!"

"He was that broken-hearted. It's nigh to killing a man to keep it all to hisself. Don't I know it? But you will send him the line?"

"I don't know."

"You'll find out, I reckon."

And then they sat down to their boiled halibut, and the children came trooping in from school and play, and Uncle Eben had a dozen things to relate; all the gossip of the wharves and the fishermen; how a shark had been seen off Snarler's Point; what "Fetch and Carry" had netted from their last venture; what news from the mackerel fleet; how Job Knight's wherry had drifted out to sea; how fine the Heron had looked in her new rigging, and how his needle had

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broken in the sails and an old tar had boded ill luck to the voyage therefrom; so that before dinner was over Priscilla had decided to send Jasper the line he craved by Captain Lewis. Therefore when, a month later, Lewis dropped in one day to say good-bye and that he sailed for the same port on the morrow, in the interest of the same merchants whom Jasper served, Priscilla asked:

"Would you mind taking a line to Captain Jasper for me?" and then the color shot over her face and stained it crimson.

"Humph!" said Lewis, "anything particklar between you and Jasper?"

"I don't know what you call anything in particular; but if you don't wish to take my letter, you can leave it."

"Of course I'll take it, Chilly. "Would' not I do anything for you? What shall I bring you home now?"

far off; and she used to sit over her darning and imagine Jasper's surprise when Captain Lewis should deliver the letter. She had never dreamed that love could tame so. Why, she cared nothing at all for the vain babblings of those striplings who followed in her train whose adoration she had valued but yesterday. She could hardly believe that she had let Jasper go without a kind word; but then she had counted upon seeing him to-morrow. She was late in learning the wisdom of putting nothing off till to-morrow that should be done to-day.

And so the year waned; the blackberries grew ripe in the pastures; Pettingales' wood rained nuts; the maples turned scarlet and yellow on Broad Street, and the little ragged urchins with wheel-barrows caught up every leaf that fell as if it had been gold dust. There were long blue days, when the

"'We shall sail to-morrow, he said to her."

"Bring yourself home," she answered, with the last spark of her old caprice flaring up before going out forever. And then Captain Lewis took the little note, which simply read:

"Dear Jasper: I haven't changed my mind, for I didn't need to in order to love you. I shall look for you on Christmas-day. Yours, Priscilla."

And Captain Lewis went off whistling "Caller Herrin," as contentedly as if his name had been Jasper.

They were not much in the way of letter-writing, these simple fishing folks, and this was a labor of love to which Priscilla had set her name—first to make sure of saying enough, but not too much; to take care the spelling was not too bad, that the punctuation did not put out the sense nor obscure her meaning. She did not expect an answer; but, satisfied with her tardy resolve and confident of its success, she pursued her household duties, and joined the merry-makings with a light heart and smiling face, lit by the luster of a hope.

After all, Christmas was not so very "flying gold of the woodlands" was abroad, and the atmosphere seemed steeped in sunshine; then the east winds swooped down upon the coast, and brought drenching rains and bewildering fogs, and shook the heart in the bosom of many a sad watcher. Sometimes now Priscilla would wake in the "dead middle of the night," and hear the tide lashing the piers and fretting about the shore; and she would catch, far off, the dull smothered thunder of the sea, where it broke in a fury of crested waves upon the bar, and sent its spray to rend the darkness in the face of the troubled sea-farer. On such nights she used to rise and open her window, listening breathlessly for signals of distress, imagining that dying shrieks mingled with the hoarse roar of the breakers.

"Jasper shall never go to sea again if once he comes home," she thought—lying awake there, and trembling and shuddering among her blankets—"not if I have to stand on the street corners and cry red herrings for a living."

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Christmas time, foolish child! But love is always on guard, with its poor blind eyes.

By-and-by, when the trees were a wilderness of netted boughs against the heavens, when the winds had swept the earth clean of rubbish the first snow heralded itself one night by a bank of clouds, and at morning the bare boughs were draped in filmy laces, and all the world was a lonesome, dazzling waste.

"At least," thought Priscilla, "Christmas will be here soon."

She did not trust herself now to say that Jasper would be as certain to come. She had begun to doubt, now that the winter winds blew in her face, and the frost flowers shut out her sea-view: for how many storms must rave along the coast, and how many ships go down, and how many hearts break before Christmas-day! Perhaps she thought of these things while she made ready for that happy day; perhaps she saw now how cruelly she had used herself as well as Jasper, in disowning with her lips the emotion of her heart, in rashly counting on to-morrow's friendship. What if he should go down to his death, and never know how she had watched and waited and sorrowed for him! Where would be her comfort then? To find that he must wait till the sea gives up its dead to hear her answer, to know her heart. But all the same, she went about her drudgery with these fears haunting, waylaying her, made the house cheery for Uncle Eben, the fire bright, the food savory; mended his clothes, looked after his asthma, and made herself the prettiest bonnet she could devise, just for Jasper's sake.

But somehow, when Christmas was really knocking at the door, and the earth was sheeted in hoar-frost, and the fires snapped and blazed with a will, and all manner of kind wishes were current; when Priscilla's six-hour pudding, a culinary master-piece, was ready for its bag, the pies were waiting on the pantry shelves, the crab-apple jelly quaking in its jars; when the great turkey was dressed and in the pan, and there was a

A Summer Day at Balmy Beach, Ninette, Man.

loaf of plum-cake in the chest, along with the sponge gingerbread and raised dough-nuts that Jasper liked; when there were apples red as cherries in the bin down-stairs, and nuts that Priscilla and the children had gone into the Pettingale woods to pick before the snow came; when all these delightful preparations had been completed, and Priscilla, in her new poplin with scarlet ribbons, went up to the house-top, with the spy-glass and Uncle Eben, all those dolorous fears with which her winter had been clouded blew away; and she expected nothing but to see the Heron bounding homeward, without a hindrance, the instant she should put the glass to her eyes. But she had never had a real lover at sea before, and her eyes hadn't the knack of Uncle Eben's in such matters, into whose hands she reluctantly resigned herself.

"Do you see anything coming, Uncle Eben?" she asked, like Bluebeard's wife, her fingers tingling with the cold, her cheeks burning with excitement, and the high wind pulling out her crimps at a disastrous rate.

"Hey? Yes, I see the sea out there beyond the bar all frothy like yeast, Cilly."

"Any sail, Uncle Eben?" she persisted.

"Yes, child, yes; two of 'em."

"Do you suppose it's the Heron?" altogether overlooking the plural number.

"Wait a bit, Cilly; don't hurry; time enough; if either of 'em's the Heron Jasper 'll be up before dinner-time anyway; it's only a matter of three miles, and with this wind she'd be up in a trice."

Priscilla's teeth were chattering in her head, as much with nervousness as with cold.

"You'll catch cold up here, Uncle Eben," she said. "I'll just run down and look into the oven; I'll be back in a jiffy."

"Put something on your head while you're down there," he advised. "I'm as warm as wool with my tarpaulin and comforter."

She was gone precisely a jiffy; during which mythical portion of time she had fed the fire, looked into the oven, and lifted the cover of the steamer; for it would never do to have the dinner overdone and Jasper at the door, so to speak. Then she wrapped a shawl about her shoulders, and was up to the house-top in season to hear Uncle Eben exclaim:

"It's the Heron! it's the Heron! or I'm a oat."

"How do you know?" queried his niece, merely as a matter of form, being fully persuaded that if Uncle Eben said it was the Heron, the Heron it must be.

"Know?" he returned. "Don't I know every sail in her? Didn't I set every stitch in that canvas?"

"I hope the stitches aren't so big you can see them this far!" spoke his saucy niece.

And just then one of the children called Cilly to come down and mend her frock, which she had torn on a nail; and down Priscilla skipped, humming a favorite tune, as gay as any lark. At any other time, it might be, she would have scolded the little Nanine, but now she was too happy to condescend to such trifles, and her only thought was that Jasper would be home by dinner-time, and the children must all look tidy and fine; and while she wove her thread back and forth in the rent she laid some little plan for seeing Jasper alone that first, sweet instant, without the curious faces of Nanine and the others, or the kind eyes of Uncle Eben, to see her blush beneath her lover's smile. And then she set the table; she put on the best bird's-eye damask, which her mother had brought in her wedding-dower, which had been carefully hoarded and lavendered, and jealously guarded against moth and rust. Then followed the old-fashioned stone-china that Uncle Eben had bought at the auction of Squire Gibbs twenty-five years gone, when he had thought to begin housekeeping himself. She had placed a seat for Jasper at her right hand, and stood off at the end of the room and surveyed the effect of the whole with pleasure, and pronounced it perfect; and so saying she toiled up the stairs again to the roof, and found Uncle Eben looking over an old log-book, stowed away in the attic, where he had spent the last three-quarters of an hour, having asured himself that the Heron wasn't far outside, and would be up before the dinner-bell rang.

"It's the Heron and no mistake," said

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he, feeling guilty that he hadn't remained out in the windy weather in the service of the Heron and her crew. "She's all right," he affirmed; "how's the vegetables doing?"

"But, Uncle Eben," said Priscilla, "do come up and show me where to look. I want to see her myself. I'm dying of impatience." And then the good uncle led the way for this caprice back to the bleak view from the roof.

"There, Cilly," said he; "look to your left. There's two of 'em, and one's larger than t'other, and the one "

"I don't see but one, Uncle Eben."

"Eh- Wa'al, they've changed positions, that's all. Here, give me the glass for a second."

For a second Uncle Eben stood motionless, scanning the water: then his old hand fell to trembling, and a red line painted itself across his forehead, and he drew his breath hard, as he put the glass away and turned to go down the stairs.

"I believe you're right, Cilly," he said, in a stilled voice: "there ain't but one vessel ariding in, all by herself."

"Don't fall, uncle," she called after him, wondering if he was going to have an ill turn, that his voice was so full of breaks and discords.

"She'll be in the river already," he muttered, drawing on his mittens. "I'll run down to the wharf and see what they think."

And he pelted out, without heeding Priscilla's remonstrance, for it was just possible that he might have been mistaken, after all. Could that other vessel have been an illusion, a mirage? Could it? For when Uncle Eben had taken the glass from Priscilla he had seen the larger craft outlined against the sky, and—was it the stern of the other settling there in the trough of the sea, just outside the turbulent bar? Had the larger craft run down the Heron, or had his old eyes deceived him?

He bent his steps first to the little public house looking out on the river, where a group was already collected on the stoop, with spy-glasses and conjectures, watching eagerly for the inward-bound vessel.

"There's been rough work outside there," said an old salt to Uncle Eben. "I saw the whole thing, and it didn't take so long as I tell it: you wouldn't know'd she was hurt before she was clean gone. Mighty poor sailors, I take it, to run down a fellow in broad daylight, or else they've got too much ballast aboard!"

"The wind's dreffu' cranky, you see," said a bystander.

"It wasn't the Heron?" quavered Uncle Eben.

"Dun'no; never thought of the Heron. Let's see. Captain Jasper's in her service. He'd a know'd better than to let that concern strike her like that!"

"I don't know; accidents will happen," said Uncle Eben, watching the ship shoot up the river.

She surely was not the Heron. Jasper would not help them eat their Christmas dinner to-day. Had not his old eyes deceived him? Had he best go back and speak to Priscilla. At any rate, he would take a turn round the square first, and compose himself and get his breath. The tears stood in his eyes and rolled down his furrowed cheeks as he went on. He was thinking, perhaps, as much of himself as of Priscilla just then, only her possible sorrow had brought to his own mind strongly—his own wounds gaped beneath the fresh blow, and throbbed fiercely; and then he had loved Jasper almost as well as Priscilla, for Jasper was the son of the old sweetheart for whom he had bought the stone china twenty-five years ago, and who had jilted him the next week for Jasper's father. Perhaps it was all right that Priscilla should have given Jasper the cold shoulder: perhaps it was poetic justice—only Uncle Eben had never heard of that sort of justice, and was not able to appreciate it. Presently he found himself back in the neighborhood of the wharves again. The strange vessel had anchored now, and half Tide Stret was down on the end of the quay talking with the crew. Uncle Eben could see their gesticulations as they described the event: the Mermaid in great gilt letters stared him out of countenance at the ship's stern, as though defying him to call her the Heron. Some sailors were busy lifting

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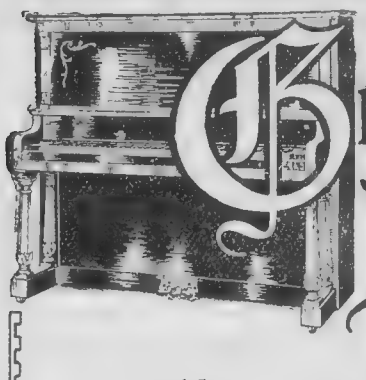

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a burden down her sides, something that lay in their arms like a dead weight, something sodden and cold. A shiver ran through him from head to heel, he turned his face away from the dumb thing that they held, he would not stay to see; all his neighbors were clustering about the frozen mask. As for him, he thought of Priscilla and Jasper's mother ten year's in her grave, and then he herad one of the sailors saying:

"He was the only man of them that rose to the surface. We hung around as long as we dared, but the sea was growing madder every moment. Zounds, wasn't it a spanking breeze! We tried all our nostrums to bring him to, but he's gone the sea just beat the breath out of him."

There was no doubt in Uncle Eben's mind but the dead man was Jasper; yet he could not trust himself to make sure, for how terrible the conviction would be! So he waited till they should speak his name—waited, half benumbed with pain and cold, wondering how he should break it to Priscilla, if she were growing anxious, if the neighbors had not already gossiped to her; and then old Burton, who kept the corner grocery, blurted out, in his rough sympathy:

"Poor fellow! His wife will be sore put to it to feed those six hungry children without him."

It was plain that the Heron had gone down; that this was the body of the mate; that Jasper was even now tossing on the currents across the sand-bar, drifting from ocean hollow to ocean hollow, while Priscilla waited for him to come to dinner, and made herself comely to welcome him. Uncle Eben went back to the house then; he looked into the vacant kitchen in passing; the savory odors sickened him, the table with the plate set for Jasper turned him cold, as if it had been placed for a ghost; he called at the foot of the stairs for Cilly.

"Here I am," she replied, coming out of the best room, where she had been arranging a sprig of scarlet geranium at her throat, before the largest glass that the house afforded—her cheeks flushing, her soft eyes undimmed by tears.

"Where is Jasper? It was the Heron, wasn't it? Is he in the kitchen? Don't tease me, Uncle Eben. I know it was the Heron. I just heard Mrs. Burton say it was. Oh!" as she caught sight of his white face, "is anything the matter?"

"Jasper——" he began, and his voice broke.

Where is he? she asked, half puzzled, but unsuspecting still. When shall we see him? I will have dinner on the table at once."

"Wait a minute, Cilly," he said, recovering himself. "You will see him, Cilly——" How should he tell her, what was the most gentle way, or was there any gentleness in such cruel business?—"you will see him, dear—when the sea gives up its dead! There, there, your old uncle was rough with you," rocking her in his arms like an infant. "There, there, wipe away the tears, deary;" but there were no tears to wipe away, for Priscilla had dropped in a swoon.

* * * * * *

When the new year came in, and the days began to lengthen and the cold to chill the marrow in one's bones, the neighbors were saying among themselves that something had changed Priscilla Farnham. She never sang now about her work, averred Mrs. Burton, who had often listened to her in the still afternoons. She left off the gay ribbons with which she had been used to adorn herself, the jaunty h that had been her pride; her spar ear-rings were put away in a box in the best bureau till Nanine should be old enough to wear them; her brown hair had forgotten its crimps. She was no longer to be met with at sewing circles, at teadrinkings, at quilting or dances. Her quondam lovers declare that she had grown dull, that a smile was as rare as a new moon, and that she had lost the charms of coquetry. Mothers pitied her, and said it was all along of taking care of Uncle Eben and his asthma and those great noisy children; and fathers told their sons that she would make a good wife, notwithstanding the loss of her high spirits and the carmine of her cheek. Only Uncle Eben understood it all, and worked many a sad thought into his sails, while Priscilla kept the fire bright and the hearth swept as before, and looked out across the yeasty bar and groaned in her heart, remembering that fair evening when she had love in her hands, to take or leave. But she had sent him the line he had asked for; she had that for her comfort; he had gone down to his death with the assurance of her love in his heart, shut fast, like a flower in its calyx; his last thought had been of her, his last breath a prayer for her; but not one hand clasp, not one warm melting kiss to lighten all the bleak future, to hallow the fading past. It had been her own fault surely, but none the less was it bitter.

One Sunday, when she saw Matilda Mathews come walking into church with her lover, bronzed and weather beaten, off a two years' voyage, her heart leaped up in her breast burning like a coal, and the scalding tears started into her eyes; and so when other girls and their sweet hearts passed her by she turned away her head with weary sighs, and went on her lonely way.

And so St. Valentine's day came round. Priscilla had been used to receive scores of those fanciful billets-doux in years past—tender missives in halting verse, lost in a wilderness of posies, watched over by a corps of Cupids. But to day the postman made his rounds and missed her altogether; she watched him stop at Mrs. Burton's, and saw Liz open the door with a whole bevy of dimples wrinkling her blushing face. Priscilla

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did not grudge her her Valentines, only the warm reality of living love; and she sat long in the bitter winter twilight that night alone, while the children and Uncle Eben made molasses candy in the kitchen, having seen Miss Liz admit a young man at the front door and light the astral lamp in the best room—which illumination always meant something and draw the curtains. Priscilla was wondering concerning the happiness hidden behind those cotton curtains, about the "songs without words" which she herself was never to know again. She felt like one shut out from Eden, sitting there in the dark, and seeing the shadow of happiness flitting now and then across her neighbor's curtains. She had never quite recovered from that first shock on Christmas morn when her pulses had slackened, and her heart fainted at its toil; and now every noise appalled her, every "halloo" in the streets, "the heave ahoy" of sailors at the wharves, the children bounding in with warhoops and shrieks of laughter; and when the next morning Mrs. Burton opened the door like a gust of wind, and came in with a blanched countenance and eyes like saucers, Priscilla cried out:

"Oh, Mrs. Burton, how you scare me! Are you sick? You look as if you had seen a spirit!"

"Sick!" repeated the good woman, as if scorning the institution; "sickness isn't a circumstance to it. I have seen a spirit, Cilly Farnham."

Priscilla answered her with an incredulous laugh, on her way to close the door the frightened woman had left open behind her. "Spirits don't walk abroad in daylight," she said, soothingly, almost wishing they walked at any time. And then, with the door knob in her hand, with unbelief in her heart—was it a spirit that confronted her, that came across the threshold with a familiar smile on its lips, that asked in a voice to her far sweeter than music:

"Are you going to shut me out here in the cold?"

Does a spirit stretch out fleshly arms, and kiss one with warm, lingering lips, and speak tolerable English?

Mrs. Burton had fled, shrieking, to an inner room, and had bolted the door behind her, as though bolts and bars could impede spiritual essences.

"Where did you come from, Jasper?" said Priscilla, half doubting her own senses. "I thought—I thought " and here she gave it up and took refuge in tears.

"You thought I was a ghost?" he said. "Well, didn't I come within an ace of it? What saved me from going down in the Heron? Why, nothing more or less than a good smart brain-fever. The Heron, you see, was to be back by Christmas, or her cargo wouldn't be worth a sculpin; and so, as I was mad as a March hare, the mate had to sail without me, poor fellow! That's how it happened. Priscilla, I kissed you just now at hazard; shall I go down and beg your pardon?"

"Beg my pardon?"

"Yes. Have you anything kind to say to me to-day?"

"Didn't I say it all in my letter?"

"Your letter? When? What? Where?"

"That Lewis carried for you."

"The deuce! Lewis said he left you behind as smart as a cricket; but he never spoke of a letter. If he had, perhaps I shouldn't be here. It was all along of expecting and looking and longing to no good that keeled me over. Good for you, Lewis; you've foundered your own brig! So you changed your mind, sweetheart?"

"Did I? Indeed I didn't, saucily again.

"How?"

"Because—because there wasn't any need, you know."

And just then Mrs. Burton put her head out at the inner room door, and adjourned embraces pro tem.

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"I suppose," said a sympathetic neighbor, "that you will erect a handsome monument to your husband's memory?" Then, says the New York "Press," the tearful widow replied:

"To his memory! Why, poor John hadn't any. I was sorting over some of his clothes to-day, and I found the pockets full of letters I had given him to post."

Winnipeg Coronation Celebration at Exhibition Grounds.

The Case of the Bronson Patent.

By Robert Barr.

COMPLICATIONS began by giving a woman her own way, which is always a dangerous thing to do. Peter Carmichael was perfectly satisfied with the fine old house that center its own ample grounds in

that southern district of London which we call Brixton. It had served his turn for many years, and he expected it to last until he died, but his only daughter, Sarah, a girl possessed of the modern Higher Education, was not so well content. By no stretch of the imagination could Brixton be termed "fashionable" and the house itself was ancient, but exceedingly comfortable. So it may have been the case that Sarah's dissatisfaction arose from other reasons than the absence of electric light. Her father, a very shrewd business man in his time, had by his own efforts accumulated a snug fortune, all very safely invested in non-speculative securities, so there were no money troubles to worry the impatient Sarah, which, when you come to think of it, is almost an ideal state of things. Both Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller have told us, to our surprise, that the rich rarely are happy, although neither of the gentlemen has shown any ardent desire to unload his wealth on those of us who would gladly relieve them of their burden.

Peter Carmichael knew little of society and cared nothing for it. He was happy in the acquaintance of his choice cronies, all estimable, elderly persons, in like easy circumstances to his own, and they forgathered at one another's houses, indulging in whist, or chess, or even draughts, a game of which Peter was exceedingly fond. So far as out-door sports went, Mr. Carmichael was a cautious golfer whose steady game often defeated that of more brilliant players. He had been a widower e er since his daughter was a little girl at school, and perhaps, if Sarah's mother had lived, the girl might have found life more interesting than was the case; but be that as it may, Sarah's restlessness and lack of all companionship among young people turned her attention to higher education with marked success. She actually achieved a degree in science, and perhaps that was what impelled her toward electric light, while her father was more than satisfied with gas or candles. However, for the sake of peace, he gave a contract to the Southern Counties Electric Lighting Corporation, stipulating only that none of the bulbs should be installed in his bedroom or study. The only bulbs the old gentleman delighted in came from Holland, for he pottered about a good deal in his antiquated garden.

The S.C.E.L.C., being a limited liability company, without any evidence of soul or the least suggestion of romance, in quite a commonplace, business-like way, took action whose currents, to speak electrically, flowed into a region of sentiment completely outside the scope of those statistical text-books which deal with ohms, volts and amperes. The corporation sent young Stillwell Bronson aged twenty-six, salary three pounds a week, to superintend the installation of electric light in the mansion that belonged to Peter Carmichael.

Stillwell, a clean-living young man, with a clear-cut face like a Roman cameo, and smoldering, dreamy eyes more suitable to a poet than to an electrical engineer, was nevertheless an expert in his profession, and should have been getting three or four times what the company paid him. But being a visionary as well as a clever mechanic, he had lived quite contented up to the time he met Sarah Carmichael and was surprised to find a handsome young woman who was so deeply learned in his own subjects.

Here, of course, the old gentleman was to blame. Having given out the contract he washed his hands of the whole modern abomination, and while the workmen were in the house spent his days in the old-fashioned garden, or on the golf links. So Miss Carmichael was compelled to see much of Stillwell Bronson, with a result that I shall not dilate upon, because this is a story of the City, of finance and the formation of companies, and has really nothing to do with the feelings of a young man and a young woman for one another, beyond what is necessary to explain the series of quite true incidents which follow.

Suffice it to say that the dreamy, smoldering eyes which produced so unexpected an effect on the scientific Sarah utterly failed to impress her practical old father, who, having been in former days an employer of young men, and an excellent judge of them, saw in this tongue-tied electric engineer before him an inert inefficient person, foredoomed to failure in this commercial world; so he said "No" with an emphasis that paralyzed even the power of expostulation on the part of Bronson.

Sarah tried her hand at effecting a reconciliation, but the stubborn determin-

ation which had been one factor in Peter's business success proved impregnable. Her father had given her the electric light, but definitely refused to give her the electric lighter. So one day a few

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weeks later, while Peter Carmichael was carefully driving a white ball across green fields, Sarah accompanied Stillwell Bronson to the Registrar's office, and was married in quite a commonplace fashion, without any of the ecclesiastical trappings, or music, or bridesmaids to which an ordinary girl might think she was entitled. Thus the girl stepped down of her own accord fro a luxurious mansion, with plenty of money, to a meagerly furnished cottage on three pounds a week.

Now do not, I beg of you, at this stage of the recital, misplace your sympathy. Sarah was perfectly happy, and needed no commiseration, while as for Stillwell Bronson, the world was new-made and beautiful. But here was old Peter Carmichael, left with a house on his hands many sizes too large for him, all newly fitted up with electric light, which he detested, and the bill still to come in! Sarah had been a housekeeper so efficient that her father had come to look upon the smoothly running machinery of his establishment as the natural order of things, and a glimmering of the truth that he hadnever really appreciated Sarah began to flicker through his mind as daily he felt more and more the need of her.

Do not suppose that anything dramatic occurred. Nothing dramatic ever occurs in Brixton, except at the theater. There had been no casting-away of the girl; no cutting her off with a shilling. Verbally she had not defied her father, nor given him an ultimatum nor made a scene. He was beginning to think she had forgotten the engineer with the smoldrous, dreamy eyes, after he forbade the banns, but Sarah faced the Registrar just the same. She went on with her work in the cottage, singing at it, and he did the best he could in the mansion, swearing a little on occasions. Neither approached or reproached the other.

The cottage proved to be a most interesting place. One room was fitted up as a workshop, and there, with the example of Monsieur and Madame Curie before them, the two toiled together. Bronson was an inventor of the most amazing fertility. Hundreds and hundreds of contrivances he had dreamed out and worked out, never possessing enough money ahead to patent any of them. Enthusiastically he explained to his young wife their various merits and fascinations, and her scientific knowledge, he soon saw with delight, must be of great advantage to him. She could look up authorities, set out formulae, make calculations with the brain of a man and the deftness of a woman. The workshop gradually became a palace of delight. Sarah saw her husband's genius through the glamour of a first and overpowering affection, but although at first it slumbered, that practical section of her brain which was her father's legacy to her never quite fell asleep. When there was nothing particular in which she could assist, she would hop like a bird to an uncluttered corner of the work-bench, and sit perched there, her tiny feet swaying to and fro as she watched the absorbed man at his work.

"Love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence."

The absent-minded inventor sometimes for hours forgot that she was in the room, but one night Sarah brought herself in startling fashion within the radius of his observation.

Leaning sideways from her elevated perch at the end of the bench, she, with a gentle sweep of her arm, sent crashing to the floor half a score of models, delicately, carefully constructed, into one heap of common destruction.

Bronson sprang to his feet with a look of horror on his face, and for once his large eyes were wide open. The girl laughed'

"Sit down, Stillwell," she said, "and say nothing till I have explained."

The man sat down with a groan. Whatever she might say, the patient work of months had been obliterated in one reckless moment.

"Stillwell, these wrecked devises we will take up again with more leisure when we are older. Some of them will work, and some won't, but they are all of doubtful commercial value. Deep thinking in the silence of this room has taught me why you are a failure as an inventor. Now, the junior partner calls a halt. You lack concentration, and when the interesting problems of any device have been overcome, you lose interest in it, set it aside, and begin something else. You are like a man who backs every horse in a field, and so loses his money. You must pick out a likely winner, and then risk upon it all the energy you possess. Now, here is a little machine," she said, picking up the partly completed object which gives its title to this story. "You have lost interest in it because, after all, it is such a simple object, yet if once that were completed and placed upon the market, every household in the civilized world would ultimately come to possess it. Let us focus our attention upon that, and when the money flows in, we'll give some thought to this debris."

"But why, Sarah, why?" protested the young man, who, we all must admit, had shown great patience, "why wantonly destroy——"

Sarah interrupted him.

"Because you are so deeply immersed that by no other method could I have called you up to the surface again. Because our predicament is too serious. We are deeply in debt, and I dare not go to my father for aid. He will say it is just what might have been expected. Tomorrow I shall clear out this room, leave nothing but what pertains to the invention I hold in my hand. So now, my dear boy, forgive me, and set to work."

Stillwell, with a sigh, rose, took from her the object she held out to him, and

crashing into one heap of common destruction.

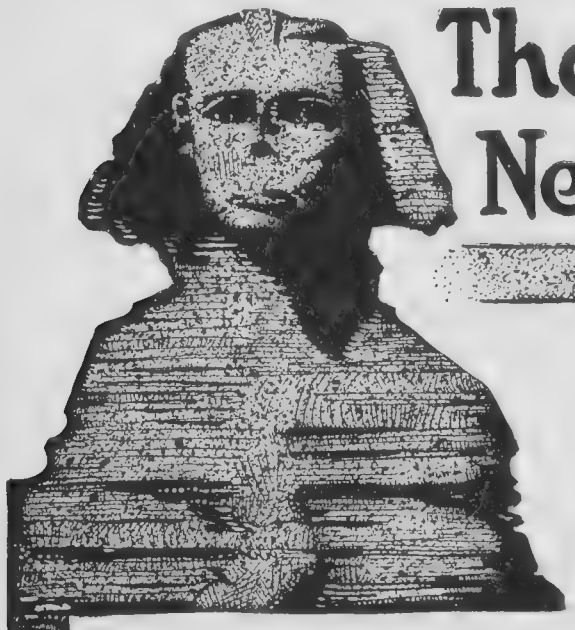
without a word sat down at his vise. Patient youth!

Sarah sprang down beside him, and lovingly rumpled his already tousled hair. The mechanic looked up at her with a wan smile.

"You are quite right, Sadie," he said. "I have not the slightest interest in an object which is so tarred with the taint of trade."

"That's all right, Stillwell," said his wife. "You go ahead and complete it."

I now suffer from the handicap which blocks the path of those who deal with truth instead of fiction. I am conscious that it would add several hundred per cent. to the interest of my narrative if I could but name the article which I have designated by the term "Bronson's Patent." But if I called it by the true title I might as well give the correct names of all the people I am talking about, for the article is perfectly familiar to every civilized person at home and abroad. Mr. J. W. Kenderton occupies an office near the Bank of England. Mr. Kenderton is a middle-aged person who is an extraordinary mixture of shrewdness, capability, uthlessness, and many other qualities more or less odjectionable. He has been in many businesses, and, being in a way an excellent financier, has made money sometimes by methods that do not bear too close a scrutiny. But the money he has gathered is as nothing to what he has missed, all through his quality of speedily losing faith in anything with which he is concerned that is not immediately pro-



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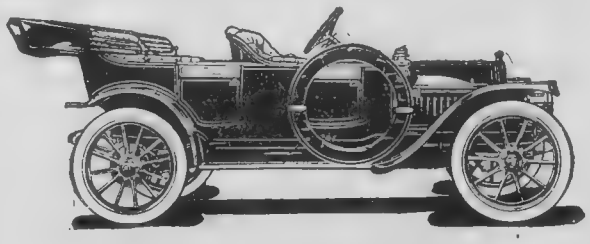

The "Everitt" Fore-door—$50 Extra
"Nothing Smarter on the Road" 27

ductive. Having once got his grip on a thing, disbelief seems to set in automatically.

Kenderton is a dangerous man to deal with, and if he gets a man in a corner, he exacts the last penny, though he is very smooth, suave and ingratiating until his hooks are fastened into your affairs. Thus people who know him are afraid to traffic with him. In business hours he wears glasses, that he doesn't need except to conceal his eyes, which, if seen, are apt to give him away. At the time of his deal with Bronson, he occupied a room where he wrote to those who had just taken out patents, offering to advance money on the inventions. Easy terms. Thus it was that young Bronson, having expended his last shilling in securing his first patent, came into Kenderton's clutches.

The device did not prove so simple as Mrs. Bronson had supposed. Little difficulties cropped up here and there, which took time and patience to overcome, and, alas, sometimes expensive materials, for which cash was exacted on the nail. After the patent was recorded, Bronson received an extremely cordial letter from Mr. Kenderton, which the innocent young man supposed to be caused by an admiration for his work, which of course Kenderton knew nothing of. Perhaps, if Bronson had shown the letter to his wife, she would have been equally ignorant of his danger; but, as a matter of fact, he said nothing about it, hoping to surprise her with an unexpected influx of gold from a capitalist believer in his invention.

The interview with Kenderton did not produce so much gold as Bronson had expected, but he got a little to go on with He carried with him the model of his invention in its then stage, and his sensitive nature was depressed by the cynical, skeptical comments of the financier, for the spectacles concealed the eyes, and the inventor did not see the gleam of comprehension that came suddenly into them as Kenderton recognized the tremendous commercial possibilities of the expedient. Kenderton, with seeming reluctance, offered two hundred pounds for

"What if I refuse ?"

a half interest in the patent, but of this sum only ten pounds were to be paid down, and the rest doled out as needed until it was seen whether or not Bronson could overcome the difficulties which the inventor had been honest enough to disclose. Even to so unpractical a man as Stillwell Bronson, the terms seemed harsh, but he accepted them in the faith that even a half-interest would ultimately give him all the money he needed.

Within a month, however, Kenderton had him completely in his power, securing an option running for three months, whereby, upon payment of a thousand pounds, the financier might acquire the whole invention. Having got this option he claimed, which was doubtless true enough, that it superseded the first arrangement, and although not half of the two hundred pounds had been paid, he refused to advance another penny. It was at this stage of the game, having tied himself hand and foot, with no more money forthcoming, that Bronson was at last compelled to disclose to his wife the situation in which he found himself, while she gazed helplessly at him, dumb with dismay. Sarah uttered no reproaches; indeed, uttered nothing at all, for there was nothing to say.

That afternoon, carrying a little hand-satchel, she entered the grounds of her father's house, and rang the old-fashioned door-bell.

When she entered the study, her father, seated by the window, was reading the first edition of his favorite evening paper. He lowered this sheet, and gazed at his visitor over the top of his steel-bound glasses.

"Hello, father," said the girl, brightly.

"Hello, Sarah," greeted the father, more soberly.

"I saw as I came through that you'd done away with the electric light."

"Only the fittings," replied the old man. "They are all in the attic, wrapped in tissue paper, quite ready to be repalced when you return."

"Ah!" cried the girl, a long-drawn-out exclamation, then with a little laugh she kissed her father before he knew what she was about, and with a light, upward impulse, seated herself on the edge of his table.

"It is 't the Christmas season," chirruped Sarah, "but I have brought you a pretty little toy. Many a time you have given me one."

She opened the satchel, took out a model of Bronson's Patent, and placed it on the table. Peter Carmichael adjusted his steel spectacles and examined it.

"Will it squeak if you press it?" he asked.

Sarah laughed merrily, and the old man, with a catch in his breath, remembered that the paneled walls had not echoed that music for some little time.

"What's it for?" he asked, pretending not to mind.

Sarah showed him.

"What will it cost to produce?" he asked.

Sarah told him.

The old man compressed his lips and wrinkled his brow.

"There should be money in that," he said at last.

"Hundreds of thousands, father."

"Perhaps. Well?"

"I want to tell you a little story," said the girl, "about two modern Babes in the Wood, and wicked uncles lurking behind every tree."

When she had finished, the old man slowly shook his head.

"I'm afraid, my dear, that nothing can be done. J. W. Kenderton will exercise his option, probably on the day before it expires, and will fall into a very good thing, so far as my judgment goes, although such a modern contrivance is a little out of my line. You must see yourself that Mr. Stillwell Bronson is quite at the mercy of Kenderton."

"I know that only a very, very clever man can extricate us; that's why I have come to my father."

For the first time the old man smiled.

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"What did you expect me to do?" he asked.

"You are a city man, and know how to deal with city men. I thought perhaps you might call on Kenderton, and persuade him to let go."

Peter shook his head.

"Honest city men, and there are thousands of them, are not difficult to deal with, but I happen to know this man Kenderton, and he is a scoundrel. Did you bring copies of the documents in the case with you, Sarah? I must see exactly what M. Bronson has signed.

Sarah took a sheaf of papers from the little satchel, and handed them to her father, who scrutinized each with great care, then laid them on the table, and sank into a brown study. At last he said:

"I know those city sharks, and have always tried to steer clear of them. Do you think this man Kenderton has any suspicion about the value of this invention?"

"No, from what my husband says. Kenderton speaks very sneeringly of it, and quite discourages Stillwell."

"Ah! then he knows all about it," said the wise old man. "Will Mr. Bronson follow any instructions you give him?"

"Why, certainly," cried the girl. "He's my husband, you know, although you ignore the fact, and I find a husband even easier to manage than a father."

Again the victim smiled, but when the spo e, he acknowledged the marriage.

"Tell your husband nothing regarding this visit to me. Are you in financial straits?"

The girl sighed.

"The going is a little hard now and then," she said.

"Ah, well, don't you worry about that, Sarah; but don't say a word to your husband. This is a case that requires caution, and we must run no risks. Persuade him to cease work on this invention until the option runs out, but urge him to see Kenderton now and then, and beg for more money. Tell him to say absolutely nothing about his invention more than he can help, except to assure Kenderton as emphatically as possible, that he is certain to succeed with it, if he is given a little money and some more time. But he must refuse to show Kenderton any of his later models. I suppose you are convinced he will overcome the mechanical difficulties?"

"Oh, surely," replied the girl.

"Then he will be but speaking the truth if he reiterates this to Kenderton with all the emphasis of which he is capable. As the limit of the option approaches, spur him to greater emphasis, and advise a change of method in the demand for money. Let him then offer Kenderton the whole invention for five hundred pounds, if he will pay cash down. He is to do this about a week before the option expires. The day after the option lapses, I will give him a check to repay Kenderton for all he has advanced, together with interest, but don't say a word about that to your husband. Let him go quite honestly forward, trying his best to force his invention upon Kenderton. Above all, make him promise to sign no document until he has brought it to you."

"Very well, father; I will see that all that is done."

Suddenly the old man shot a question at her with a gruffness that startledher

He definitely refused her the electric lighter.

"Is he kind to you?"

"Oh!" cried Sarah, quickly covering her face with her hands, and he saw that the tears had come. "No one," she sobbed through her fingers, "could be kinder than my husband—not even my own dear father."

"I daresay, I daresay," growled Peter, taking off his spectacles, and polishing their lenses with his handkerchief. "Well, why the deuce don't you bring him here then? Perfectly ridiculous, keeping up two houses, with all these empty rooms."

The girl looked up with a watery smile.

"All right, father; the day after the option runs out. Poor Stillwell must seem woe-begone until that time."

"True, true; I had forgotten. The day before the option expires I'll order the electric fittings put in their places. And now, Sarah, do get down off the table I've often spoken to you about that. Tea will be here in a minute."

Sarah, with a laugh, obeyed, and was only just in time.

All Stillwell Bronson's pleadings with Kenderton were in vain. Not a solitary

half-crown could he squeeze out of the man. When it was proposed that Kenderton should exercise his option at half-price previous to the date set, the financier not only received the offer with scorn, but he presented the unfortunate young man with a promissory note, drawn at sight for the two hundred pounds, with interest, although he had not paid out half of the money which appeared on its face. He found Bronson unexpectedly stubborn in refusing to sign this until he had taken it to his wife, but that lady, after consulting her father, advised her husband to sign which he did next day in Kenderton's office.

Instead of exercising his option, Kenderton wrote to Bronson demanding immediate payment of the two hundred pounds, with interest, stating that, if this was not done within three days, he would take proceedings. Before the three days were past, old Peter Carmichael climbed the stairs to Kenderton's room.

"Good morning, J. W.," he said genially, while the man behind the table blinked at him through his glasses, at first without recognition.

"Oh, it is you, Cautious Peter!" said Kenderton, with an uneasy grin. "To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

"Indeed, J. W., I thought of paying this visit a month or two ago, but my former experience still rankles, and knowing you to be so much cleverer than I, it seemed better to remain at a distance, and work through that unfortunate young man, Stillwell Bronson, whose note I have come to take up, as he doesn't happen to possess the money to liquidate it himself."

"In that case," said Kenderton, "I am doubly glad to see you. Here is the note."

"Yes, I thought you would be glad. Bronson, who is an inexperienced person about business, seems to think you are a hard man to a person in difficulties, and is afraid of future proceedings on your part, so I told him I would not pay this note unless you signed a document giving him full acquittance, which I brought here in my pocket."

"Ah," said Kenderton, caution returning, "and what if I refuse to sign?"

"It doesn't matter a button to me." replied Carmichael, indifferently. "If you refuse to sign, you can take action against him. Indeed, as the young man confessed to me that he is at the end of his resources, I advised him to let you sue and defend the case on the ground of extortion and usury."

"My dear Peter, you know very well that a man has no defense against a promissory note he has signed. Judgment is bound to be in my favor."

"True, true; the difficulty will come in the collection, and if you prefer that note to my check, there is no use of wasting more words about it."

Kenderton hesitated a moment, then: "Oh, very well," he said. "Give me your check, and I'll sign any kind of quittance you like."

When the transfer was made, Kenderton asked:

"What's this young man to you? Are you becoming benevolent in your old age?"

"Benevolence begins at home, J. W., and Bronson happens to be my son-in-law."

"The deuce you say!"

"Yes; and besides that, although he is poor enough at the moment, I am to pay him next week a hundred thousand pounds for half of that option you did not choose to exercise. Good-by, J. W. I told you I'd get even with you ultimately."

And those who know the potency of Bronson's Patent as a money-maker are aware that the old man much more than made good his words.

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary and Translator of "New Testament in Braid Scots," etc.

The Exile's Song.

Oh! why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea;
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain;
But the first joys o' our youth
Come never back again!
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie!

Robert Gilfillan.

I hae my back to the wa'; if I dinna slip I'll no fa'.

Kindness will creep where it canna gang.

I hae a Scots tongue in my heid; if they speak I'se answer.

"It's gude to be merry and wyss," quo' the miller when he mounter'd twice.

A man when asked "what use a wife wad be to him?" replied, "I wad hae something to look at on Sunday!"

The auld wife's injunction to her son, who was going off to the wars, was—"Whan ye see a cannon-ba', jouk, Jamie, jouk!" (dodge.)

Rev. D. Gibb Mitchell, of Cramond, Midlothian, every now and then gives a sermon in "Braid Scots" somewhere, and always large crowds go to hear him. He spoke of it in a letter to me as "a movement:" and one that is increasing in importance. I was the more interested in the matter from the fact, that on such occasions he makes the Scripture Reading from my "New Testament in Braid Scots."

"I had better kail in my cog, and ne'er gae them a keytch!" The return of a haughty maid to them that tell her of an unworthy suitor. It alludes to an act among the Scottish reapers of former days who, if their broth be too hot, can throw them up into the air—just as they turn pancakes—without losing one drop of them.

The Salvation Army in Scotland is sending out to Western Canada a select number of young boys, preferably orphans; a special bequest enabling them to do this.

St. Andrew's University will this year celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of its foundation.

Mr. Asquith, the Premier, has been 25 years the representative of East Fyfe in the House of Commons. £500 has been raised for a testimonial to the Premier and his family.

The Telephone. Some years ago, when the telephone was first introduced, a Highlandman who had been to Glasgow, was telling a neighbor about it. "And what is the telephone?" asked the neighbor. "Well," said the first man, "If I had a dog as big as from Oban to Skye, and I tramped on his tail here in Oban, and he barked in Skye, that would be a telephone."

Do you know that in any foreign port in the Seven Seas, if you step aboard a British vessel, and call out "Mac," three heads will appear — the captain, the first engineer, and the second engineer.

Daily Sketch, London.

The South of Scotland Chamber of Commerce recommends for Scottish factories that the hours of labor in winter be, henceforth, 8 to 1, and 2 to 7: 10 hours in all. Where this has been adopted, it has been satisfactory.

The mill canna grind wi' the water that is past.

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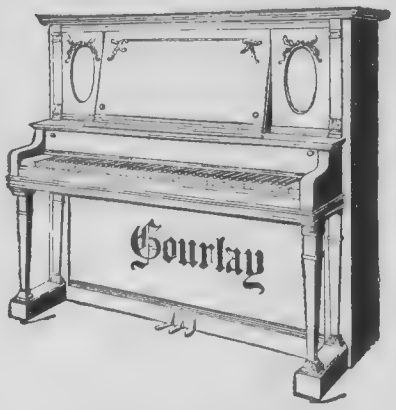

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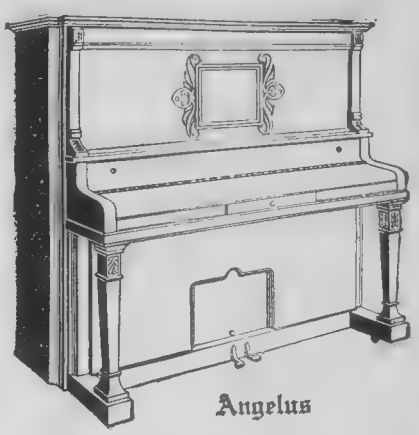

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When the Birds, Beasts and the Fishes go to Sleep.

Written Expressly for the Young Readers of the W.H.M., by Bonnycastle Dale. Photographs by the Author.

WE live in British Columbia and my dad's a naturalist, so Ed and I—Ed's a girl, her long name is Edwina—get dad's pictures and lay them all out on the table before the big fireplace and he tells us the grandest stories these long rainy nights. Say! You can hear the surf pounding on the spit; and the rain beating on the window panes, just as if it was trying to wash out the glare of the fire that turns its trickles into streams of red light. Let's have all the animals go to school tonight dad?" "He's reading a big book, ask him Ed." "Good! but why did he sigh when he laid the book down? it must be a sad story, I guess.

"Tell us about the Puffins dad, Ed calls them Sea Parrots but she's a girl." "Well! kiddies, I suppose you've got to have your evening yarn; so we will have the birds and the beasts and the fishes go to school tonight and you can ask them their lessons." My but Ed and I clapped our hands and shouted when he said this.

"Here is the tufted Puffin, or as my little girl calls it the Sea Parrot, she can ask it all about its life."

"Where do you live, Mrs. Puffin?"

"On the bare rocky islands along your coast." (you know; really and trully, dad tells all the answers for the animals)

"And how many babies do you have?" asked Ed.

"Just one and my nest is no nest at all really, I lay the long pointed white egg right on top of the thin loose stones, or on a bit of black earth if I can find

The Guillimot's Nest.

it, away back in a tiny cave in a crack in the rocks. I can defend my egg too, my bill is big and strong. It takes me three weeks and a half to hatch my black baby out and you ought to see it eat as soon as I bring it a limpit or a whelk, you know I can tear these shell fish off the rocks easily, and I can dive like a flash. I fly pretty well too but my wings are not long enough to go very fast with."

Say Ed! Ask the Puffin how it flies, ask it some hard ones. I want to learn a whole lot to-night.

"How do you fly, Mrs. Puffin?" asked Ed.

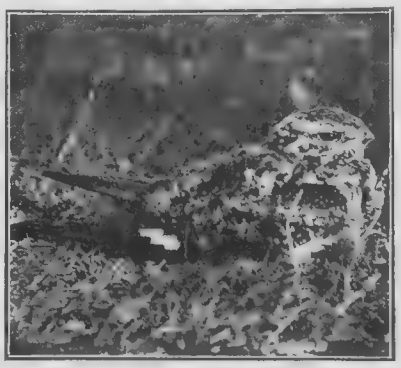
"Well children I have all the airships badly beaten with these wings of mine, every time I raise them all the flight plumes open and the air passes through, every time I bring them down all the plumes close, all the hook fibres on the ends of the feather vanes take hold.

The Mink leaving home.

and my wing is as solid as a sail. One up and down sweep of them takes me ten feet when I am in a hurry. I can close them all up when I dive and I use them under water to swim with just as you do your arms and hands. I smooth and oil them with my big yellow bill and if I do tear off a bit of a plume or a fibre hook I can grow one again very soon. I get them new when I moult in August; for my black coat gets a bit rusty with sea water and rock striking by them.

"Please tell us how you swim, Mrs. Sea Parrot."

"Just as you would little girlie. I

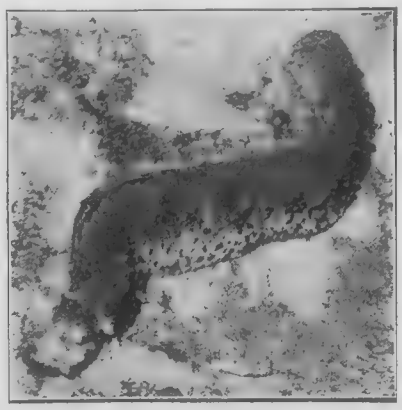


The Night Hawk.

close up all my toes as I push them forward so that my foot is as small as it can be. I open all my toes up when I draw my foot back so that the webs will be open and my red feet help me to dive and to jump from the water. My crest is of long yellow silky feathers. My big bill, with its buckskin coloured saddle is much bigger in the summer, for I lose half of it in the cold weather.

"Oh! dad, tell us about this bird, what is it?"

"That, Fritz, is the Nighthawk. The bird you hear making those shrill, high screams just at dusk, you may ask it any question you like Fritz."



Sea Cucumber.

"Mr. Nighthawk, please tell me where you live and—well tell me a whole lot about yourself."

"I am called the Nighthawk young sir because I seek my prey after the sun has gone to bed. If you seek me during the day you will find me flat upon the ground. I keep my eyes closed as the

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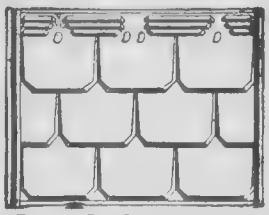

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C2.

The Guillimot

glare of the sun is too strong for my big pupils. I make my nest by simply dropping two eggs on the blackish grey soil they match so well and the sun helps to hatch them if I am driven off. I can rise and dive in the air as fast as any bird and the insect has got to be pretty fast to get away. You know I eat just enough insects to keep the balance of nature, so never kill anything; we will attend to them if they get too numerous. I am not much of a songster but I am happy to sing out "Pent, pent, pent" all the long twilight hours. Little boy do not take any of my eggs. All the birds are getting scarcer every year."

"Oh dad! what are these flying birds?"

Guillimot, Fritz, Black Guillimot, what would you like them to tell you before they fly right away."

"What is the funniest thing you do Guillimot?"

"Why we can dive right down under the water from our swiftest wing flight. We quarrel all the breeding months, when so many of us are crowded together. Our heads bob up and down all the time like clockwork. We put out two red splashed eggs anywhere under any rock, right on the hard shale. Our babies are black as black can be and they will fight you if you touch them. They run amid the rocks for four weeks then they can get a bit of food for themselves, although we still catch fish for them. We are black in summer to match our dark nesting places and white and grey in winter so that you cannot see us so well.

"Oh! here is the ring-necked Pheasant. Please tell us about it."

"This bird says it came all the way over from China. It is a transplanted bird. The cock is a thing of beauty, he glitters like a jewel when he springs up calling so harshly. His wings make a noise like a clicking machine he flies so fast. He runs the moment he gets to the ground again and your legs Fritz are not fast enough to catch him. His mate lays a nest full of brownish eggs. He infests the farmers' fields and does some damage. On Vancouver Island he is increasing in numbers.

"What's this, dad?"

"A Mink, laddie.'

"How do you do Mr. Mink, and what do you know, please."

"Well, I am a fur bearer that lives pretty well hidden. My home is in a crack in the rocks where I have to squeeze tight to get in. My mate has about five babies usually and she nurses them for three weeks, then they like a bit of fish or the heart of a frog. I dig these up, or catch them in the summer. I am dainty myself. I will kill a dozen frogs and only eat the very daintiest parts. I can catch fish as well as you and far easier. If my family gets flooded out my mate will carry her young ones one at a time, in her mouth to a new dry home. I can go for a mile under the ice, coming to the top to put out the air in a bubble and drink it in again or to get air at the ice cracks. If you sit very still on the shore and watch closely with your telescope you will see my mate and I some June day taking our little gray family out for its first airing."

"Say! excuse me, please what do you call this."

"The young of the fur seal. If you want to see these in all their midnight beauty you must go to the shore some night when the tiny atoms of the Plankton have turned all the water to a blue flame with their phosphorescent light. To see one of these white coated, black spotted, silvery young seals suddenly emerge from the sea, dashing ahead in pursuit of a fish, throwing great waves of living blue flame, leaving a wake of rolling fire behind. They come of a savage race. They will kill and tear many

Fritz, Ed, and the possum in every day life.

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Fairweather & Co., Ltd.

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Young of Fur Seal.

a fish they do not want for food. They can be easily tamed if taken when young and are most affectionate. I know of one that became such a bother that twice it was taken out some twenty miles to sea and thrown overboard. When the fisherman get back to their shanty a night time the seal slid off the doorstep with the same wailing bark and flipped its way along the path to meet them it followed them everywhere just as a dog does. If it could open that door at night it crept swiftly up to the lower bunk and slid in. One touch of its wet cold fur awakened the fisherman and it went "flop" on to the floor."

"Dad don't wake Ed up, the warm fire made her sleepy, do tell me what this is before we go to bed."

"This is a Sea Cucumber, the Trepang, the Chinese eat this big slug. It is a foot long, soft bodied animal, with sucker feet and can extend and draw in its body just like a worm. The most wonderful thing I have noted about them is that they can make a grunting noise, a noise just like the low grunt of a young pig. They have a very odd way of trying to escape enemies they throw out some of their internal organs—and if they do get away—grow them again. They can also turn themselves inside out the way you do your pocket and—and—young man you had better wake up and go to bed. Good-night Fritz. Good-night, Edna."

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

UNDERSTANDING MOTHER.

Do you know girls and mothers that are absolute strangers to each other? I do. I know that mothers of young girls read this page because they write to me. I furthermore am convinced of the fact that they read this page for hints that will lead them to understand their daughters better. I am sorry for the mother, and my heart aches for the daughter who can not bring her little secrets to her mother. Often it is caused by a force of circumstances that the mother could not control. When her daughter was a growing girl, conditions were such that she did not have time to listen to her little girl's confidences and troubles. The little maid then learned to secrete them or to turn to her friends. Gradually the mother let her little girl drift farther and farther away from her till it was too late to call her back to her own heart, and companionship was therefore last. I have heard a mother exclaim: "Oh, don't bother me—I haven't time now to listen to such nonsense!" The affair was not nonsense; it was a serious problem to the disappointed daughter.

There will be housework to do and plenty of it after the girl is gone. It would be wise to neglect a bit of it occasionally, and take time to become acquainted with the daughter. Lack of understanding drives girls from home.

I heard a girl say this summer: "I am willing to accept any old thing to get away from home—mother does not understand me, and I don't understand her"

Sometimes a natural antagonism grows up between mother and daughter until the daughter can not possibly please her mother and she becomes discouraged.

A word of praise and appreciation is needed from mother and often will bring about reconciliation. On the other hand, a kind word from the daughter sometimes will add years to the mother's life. I know a mother who never has a kind word from her daughter—the only girl left in the home. If the daughter speaks at all it is to scold her mother because the kitchen is not tidy or her dress is not up-to-date. When the daughter tells her mother any little affair that concerns her no matter how trival it may be the mother should listen sympathetically. In this way she will gradually win her daughter's confidence. The heart of a mother is empty indeed, when it aches for the confidence of her daughter.

To the daughter who does not understand "Mother" I would suggest that she trade places with her mother for a day to study her mother's environment and annoyonces. Let her for one day think the feeling she would have if her daughter were to treat her as she does her mother. I have known girls who did this and they were led to sympathize with their mother more. It is worth trying.

Most girls who do not understand their mother are ashamed of her because she is a bit old-fashioned. This is sad. The most popular poetess on the American continent, when she was at the height of prosperity and social success, boarded a New York train for a little Western town, where she greeted her mother with a sincere affectionate embrace. This mother was a plain, old fashioned, uneducated woman. She was even very coarse in her manner.

* * * * *

HOME ECONOMICS.

Last week I spent a very instructive afternoon at the Agricultural College, when Miss Juniper and her assistant, Miss Kennedy, received those interested in Home Economics. The display of work accomplished by a class of fifteen girls was worthy of highest commendation. Every girl had made a complete outfit of underclothing, a dress and a hat, and the work was beautifully done. A marked feature of the work was that on each piece was pinned an itemized bill of the cost of the material used, and strict economy was strongly emphasized. One dress I have in mind was very neat and pretty. It had been fashioned from a blue material trimmed with lace and, it cost only two dollars. The hats averaged two and three dollars each and they were just as pretty as the ten and twelve dollar hats in stores. The excellent display of cooking was a credit to the girls, who, under the instruction of Miss Juniper, have accomplished marvelous results. They have learned the art of preparing all classes of food from every day substantial dishes to those fancy enough to please the eye of any epicure.

The work in the laundry room contained lace blouses and fancy gowns washed and pressed beautifully. They would have been a credit to any dry-cleaning establishment. I do not understand how it is possible for the girls to accomplish so much in three months' time, but their work was on exhibition as proof.

I wish all of our girls in the West might take this course. Indeed, I asked Miss Juniper if I might become one of her pupils, but, after looking at me a moment, she refused—thinking, I presume, that as a three months' pupil I would be a hopeless case.

The girls go home after a course of this kind with their heads full of practical ideas, and from the standpoint of teaching economy I believe every father would gain dollars by allowing his daughter to take the Home Economics Course. The three month's course covers work in cooking, dressmaking, laundry, millinery, house cleaning and household handicraft. It also includes lectures on sanitation, personal hygiene foods, house furnishing, beekeeping and home gardening. The girls not only have training in these subjects but they have the personal influence of Miss Juniper—a young woman of refinement, of pleasing personality — in short, a teacher who is first and above everything—a womanly woman. As the girls explained their work to me, their sweet kindly manner impressed me with the fact that they had caught the soul of their teacher. Bright, lovely girls they were. How can I help but love our Western girlhood?

* * * * *

JUST A HINT.

Girls who go on railway journeys should carry with them needles, thread and pins. While on a recent trip a girl waited in the dressing room more than an hour for any woman who could lend her a needle and thread. She had tore her dress and simply could not go into the other part of the car until it was mended. The next day a young lady expensively dressed walked into the car and sat down in the seat in front of me. The embroidered blouse was sadly divorced from the blue silk dress skirt and the belt between could not possibly hide the separation from a criticising public. To make matters worse, the wearer was painfuly concious of the affair and she sat down in distressed embarrassment. Every little while her hands stole back as if to solve the problem of a possible union. At another time a young girl of my acquaintance went out walking with a young man friend. Two absent hooks and eyes—only two—caused a curious misfit in the back of her dress. The young man never called on her again. Can you guess why? I know of more than one girl who has lost her position simply because of little trifles of carelessness in her dress. A stitch in time saves hours of regrets. That reminds me of another matter in regard to a business girl's dress. The girl who wears last year's finery in place of a plain, neat business dress cheapens herself in the eyes of her employer, the same as the young woman with the jingling jewelry.

* * * * *

A QUESTION.

I visited a girl last winter who was ill in a cold room of an average rooming-house. The landlady never went near her. One day I called about noon and the poor girl had not had a thing to eat that morning. It would have taken very little time and work to make a cup of tea, but such is the way of landladies. A girl told me of a friend who was ill in her room last month. She said that the landlady never went up to see her and sent nothing to her. The poor girl lay and suffered from want of care. Her young man friend learned of her condition through a girl who roomed near her and he went to her assistance. He learned that she needed food and very kindly sent it to her room with other necessary needs. Then the landlady and some of the roomers criticized the girl for accepting such favors from a young man. Was she forced to accept them? Could the girl have refused them? Did his favors place her under obligations? I ask these questions for discussion.

* * * * *

FIFTY YEARS YOUNG.

Many young women at the age of thirty-five spend their time regretting that they were prevented from following a coveted career. They think they are too old to begin after thirty. The records of successful women prove that women are at their best after they are fifty years of age. Just when the idle, artificial woman begins to fade, the active, intelligent woman develops into a beautiful, popular influential personality. A foundation of experience is necessary for fit development. Women must learn their lessons before they can teach them successfully. That strong tendency towards the ideal so seductive to the feminine intellect learns the measure of its powers between the ages of fifty and sixty. It is not unusual now to find women sixty years old at college. This fall a woman of eighty years of age will enter the University of Wisconsin.

The best work in the world is done, not by the loiterers, but by those whose hearts and hands are full of duties. Mrs. Amelia Barr, a woman of English birth, who now resides in the States, is authoritatively credited with receiving the largest income of any authoress on this continent. She has attained popularity and prosperity as a writer of romance. She wrote her first novel when she was fifty-five years old, and she has written fifty-eight novels since that time. She is now seventy-nine years young and she writes from four to six hours every morning and works as systematically as when she first began to write. She only stops once a year for a brief visit to her old home in England. Mrs. Barr has been the mother of fifteen children. During the scourge of yellow fever in Texas she lost her husband and all but three of her children. She was also left penniless, but difficulties did not conquer her, on the contrary, she saw the beauty of the light in the bow of hope and directed her efforts towards achievement. She was a firm believer in the proverb, "Difficulties are to make us—not to break us."

The majority in this world will always be mediocre, because they lack high-minded ambition and the willingness to work. Be not satisfied with the common routine of life aspire to something higher, better and holier.

* * * * *

A STOLEN JEWEL.

Do you know, my dear young reader, that the young man who fascinates you at the age of sixteen or eighteen, you would not care for at all when you are twenty-five? So many young girls accept attentions from men against the wishes of their parents, thinking that their parents do not understand all. That is just where they err, for their father and mother do understand and it breaks their hearts to see the child of their care and love cheapen herself by going with careless young men.

I knew a girl of eighteen who stole away evenings to be with a young man that she felt she was in love with. She resented bitterly her father's and mother's objections, thinking they were not sympathetic. She said that they had forgotten the time when they were sweethearts. But they remembered well and felt all the more anxious about the necessity of marrying one's equal in character and family.

Finally after the daughter noticed the father's hair streaked with new threads of gray, and when she saw him pace the floor, she suddenly realized just how serious her love affair was with him. She went to her room and burned a long letter, the contents of which would lead to an elopement. She accepted her father's advice and went away to college. Four years later, she married a young college graduate and is now the happy wife of a man whom

the father and mother admire. She will not allow the name of the former young man mentioned in her presence, so disgusted is she with the thought of her having accepted the attention of a young man so inferior in character.

As I visit homes, I find this a serious problem. If young girls would only tide over a few year in the teens, there would be many more happy women and more happy homes.

A girl, whose appearance indicated the blessing of loving home influence, whose personality was the unmisakable work of genteel birth, sat in front of me recently in a passenger coach. By her side, a man—coarse in face and manner—spoke words of love and affection. He looked like a thief and she like a precious jewel that he had stolen from a home of comfort and luxury. During the afternoon I learned that my first impression was true. From their remarks, they had eloped. All afternoon she lived in ecstatic bliss, while the poisonous fangs of deception closed tightly about her. A picture of the mother of this beautiful girl came before my mind—a mother whose heart was bleeding for the lost jewel of their home.

About an hour before we reached our destination, the expression on the girl's face changed to one of deepest disappointment, as he tried to persuade her to do something against her will. Her long eye lashes, heavy with gathering tears, closed over sad, aching eyes—eyes that but a few moments before shone with happiness. His persuasion, however, could not move her will, but the dainty body that had been so tenderly protected by a loving mother, had little chance of escape when under the power of physical force. Our train crawled into the station. The beginning of their story I knew. She had married against the wishes of her parents. The end I could only guess at as I saw her sad face when the husband-thief led her out of the car on to the crowded station of a very busy city.

Irish Peasant Life.

By W. R. Gilbert.

The old Irish legends relate how a band of Nemedians, very early settlers in Erin, fled from the tyranny of the Formorians, invading African pirates, and took refuge in Greece, where they found themselves no better off. For the Greeks, it is said, actuated by a jealous fear, "used them more like slaves than subjects; they oppressed them with hard

A Lace Maker.

labor and the severest drudgery; they forced them to sink pits and dig clay in the valleys and carry it in leathern bags to the top of the highest mountains and the most craggy rocks in order to from a soil upon those barren places, and make them fruitful and bear grain." So at last, wearying of their servitude they returned to Ireland, and re-established themselves in the country, but as a memorial of their Grecian captivity retained the name of Fir-boig; that is Bagmen (fir, man; boig, bag).

If history, which is probably pure fiction, can be said to have repeated itself, we may make the assertion about this narrative, unless we should rather regard it as a fulfilled prophesy. Certain, it is, anyhow, that such Bagmen, so employed, are not uncommon objects in some parts of Ireland. All along the wild western coast there are at the present moment, strings of them toiling up the facade of sea cliffs on rough foot-paths, or plodding betwen the banks of sandy boicens, laden with burdens of dripping wrack, or sodden clay, "to form a soil upon those barren places and make them fruitful and bear grain." It is true that for grain we should generally understand "pitaties," and that in the course of centuries the leathern bags have mostly become wicker creels, and that they are as often as not carried by women and girls. Still in its main outlines the fact was foreshadowed with due precision, the slavery not excepted, for it is indeed the sternest of task-masters that drive these peasant folk to and fro. And the remedy sought is still the same—emigration, though they, of course, no longer turn their faces eastward.

The building of piers and factories, and the improvement of boats and looms have, here and there, helped to a favorable issue a once more than doubtful struggle for existence. Neither have minor industries been neglected; schools, and a market for lace, crochet and embroidery, in which Irish girls excel, have kept many a colleen from the necessity of seeking her fortunes overseas. Sometimes again—and here it comes nearer to the root of the matter—life is made possible at home by enlarging diminutive holdings, or bringing about migration to adjacent arable lands. Moreover, we must bear in mind that frequently, these peasants are confronted with distress little, if at all, short of a general famine—a recurrent emergency.

Very clearly, indeed can the perpetual imminence of such calamities be realized in a hamlet composed of cavernous hovels, almost windowless and chimneyless, whose surroundings, to the far horizon's rim are well in keeping with themselves and their ragged hunger stricken inmates; and that the latter should flee away from such regions so unfit for human habitation can hardly excite wonder or regret. Its most melancholy consequence is the forlorn plight of the old people, whose weight of years has compelled them to stay behind, amid privations which they are ill able to endure, a diet of, at best, potatoes, and at worst, corn meal or seaweed, being sadly unsuitable for the aged.

But then it is not by any means among these modern Fir-boigs only, in stony Connemara or Donegal, or up in the bleak north, that land is going out of cultivation, and the tillers dwindling steadily. The same things are happening so persistently all over Ireland that they must be accounted for by some causes other than unkindly soil and climate. Perhaps we are on the track of one, when we meet a procession of farm carts jogging along the road with their listless drivers; or pass a row of wayside cabins, yardless and gardenless, whose four walls enclose a working man's only bit of land, just space to light his fire on, and set up his "few sticks of furniture;" or hear the larger farmers complain that their time is spent in continually playing the spy, lest they should fail to secure any fair proportion of the labor which they hire. For, if, as it appears certain, agriculture is Ireland's destiny, its prosperous fulfilment must be seriously impeded by the fact that a great part of the work is done by persons who "would transcend our mortal mature" if they took much interest in what they are about, or were otherwise than profoundly discontented with their lot.

The new system under which tenants are becoming proprietors, will leave the plight of these landless laborers unchanged, save in so far as it may appear by contrast even more unsatisfactory than heretofore. Where then is improvement to be sought? Probably in some form of co-operation; at any rate, "imaginings as one would," unhampered by ways and means, call up a vision of a country side parcelled into spacious blocks of land, which may be sub-divided as minutely as the intensest farming requires, and bordered with comfortable little houses, each in its own plot of garden ground, for flowers, fruit and vegetables. These are to be tended by women and others too old and too young for rougher work.

Thus no householder will lack the privilege of sitting under his own particular fig tree, as a natural and wholesome instinct leads him to desire; but on the

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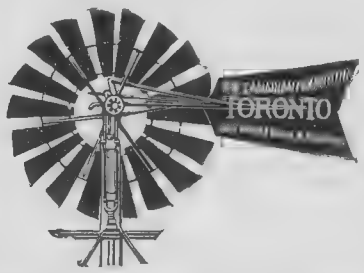

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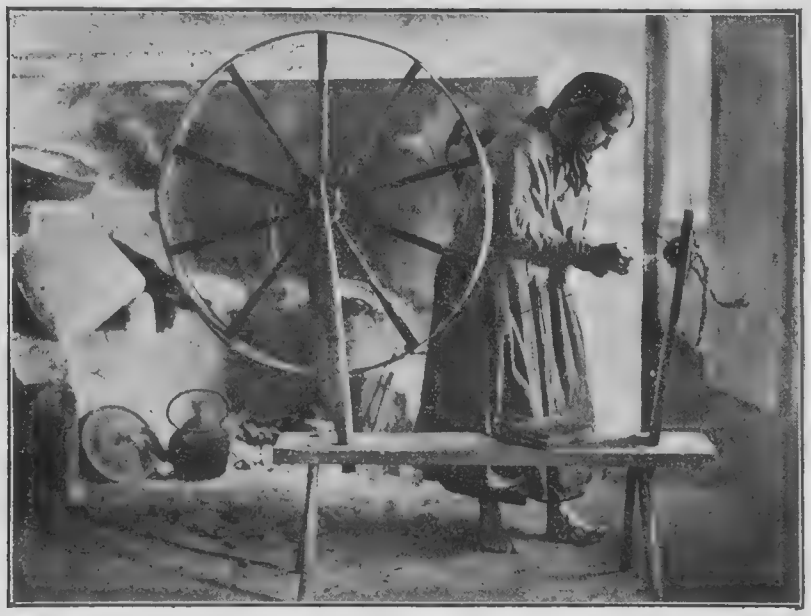

Toilsome old age.

large estate, he will work in conjunction with the rest of the able bodied community, though holding, like each of them a share in the produce, to implant a germ of personal interest, from which springs as experience has shown, many another less selfish and more social. The intellectual virtues also thriving under such conditions create an atmosphere favorable to the growth of new ideas and an intelligent trial of new methods.

Happily however, steps more practical than such fantastic provisions are being taken on behalf of the Irish peasantry.

Of late years, too, a force has been making itself felt throughout Ireland with all the more effect because it has sprung up spontaneously among the people themselves, and spread without any aid of State machinery. This is the spirit of enthusiasm for what may be called the ancient amenities of national life, which has embodied itself chiefly in the Gaelic League. It would not be easy to over estimate the arousing effect which this revival of the old language, music, and sports, all closely interrelated, has had upon rural life in Ireland. The reading, singing and dancing classes, the Gaelic games, the Feiseana ceocil, or musical festivals, disperse like a Druidical incantation, the dreary mists of dulness which brood over the villages and country towns, and which no doubt will drive away as many of the young folk as poverty itself.

Now the chance of some seasonable amusement is one that the young people are very loth to forego, and as these festivals, with all the preliminary studying and practicing, have undoubtedly a most enlivening influence upon a lonely country neighborhood, it seems quite possible that they will check the exodus overseas and into cities.

It would be rather characteristic of the people concerned, if the prospect of a song and a dance attracted them more than any promise of substantial benefits such as sacks of potatoes and sides of bacon. But inducements of either sort are still much to seek in the life of the Irish peasant, and those who put him in the way of finding them at home do a good turn to him and to his country.

Winnipeg's Activity—Grand Boulevard.

The city of Winnipeg hardly ever does things by halves; when a project is undertaken it is generally carried out. Lately a fire destroyed the grand stand at the Industrial Exhibition grounds. The night of the fire a council of those interested took place, with the result that almost immediately workmen were clearing away the debries and these men were followed by a construction gang, and a new grand stand was in course of erection within 24 hours. Inside of 8 days the old stand was burnt, a new $30,000 one erected and occupied. While this has no direct bearing upon the matter we started out to write, still it illlustrates what we stated at the opening, that Winnipeg "do move" some.

The report of the chairman of the Public Parks Board for 1909 suggested that a grand boulevard around the city should be one of the projects for the future. C. W. Sharp, the chairman for 1910, followed the matter up with the result that before the close of 1911 there will be a street of 90 ft., and for a good section of the way 120 feet wide, running from Kildonan Park, west and south to Portage Avenue. This will give a driveway in the north and west portion of Winnipeg of about nine miles long. This boulevard starts for the present at Portage Avenue, only a short distance north of the Assiniboine River over which there will, before long, be a bridge. Connection will be made with the boulevard at Portage Avenue. The section from Portage Avenue to Brookside Cemetery has been called Sharp Boulevard, and a stone gateway denoting this has been placed at the Portage end. From Brookside Cemetery it is proposed to widen the road allowances north and east to Kitchener Avenue, also the latter, to 120 feet. At the east end of Kitchener Avenue, Inkster Avenue begins and runs to Main Street, reaching there at about the north car barns. This is through Boulevard Place, advertised elsewhere in this issue. Near the junction of Kitchener and Inkster Avenues is a proposed park, which the Parks Board will probably take over and develop. There is also talk of making connection with Kildonan Park by widening McPhillips Street and constructing a boulevard east of the park. And there will also, in the near future, be connection to the south and west to River Park, making a drive skirting the city of about twenty miles. These driveaways will, of necessity, be of diffrent widths, but none less than 90 feet, and the greater portion will be 120 feet wide, with two driveways, a large boulevard in the centre and small boulevards at each side. Along the way are a number of small parks, or squares, which have been placed at the disposal of the Parks Board. These will, in turn, be improved, giving the parkways a beautiful appearance, aside from the boulevard effect. It certainly is a commendable move, and goes to show that the west "do move" when anything for the good of the community presents itself.

Definite.

"One of your creditors," said the "gentleman's gentleman."

"Then tell him to go without!" enjoined the master.

Pure Irish.

"As I was going over the bridge the other day," said a son of Erin, "I met Patrick O'Connor. 'O'Connor,' says I, 'how are you?' "Pretty well, thank you, Donohue!' says he. 'Donohue,' says I. 'that's not my name!' 'Faith,' says he, 'and mine's not O'Connor!' With that we looked again at aich other and sure enough it was naither of us!"

Shooting Outfit No. 82W

PRICE $16.00 with express prepaid

This outfit includes a fine hard shooting double-barrel breech-loading 12 gauge gun, with the left barrel choke bored. It is fitted with the celebrated Greener cross-bolt, and is made with interchangeable parts. This means that any repairs may be quickly and cheaply made. Also a serviceable take-down canvas gun-cover, leather bound and a complete cleaning outfit. The price including express charges prepaid to any railway point in Western Canada $16.00. Write for our Illustrated Gun Catalogue, No. 49W.

The Hingston Smith Arms Co. Ltd.

Firearms and Sporting Goods Winnipeg

Easily Explained.

"Did they ask you to sing at the reception?"

"No—not this year."

Ah, then you have sung there before?"

"Yes."

"I see; that explains it—er—I—what delightful weather we are having!"

A Rejoinder.

"Plaintiff's case is strange," said a county court judge to a defending solicitor recently, "but your case is stranger."

The lawyer was ready of tongue.

"My truth is stranger than my learned friend's fition!" he said.

Patriotismic.

A certain army captain addressed a squad of recruits.

"Soldiers," he asked, "why should a man die for his king and country?"

"Faith, Moike," said one of the "cruties," "the captain is roight! Whoi?"

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The Finest Infants' Food in the World

GUARANTEED TO BE . . . PURE AND STERILE FREE FROM STARCH EA ILY DIGESTED BY THE YOUNGEST BABY

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LADIES—We will send you a handsome imitation leather hand bag, beautifully lined and decorated, if you will send us the names and correct address of five of your friends and seventy cents in stamps to pay postage and packing, etc. Write at once, as we have only a few of these elegant bags left.

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An assortment —of— Beautiful Post Cards

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We give you a receipt and if the remittance goes astray in the mail, we refund your money or issue a new order free of charge,

On Sale in Canadian Pacific Railway Stations

Also in numerous Drug Stores conveniently located in residential districts.

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BEAUTIFUL EYES

Chemist's Wonderful Free Secret Makes Them Possible For All, Also Long, Silky Eyelashes and Well-Arched Eyebrows

Without beautiful eyes no one is really beautiful—while even a homely face is made attractive by eyes that please. Throu h the wonderful discovery of a famous English chemist, who will give the benefit of his advice free to all, you may now secure eyes as radiant as the Evening Star—eyes that attract and fascinate—eyes that have the power to influence others. His secret will also enable you to secure long, silky eyelashes and thick, well-arched eyebrows, which are to a beautiful eye what a fine platinum setting is to a brilliant diamond. Write to-day enclosing stamps for reply and address your letter to Professor A. P. Smith, 998A Pine Street, Providence, R.I., and you will receive the secret free.

25 Lovely colored Post Cards **10c.** Canadian views, floral and birthday cards, etc., all are beautifully colored and many are richly embossed on gold. This offer is only good to reader of the Western Home who sends us the names and correct addresses of five of their friends.
Northern Card Co., Dept. H., Toronto, Ont.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

PROPORTIONATE REPRESENTATION

Among the many plans that have been suggested by advocates of proportionate representation, there are two which have been placed before public attention in this country recently. One is the Governor-General's proposal that each elector might be given as many votes as there are candidates, the ballots to be marked First Choice, Second Choice, and so on. The other is Sir Richard Cartwright's that constituencies should be grouped. In discussing this subject a couple of weeks ago, Sir Richard cited a few examples of the glaring inequalities of the present system. In New Brunswick, for instance, at the last general elections, the Conservatives polled 35,000 votes and elected two members, while the Liberals polled 40,000 votes and elected eleven members. In Ontario, on the other hand in 1891, the Conservatives elected a majority of four members, though the Liberals polled a majority of 7,280 votes in the Province. Sir Richard contented himself with these two examples showing how both sides were prejudicially affected by the existing system. It would be easy to cite many more. Sir Richard's idea is that the constituencies should be grouped by, say, threes or fives, each such group forming one large constituency and each elector having as many votes as there are constituencies merged into the group. The Governor-General's suggestion did not contemplate any such grouping of constituencies. The two suggested plans aim at attaining the same end by different means. Proportionate representation, under any of the systems that have been proposed, would unquestionably make it easier for men of outstanding character and ability to get into public life and to make their influence felt. The representation in Parliament from all parts of the country would be more nearly equalized, and the majorities on one side or the other would not be so great as to permit any Government to make the private member merely a pawn on the political checkerboard. The counsel of the private member would be more frequently sought, and he, in turn, would have a greater incentive toward keeping in touch with his constituents. The real obstacle to any approach to the system of proportionate representation is the hostility of the keen party politicians to the idea. They feel that it would mean the doing away with "working majorities," meaning large majorities. In speaking of the necessity for a change, Sir Richard Cartwright, whose experience extends over half a century of the public life of Canada, says that "year by year the difficulty of obtaining men of the right sort to enter the halls of Parliament are continually increasing upon us." Speaking still more plainly, he goes on to mention "the increasing temptation to gentlemen of the wrong sort which goes with the expenditure of $150,000,000 every year." The moderate majority which proportionate representation would give a party in power would put the Government holding office by that majority on its mettle and would result in close control of the finances and progressiveness in legislation. Under proportionate representation a Government in power would not be so strongly entrenched.

A REALLY NEW IDEA

One of the most interesting sights at the Winnipeg Exhibition was the practical demonstration of the many uses to which electricity can be put in the home. The chief centre of interest was the electrical kitchen. Cookery is a thing of the utmost importance to mankind, philosophers included. Electrical cookery is all very fine, but a very great proportion of the homes in this broad land cannot be connected with a live wire. There is no home, however, which will find paper bags beyond its resources. Hence the importance of the new art of paper bag cookery—though there seems to be something essentially humorous about the idea of the paper bag. But reforms in cookery are never taken with the seriousness that is their due. There would be nothing humorous about an invention that revolutionized the manufacture of agricultural implements, or any other great industrial process, yet there are few industries that compare in magnitude or importance with the industry of cooking. The father of paper bag cookery is Nicholas Soyer, the famous culinary expert in London. He gave a demonstration in the office of the London Chronicle, with no dishes and no equipment of any kind except an old gas stove. Amid the hurly-burly of midnight in a newspaper office he cooked in forty-five minutes a kidney stew, salmon, turbot, bacon and eggs, sausages, chops and peas—ten dishes in all, which by the ordinary method would have required fifteen saucepans and a frying pan, and two hours' hard work. The Chronicle, after this demonstration, arranged with a paper manufacturer to have bags made of the quality required The ordinary paper bag in common use will not do. Some notion of the popular interest taken in the matter may be had from the fact that the Chronicle's offer to send a free sample of the right sort of paper bag brought 20,000 letters to the office in two days. Evidently the British public needs no argument as to the merits of an invention that does all that is claimed for paper bag cookery. The most obvious advantage, of course, is that there are no pots or pans to clean. There is a saving in time as well as in labor; and there is also said to be a saving in food, as well as in fuel. If he is a great benefactor who makes two blades of wheat grow where one grew before, what shall be said of Nicholas Soyer? We shall all hope that his contribution to the great art of cookery is half as good as it is reported to be.

A BIG CUT

A steamer from Liverpool recently arrived at Vancouver carrying no less than six thousand tons of cargo including sixty-five cases of settlers' effects and 43,000 sacks of rice from the Orient. She had traversed the Bay of Biscay, the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Indian Ocean and the Pacific. When the Panama Canal is opened, it will make material changes in ocean routes. To go by sea from Europe to Victoria and Vancouver will not then require a voyage little short of the circumnavigation of the globe or a trip around Cape Horn. The opening of the Canal will enable vessels to make the voyage out and back to Liverpool in much less than half the time now required, and will therefore help to reduce freight rates. It will enable Canadian shipping on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts to become very active competitors in the carrying of heavy freight from one coast to the other. Even now steel rails, bridge material and similar articles are carried from our Atlantic coast around Cape Horn to British Columbia more cheaply than they can be hauled by rail When it will no longer be necessary for vessels to travel around South America in order to pass from one coast of Canada to the other, this traffic will be very greatly increased. Canada's thus interested in the progress of the great work which the United States Government is doing at the Isthmus.

COMBINES AND MERGERS

The Privy Council in London, as the highest court of appeal in the Empire has decided not to allow an appeal from the judgment of the Supreme Court at Ottawa favoring an investigation of the alleged combine in shoe-making machinery. There should be no delay in proceeding with the investigation forthwith. Nor should the Private Bills Committee of the House of Commons at Ottawa lose the opportunity to investigate the Cement merger, arising out of the charges made by Sir Sandford Fleming in his memorial to that Committee. Indeed, the whole subject of mergers in this country needs to be turned inside out by a thoroughgoing investigation. The capitalization of three car and foundry companies, for example was $11,000,000 when they were independent concerns; when these three companies were merged in one, the capitalization was jumped up to $20,000,000. The capitalization of the cement companies that were united to form the merger was $17,000,000; it was increased in like manner to $38,000,000. The capital of four carriage companies likewise grew like Jonah's gourd, overnight from $900,000 to $5,000,000. And so on. These figures, however do not tell the whole story. In the case of most of the recently formed mergers there appears to have been a good deal of "water" in the capitalization even before the merging took place. A chief purpose of the tariff is to make possible the earning of dividends on this "water," or fictitious capital as well as on the actual capital invested in the form of real money. One of the chief results of this system has been to assist in transforming Max Aitken into a millionaire, whose knighthood has been won by his signal success in making the most of this legislative system for the enrichment of the few at the expense of the many.

THE CHEER UP SYSTEM

It has been left to Iowa to introduce something new in the warfare against the White Plague. The State has engaged one of its most eloquent preachers to travel about and preach the gospel of rest and right living, the elimination of worry, outdoor sleeping, and, above all, staying at home. This is called the Cheer Up System. The staying at home part of it is based on the idea that in many cases persons suffering from consumption who travel great distances in order to get cured are injuriously affected by homesickness in their new surroundings, far from their friends and their accustomed environment. The Iowa Legislature has passed a statute empowering each county in the State to build a Sanitarium on the most improved principles where consumptives who are in need of treatment in such an institution can be cared for. The Colorado climate, he says, is beneficial for such sufferers, but it does not abolish the homesickness which interferes with the benefit derived by such sufferers who travel to Colorado from afar. The State Health Department quarantines existing cases, prevents immigration of the disease into the State and causes the living of outdoor lives by the afflicted, tuberculosis being strictly a house disease.

WESTWARD

While we are waiting to know the results in this country, it is interesting to note results of the census taken last year in the United States. It is of particular interest to note remarkable movement westward which the point known as the population centre has made since the taking of the preceding census. The population centre is the point on every side of which, north, south, east and west, the population is equally divided. When the United States census of 1790 was taken the centre of population was near Baltimore. By 1830 it had moved a little south; and the census of 1850 found it still farther south under the influence of the slave and cotton development. Since 1860 it has moved gradually northward. Its movement westward has been much more rapid. Between 1850 and 1860 it moved eighty-one miles to the west. Its lowest westward movement was fourteen miles between 1890 and 1900. The figures of last year's census show that between 1900 and 1910 it moved thirty-one miles westward. "Westward the course of Empire takes its way" —in this country as in the United States this year's census will show an immense increase in the population of Western Canada since the Dominion census of ten years ago; and when the next census is taken this end of the Dominion teeter-board will be the heavy end.

PERSISTENT MULISHNESS

As if to give point to what was said about the Doukhobors on this page last month, the colony of those people that trekked from the Prairie to British Columbia some time ago have been giving trouble by their refusal to be enumerated by the census takers. This is another instance of their tiresome mulishness and their insistence in bringing Russia with them in their minds to this free country. Surely it is time they all realized that this is not Russia, and that their pigheaded attempts to continue being an oppressed people are a tax upon long-suffering Canadian patience and have tended to create some sympathy for Russia in this country. What the Doukhobors need most is education, and it should be seen to that the rising generation of them gets it. Apart from their mulishness in persisting in some of their peculiar ideas, it is to be said for the Doukhobors in the Kootenay that they are industrious and are prospering greatly. Information recently issued by the Nelson Board of Trade shows that their holdings amount to some 10,000 acres of fruit lands at Grand Forks and at points along the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers near their junction, and that these holdings are the most scientifically developed fruit tracts in British Columbia. In the irrigation district of Grand Forks they irrigate; and on the Columbia and Kootenay river bench lands near Nelson, which do not require irrigation they are clearing and planting to fruit on an immense scale. When their young orchards come into bearing, they will have an enormous output. The Doukhobors in the Kootenay are also going in largely for beekeeping; they operate sawmills, too, and they recently purchased and are now operating a preserving works at Nelson.

THE COMING OF THE RAT.

It was a hundred guelders that the burgomaster and town councillors of Hamelin on the Weser offered the Pied Piper if he would free the town of its rats. It would be worth a hundred times a hundred guelders, and more, to Winnipeg if some means could be devised to prevent the invasion of rats which is imminent—if, indeed, the vanguard of the invading host is not already well entrenched within the city's limits. Steadily that army of invasion has advanced from the south. It is less than two years since reports began to be frequent to the effect that the rats had got as far as Emerson. Since then the news of their progress has become more and more frequent. A couple of weeks ago more than twenty were killed in a barn on the south side of the Assiniboine only a few miles west of Winnipeg; and recently one was killed in a livery stable in the city. Once they get into the city sewers, it will next to impossible to dislodge them. It is nothing short of deplorable that this country should not have continued free from rats; and what makes it all the more deplorable is that the arrival of those destructive creatures—who, as is now beginning to be understood, are also dangerous as disease-carriers—should be at a time when in many parts of the world, notably in England, campaigns are being waged at great expense for their extermination. The extraordinary cunning and resourcefulness of the rat makes him difficult to cope with.

THE OLD STORY.

It is stated that three million dollars have already been spent in locating, recording and working claims in Porcupine. About ten thousand dollars of that will come back to the expenders out of the earth, along with many times what they spent. But the rest will be collected from an easy public in exchange for nice little signed certificates of stock, which will be useful as a warning to the grandchildren of the present generation.—Hamilton Times.

GET THE REAL LABOR-SAVING WASHER THE 'GEE WHIZZ'

Does better work, is easier to operate and lasts longer than any other Washer made

$12.50

(complete with Wringer)

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The Gee Whizz

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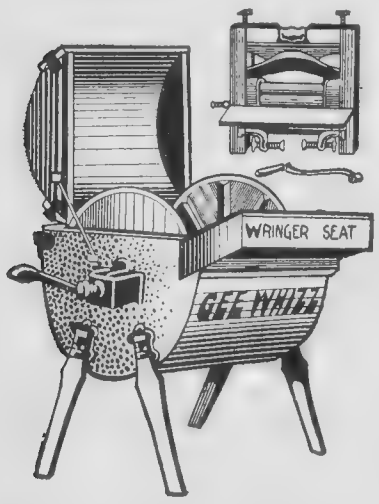
A Guarantee goes with every Gee Whizz.

Do not slave over the wash tub another day. Get a Gee Whizz.



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Full information from local Agent, or write

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Whist! Me Lanty

(An Irish Sleep Song) Words by D. K. Stevens Music by George Lowell Tracy

Allegretto

1. Where are ye go - in', me brave gos-soon? (Whist! me ba - by
2. When in the morn- in', me brave gos-soon, (Whist! me ba - by

Lan - ty!) Off with the pix - ies to find the moon? (Whist! me Lan - ty Boy!) High up on a tree where the
Lan - ty!) I'll look in the sky an', I'll see no moon, (Whist! me Lan - ty Boy!) I'll know that me Lan - ty has

grass is blue, Since ev - ver yer moth-er was born, it grew; An' long it is wait - in', me Lan - ty, for you.
clim'd the tree, An' giv - en a brave lit - tle shake, d'ye see? An' he's bring-in' the moon in his pock - et for me.

Refrain

(Whist! me Lan - ty Boy!) Ho - low! Heigh-o! Lan - ty Lad! When will ye start, me Lan - ty?

Croon pp (*After 2d Verse*)

Ho - low! Heigh-o! Lan - ty Lad! Pulse o' me heart, me Lan - ty. Hum-m . . . . . .

rall. *ppp*

Hum-m . . . . . .

rall. *pp*

Random Readings.

Riddles.

"Hey, there! EE.E and YY.

Answer these riddles
With no taradiddles.
Or you of me
Ne'er rid'll be.

"What tree is nearest the sea?"
"A beech, to be sure."

"Well, what is the best thing out?"
"Why, a conflagration."

"H'm! Try this, then: What chasm often separates friends?"
"Sarcasm, we should say."

"Again, if you were to ride on a donkey, what fruit would you resemble?"
"A pair—both on a donkey. You see, there are two of us, and if we were on a horse we would still be a pair. See! Try again."

"Well, why is a benevolent man like a carthorse?"
"Because he stops at every cry of woe."

"Well, then, why is a raven like a writing desk?"
"Because you can't open oysters with it."

"Ah! I give it up. YYURYYUBICU RYY4me."

"No, it is not that. It is your riddles that are EE.E."

When our language sorted itself loose out of Babel, there was a spell cast upon the spelling. Some evil genius of a monkish interpolator cudgelled his brains to make the business as difficult as possible. He was dead set against versifiers. "No fear," he said; "You don't rhyme 'plough' with 'rough,' if I know it, nor 'dough' with 'through.'" And so the poor versifier has to do the best he can. Listen to this and weep:

A Limerick.

There was a lone woman in Norwich
Who fed her pet poodles on porrwich.
This, with whisky all hot,
Which they drank from the pot,
Made them famed far and wide for
Dutch courwich.

Spring Poetry.

A spring poet in search of a rhyme begins at A and goes through the alphabet towards Z until he finds one. It would seem to us that this is an easy method. Messrs. EE.E and YY are we, so we determined to try it last night.

"Let's take the alphabet," said Mr. YY—"I mean on the 'A was an Archer' principle—and choose an easy rhyme. First, we'll agree upon a rhyme."

"I know a good one," said Mr. EE.E. "What do you say to 'boots,' and when we get as far as we can we'll change the rhyme, so as to get to the Z's somehow. I'll start. How about this?

"A was an Army, to settle disputes."
"Right," said Mr. EE.E; "and
B was a bull, not the mildest of brutes."
"And C," said Mr. YY; "ah—
C was a Cheque, duly drawn upon Coutts."

Then they see-sawed grandly for a while:

"D was King David with harps and with lutes."
"E was an Emperor receiving salutes."
"F was a fruiterer selling his fruits."
"G was a gallant in Wellington boots."
"H was a Highlander crying 'Hoot-toots!'"
"I was an Ivy plucked up by the roots."

"That's a poor line," interjaculated Mr EE.E.

"Never mind; never mind. The rhymes are giving out, and we must do the best with what we've got. Go ahead."

"Right. J—ah,
J was a Jolly old Juggins named Klootz."
"K was a Killer of herns and of coots."
"L was a Lover of battles and loots."
"M was a Maker of dresses and suits."
"N was a Note never chanted by Mutes."
"O was an 'Oh! but I still hae me doots!'"

"Here, steady, EE.E. What does that mean?"

"Goodness knows. Go on; we're getting near the end."

"P was in Peril in two parachutes."
"Q was the question which nobody moots."
"R was the Rottenest sample in jutes."
"S is a Soldier, but not when he scoots."
"T was a Triton, a whale among newts."
"U was a——"

"Well, go on; what was U? You're done!"

"No, I'm not. Time, please!
"U was an Underpaid, hard-up frieschutz."

H'm! You mean a freelance? All right; let it pass.

"V is the Venison the Highlander shoots."
"W, wettest of all Watershutes."
"X, the executor who executes."
"Y is the Youngster whom his tutor tutes."
"Z is the Zauberflote, silv'rest of flutes."

* * * * *

"Well," said Mr. YY, gasping, "we got through by the help of Mr. Klootz and freischutz and a few other things."

"Yes, but we did it," responded Mr. EE.E. "You can do anything if you set your mind to it—anything or anybody."

Economy.

A man who was accustomed to allow his wife a taxi-cab when on "shopping" rounds intent was rebuked by a friend for his extravagance.

"Oh, no!" responded the husband. "It's economy I'm aiming at, and I hit the target. Whenever she's in a shop she'll be worried to death because that taxi-cab is costing money all the time, and so she won't stay long enough to spend half as much as she would if she went on a 'bus or tramcar!"

Good Practice.

A gunner of the Royal Artillery was constantly checked for carelessness when on sentry in not paying proper compliments to his superior officers. One day, however, he resolved to profit by the warnings he had received. A young subaltern was passing his post. The sentry abruptly halted, shouldered, and gave the "present."

"Sentry, I am not entitled to this compliment," remarked the officer.

"I know you are not," replied the gunner, "but I thought you were good enough to practice on!"

I'm "The Big Watch" With a "Breakfast Bell"

You'll call me an alarm clock, but people who have used me call me "The Big Watch" for I keep watch-time.

My bell really isn't an "alarm" either, for it doesn't startle you.

I've a *mellow, deep-toned, cheerful* voice. It arouses you *promptly* but *gradually* with a "Good morning, it's breakfast-time" sort of sound. I don't "go off" like a flock of frightened quail. I never *scared* anybody out of bed in my life.

I ring at intervals for fifteen minutes or steadily, as you choose.

I must be *watch-accurate* as a timekeeper or they won't let me leave the factory. They make me run six solid days and nights without varying two minutes. If I do vary—back I go to the adjusters.

I *look* like a watch, *act* like a watch, and in many respects am *built* like a watch.

The heart of your watch is the *escapement*—the part that ticks and on which all its time-keeping quality depends. Look at your watch. Its escapement is governed by the balance wheel and the hairspring in exactly the same way as *my* escapement is governed.

That's why I'm a *timekeeper*.

Most alarm clocks tick slowly and heavily. I tick *lightly, evenly* and *fast*—like a watch.

An inner casing of steel makes me strong and *keeps out the dust*. That's why I *stay* a timekeeper *for years*.

Go to your dealer and take a look at me. Note my triple-plated, non-rustable nickel case—"thin model" style like the newest watches. Hear me ring the "National Call to Breakfast." You'll say I'm worth *every cent* of $3.00.

If you want to be "first in the field" have me—Big Ben—wake you in the morning.

BIG BEN

(17) Care of WESTERN CLOCK CO., La Salle, Ill., U. S. A.

If your dealer doesn't sell me I'll come duty prepaid on receipt of $3.00

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OUR direct from factory price and easy terms make it easy for you to own a Dominion Piano, Organ or Player Piano. We do not burden our prices with heavy expenses, lavish city warerooms, or costly "testimonials" from artists. You save $100 to $150 and get a first class instrument. Write for catalogue.

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FIVE minutes' examination of the Dominion piano, or a perusal of our Catalogue will clearly show you how the grand piano-like construction of the Dominion must and will hold its tone for a quarter century or more. The iron arched-plate-frame holds the strings taut and true—it cannot shrink or warp as wood will. Dominions hold their sweet purity of tone in any climate. 80,000 have been sold the world over. Some of our workmen have been with us 35 years. We have learned our art thoroughly—we know how to make pianos beautiful and worth owning.

Why not make it a "DOMINION" for your home, too.

A Day with the Trout.

By Henry E. Haydock.

"Amid the blueness of the distant mountains,
Where fairies weave a still mysterious spell."

Far, far behind me I left the noise and bustle, the worry and care of the great city for a vacation in the primitive backwoods of New York State.

A fine day in June found me standing on a spur of one of the smaller mountains of the Shawangunks, ready to plunge down its side to the stream that gurgled and laughed at its base. The surroundings had never looked more beautiful; around me the mountains towered on all sides, save for a long vista up the valley, where their rugged outlines grew soft under the purple haze that covered them, and were finally lost in the distance.

On one of these far-away ranges a forest fire was slowly dying out, and the dark line of its smoke contrasted strangely with the warm coloring of the distance. On the road down the valley I could see the buckboard of the farmer with whom I was stopping. He was slowly driving homeward, thinking, no doubt, of the work he had to do, and perhaps grudging the time he had taken to drive me to this valley for a day alone with the trout.

I was well prepared for renewing my acquaintance with the speckled beauties. Clad in a grey suit of knickerbockers so as to be able to wade the stream quietly, without contrasting too strongly with the light shading of its bed, I hoped to reach their hiding places in the pools or under the rifts of rocks without frightening them.

The heavy grass under me was still wet from the rain of the preceding night, and everything was fresh and cool. The very air I breathed was exhilarating, and made the rain drops on the webs of the ground spiders look like clusters of diamonds as they sparkled in the early morning sun. Here and there on the mountain side nearest me were little patches of mist, hanging perhaps over some fairy glade. Now and then a breath of air would take one of these rifts and waft it up over the mountain out of sight.

Soon I had reached the stream. Bathing my head and face to prevent the blood from rushing to my head when I entered, I plunged boldly in. For a moment the fresh spring water seemed like ice about my feet, but I had taken the necessary precaution of wearing heavy woollen stockings, which retain the heat of the body to a great extent, and, after the first shock, this feeling passed away. Then, when I stepped out on to a large boulder, and the water ran in little rills from the holes cut in my wading shoes for that purpose, a feeling of warmth took its place.

I stopped to bait my hook, for where a stream is small it is impossible to cast a fly without danger of getting the line wound up in the underbrush, and it is well to use angleworms instead of flies. Many trout fishermen turn up their noses at the suggestion of bait, but I have always been more successful with worms than flies on small streams after a heavy rain. The water in some of the streams is so shallow that on clear days the trout will readily detect the presence of a fisherman and take to his hiding place at once. Let a trout become frightened, and the chances of catching him are, of course, gone. No amount of manoeuvring with a fly under these circumstances will make a fair catch. Take that same stream, however, after a heavy rain, when the water is tinged and turgid, when, with its swollen volume, it tears out little places in the bank and sends them floating away, and you will be sure of a good catch if bait is used. The trout are then feeding in the ripples, waiting for what the stream will bring in the way of grubs or worms that have fallen in, or have been washed away from under the sods along the banks, and a cunningly arranged angleworm on a hook will be eagerly snapped at.

I shall never forget being, when a boy, in a house full of trout fishermen, most of whom laughed at the idea of bait-fishing, expatiating on this or that particular fly as a "killer." There was one old man, however, who simply smoked and said nothing. But again and again when the time came he would take his old baitbox and stout, slim pole, and, going off with the rest, would return with a full basket, while the others had little or nothing in the way of a catch. I admired the old man greatly in my boyish heart, and we often went fishing together. From him I learned the art of fishing with bait, an art I consider fully as interesting as fishing with a fly.

After having fixed my hook I stepped cautiously to another boulder and threw my line where a ripple rushed in under a huge log. Hardly had it been drawn in out of sight when there came a fierce, strong jerk at the line, which sent a thrill through my arm, as if I had touched the current of a battery. I knew at once a trout had taken my bait. With a quick upward movement of the pole I securely hooked my game, and then swung him out of the pool sideways upon the stony beach opposite, where he struggled manfully until I secured him.

Again I cast in the pool, for trout usually lie in pairs, and the chances, I knew, were good of catching another. I was not disappointed. Then for a time I was not so successful, although I waded onward for some distance through the rippling water.

In a shady pool, in which a rift of sunlight penetrated like a bar of gold, I made the most peculiar catch of the day—a large trout, whose back and one side were very dark, and the other side light. He had evidently been accustomed to wait for his prey in this one place, lying partly in the open and partly in shadow, his color being affected accordingly. It is a strange provision of nature that a trout lying in a bright, sunny and shallow pool will be light, so as to harmonize with his surroundings, and make it hard for his enemies of the field and woods to distinguish him, while one in a dark pool will be almost black, save for the flecks of crimson on his sides. Never before, however, had I seen a trout with both a light and dark side.

Patience rewarded.

While examining the peculiar coloring more closely, I heard the sound of one of the trout's enemies—the rattle of a kingfisher, as if he were angry at my intrusion upon his quiet fishing ground, and was winding up his reel preparatory to trying somewhere else. He sat on the dead branch of a large tree regarding me, it would seem, more with an air of defiance than of alarm. Again he gave utterance to his curious rattle, and then darted away.

Beyond this dark pool the stream entered the forest, where perpetual twilight reigned during the day. Save for the subdued murmur of the stream there was no sound. On either side the dark aisles of the forest stretched back over the mountain to unfathomable depths. Here and there a large tree lay prostrate across the stream. A certain amount of awe is inspired in following a stream through a forest. One feels as if some great mystery might be lurking in its deep recesses—some profound secret of nature.

Pushing onward I came upon a series of pools cut out of the solid rock by the water's countless years of work. They

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giving exact reproductions of goods themselves. Every article minutely described, enabling out-of-town residents to select with the utmost satisfaction.

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in buying Life Insurance—is to profit by the experience of others.

This is a typical experience of the Great-West Life Policy holders from a recent letter:—

"I am very much pleased with the results of my Policy, and I have no hesitation in telling you that I continue to believe that the Great-West Life is one of the best managed Companies doing business today."

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were of all shapes, some round, like a bowl, some oblong and shallow, others, again, deep rifts where the water was a beautiful dark green. In these pools I had no trouble in catching a number of fish. Such a locality is the delight of the trout, for there he can either rest in the many deep places, or, lying close to where the water rushes in a miniature fall, readily find his prey.

After leaving this spot, the woods grew more dense, and I had little chance to walk except in the stream itself. When I turned a bend a little later I came upon the sprite of the stream, the spotted sandpiper. He was walking up and down on a small ledge of rock with a strange, tilting motion of his body peculiar to this bird, while he kept crying, as if for company, "Pe-tweet! Pe-tweet!" He paid no attention to me at first, but when I drew nearer his cry grew more plaintive, and he suddenly flew away, alighting a little further on, where he began anew his search among the rocks. Soon, however, he again took to flight, and I heard his shrill, sweet cry grow fainter and fainter in the distance.

As I progressed I saw that the woods were lighter in the distance ahead, and I pushed on quickly. I soon entered a clearing, and as I stepped out into the sunlight I came suddenly upon an old log cabin, apparently built by one of the first settlers. It was now deserted, and the only visible inhabitant of the clearing was a pewee, whose plaintive little call, "Pee-u-ee! Pee-u-ee!" seemed like the soft cry of some spirit who had returned to the place of a lost happiness, and, lonely and forlorn, was calling for the past. The stream seemed happy and joyous in comparison to this place, and when I returned to it I soon forgot the cabin in the struggle with a huge trout, who broke my line just as I landed him. He squirmed and struggled until he seemed fairly to walk over the rift of pebbly beach on which he lay, but at last I succeeded in securing him. The trout has a remarkable squirming power, which often helps him to regain the water. The force that enables him to swim against a strong current or mount a fall here stands him in good stead, and many a trout I have lost in this way.

Again the woods began to thin out, and I soon came upon a clearing that was a clearing in earnest. I could see at once that I had entered the lowland pasture of a small farm. On the hill opposite was the house, a small, rugged, unpainted structure of boards. The stream wound in a half-mile about it. In the centre of the clearing a dam had been constructed, and the water poured over it with a rush, seemingly in a hurry to get away from the first restraint it had as yet known from the hand of man.

In this clearing my luck seemed to have deserted me. Again and again I cast without result, and I at last made up my mind that there must be some one ahead of me. Such a thought is always aggravating to a fisherman. He thinks at once how much better he could have done if he had been first on the stream, and he feels that for every trout in his basket he ought to have another.

I climbed the bank and walked through the weeds and underbrush, to make a short cut, to see if I could discover the person who had preceded me. Apparently I had been mistaken, for I could see no one. I then entered the stream again, but had not fished far when, on making a turn, I came suddenly upon the one I had been looking for. Imagine my surprise, however, when, instead of a man, I beheld a young country girl, who was standing on a log, making a cast over the pool below. She made a very pretty picture as she stood there, her back toward me, in the graceful attitude of casting.

My surprise was so great that I lost my footing on the slippery stone on which I was standing, and made a fearful splashing in trying to regain it.

She turned quickly, and I saw that she was indeed pretty; but, instead of the bashful, half-frightened glance I expected, she gave me an angry look.

"I thought from the noise 'twas a herd o' cattle a-crossin'," she said.

"I beg your pardon," I stammered. "I did not intend to interrupt your fishing, and I am very sorry to have disturbed you."

"You needn't worry; I'm 'bout through; I ain't goin' beyond the field," and she pointed to where the woods began. "I only 'tended to fish the clearin'."

"So it was you who got ahead of me! I wondered why I caught so few."

"I did it a-purpose, I cut 'n ahead of all you city chaps when I get a chance. It's pa's farm, and we own the fish."

"Why don't you put up signs prohibiting fishing?" I said, somewhat nettled. "I am sure they would be obeyed."

"I would, but pa won't. I'd have 'em all over th' place. He says the streams ought to be free, like when he was a boy; but just the same you city fellows don't get much here. You're the first one as has caught me. Most of 'em reckon why the fishin's so poor on this clearin'."

"Don't be angry with me," I said; "I didn't intend to trespass. Here, take these fish I have caught on the farm to your father."

I selected four or five good-sized fish, about twice as many as I had actually taken on the place, and offered them to her. It looked like a reckless waste, but she was so pretty I wanted to try and make friends with her.

A Moment's Rest.

As I hoped, her angry mood seemed to melt away at once, although she could not help a look of surprise at the number I had offered her.

"I don't want 'em," she said. "I just fished to be mean and spiteful. You can have these if you wish," and she held out to me a small string of fish.

"Oh, no," I answered; "but let me have a few violets as a souvenir of our meeting."

Instead of replying, she sprang from the tree trunk on which she stood and soon had gathered quite a little bunch of flowers. I thanked her, and placed them in the buttonhole of my fishing jacket.

"I hope I will see you again," I said.

"Oh, I reckon so, if you're up this way. I won't fish the clearing ahead o' you again," she said.

"Thank you!" I answered. Then, bidding her good-by, I left her standing by the stream. When I looked back and waved my cap she was still standing there, and she shook her hand in response. A sharp bend soon hid her from sight.

As I fished onward the trout did not take my bait as readily as before, and, looking for a cause, I noticed that the sun was high, indicating the approach of the noon hour. As trout never bite well during the middle of the day. I decided to take a long rest and eat my lunch, which I had brought with me.

When I was once more ready to enter the stream, I fixed my line with two fly-hooks, instead of the one for bait, as there was now plenty of room for casting.

At the next bend I came upon the ideal feeding-place of the trout. As far as I could see there was a series of ripples made by the rapid descent of the stream and in these, close to the rocks which sheltered them a little from the headlong rush of the current, I knew the trout were lying. I advanced cautiously on one side, casting my flies to the other, a little below where I stood, then wadded the current gently, making no splashing and as little disturbance as possible.

Often was I rewarded by that nervous thrill along the pole that told me I had hooked my fish, or by seeing a white line dart through the water as a trout leaped for my fly and missed it. These ripples added several good-sized trout to my already rapidly filling basket.

Proceeding further I came upon a series of still pools, in which the trout usually lie close to the bottom at rest. There is little hope of catching him then, unless it is near the beginning of the pool, where the water runs in a swift current, or at dusk, when the trout will come from the depths, and, lying close to the surface, watch for the flies that seem to sport near the water at nightfall.

As it was still early, I circled these pools and entered the stream below them. Soon a large tributary joined it and became almost a small river. On either side were well-worn masses of white and gray rocks, showing here and there the marks of recent freshets, in the accumulation of large piles of driftwood far above the normal line of the stream. The surroundings grew more majestic in their wildness and the current of the stream more swift, its gurgle and laughter changing to a hoarse murmur, now and then deepening to a dull roar. The rays of the setting sun now shed a warm radiance over everything, and added greatly to the beauty of the scene. I was far from any human habitation, and felt happy in the thought that I was alone with the trout.

As the twilight came and deepened I pushed onward, but soon the flute-like song of the hermit thrush and the occasional flash of a firefly in a deep patch of woods told me that the time for fishing had gone. On reaching a clearing I left the stream, reeled up my line, unjointed my pole, and crossed through the long grass of the field to the road.

Weary in body, but refreshed and rested in spirit, I turned my face homeward, and my day with the trout had ended.

Three Live Men.

"The station at Savannah," says a traveller through the South "is surrounded in all directions with a lot of saloons and cheap restaurants. In great illuminated letters over one of these saloons was the sign:

"'Open all night.'

"Next to it was a restaurant bearing with equal prominence the legend:

"'We never close.'

"Third in order was a Chinese laundry in a little tumbledown hovel, and upon the front of this building was the sign, in great, scrawling letters:

"'Me wakee, too.'"

He Kissed Ma, Too.

During the "late unpleasantness" two well known La Moure gentlemen who aspired to the same office—the contest being a three-cornered one—were looking after their political fences a few miles north of the city, states the La Moure (N.D.) "Chronicle." Both happened to be on the same road a short distance apart. The hindermost called at a certain house where a bright little girl came to the door.

Said he, "Sissie, will you please give me a drink of water?" which she quickly did. Then he gave her some candy, and asked:

"Did the man just ahead of me give you any candy?"

"Yes, sir."

Then he gave her a nickel and inquired:

"Did he give you any money?"

"Yes sir, he gave me ten cents."

Then, picking her up, he kissed her and asked:

"Did he kiss you?"

"Yes sir," she replied; "and he kissed ma, too."

De La Bere's Answer.

A New York manufacturer of fire-hose wrote to the chief of the Sheldon, N. D., department for information, and Mike De la Bere, editor of the Sheldon "Progress," took it upon himself to answer as follows:

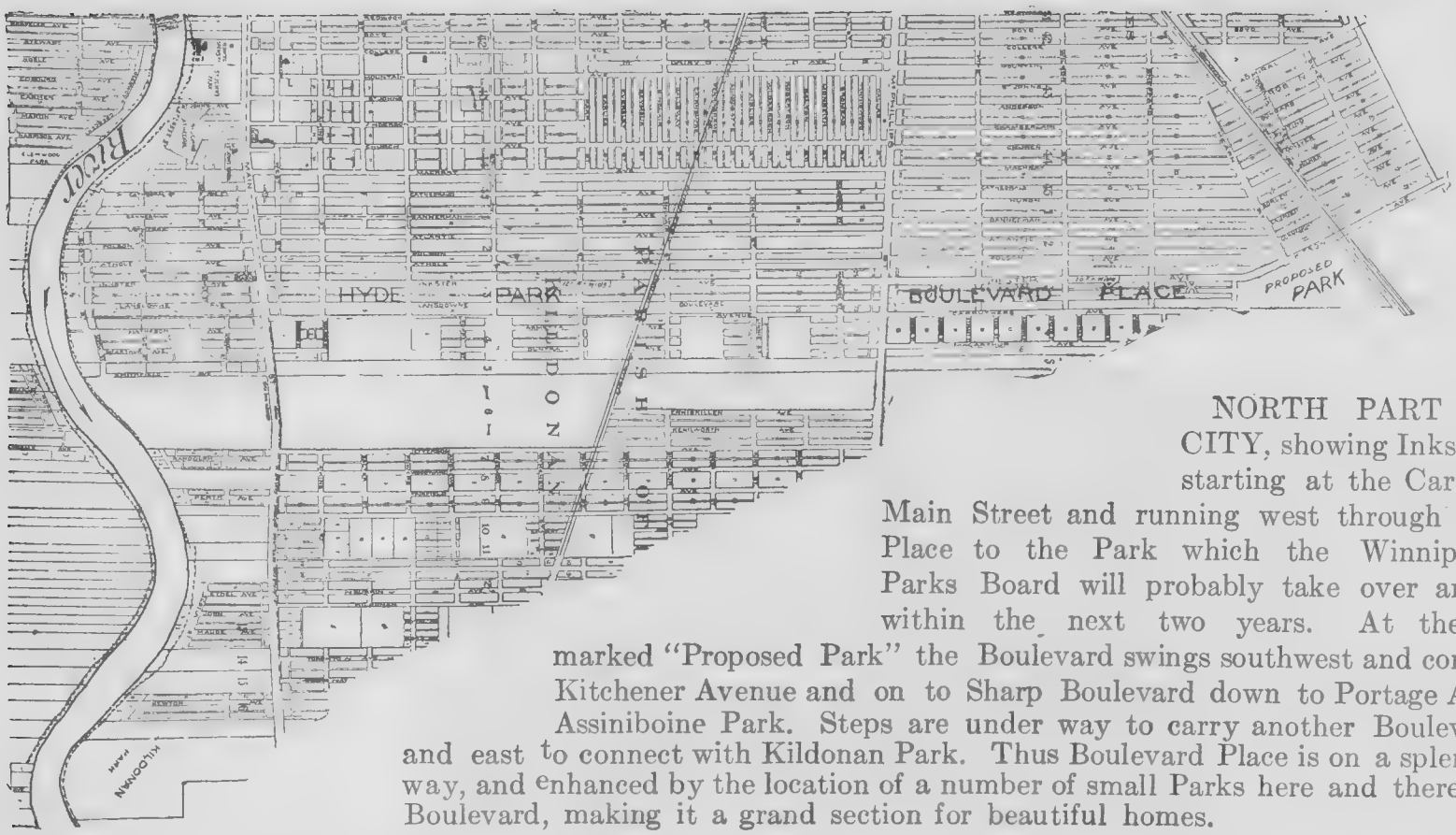
"Our fire department is not run by a belt tumbling shaft nor any other device, contrivance, stratagem, scheme, or man. It is primitive in design, and has been in use since prior to the Declaration of Independence. It has been used as a milk-and-slop-bucket for four generations of our people, has had the bottom kicked out by thirty-five different cows, never had but two hoops, and the bail was lost in the fire of '97. However, if you have any second-hand bails, please send us price-list, net and discount.

"In answer to your questions: When will our people purchase hose? we reply, Just as soon as the weather gets so cold that they can't go barefoot.

"How many feet do we use? All have one, most of them two, scarcely any with three or more.

"Kind preferred, cotton or rubber? Cotton, and with no frills, tucks, or ruffles. We are a plain people."

BOULEVARD



NORTH PART OF THE CITY, showing Inkster Avenue starting at the Car Barns on Main Street and running west through Boulevard Place to the Park which the Winnipeg Public Parks Board will probably take over and develop within the next two years. At the Junction marked "Proposed Park" the Boulevard swings southwest and connects with Kitchener Avenue and on to Sharp Boulevard down to Portage Avenue and Assiniboine Park. Steps are under way to carry another Boulevard north and east to connect with Kildonan Park. Thus Boulevard Place is on a splendid driveway, and enhanced by the location of a number of small Parks here and there along the Boulevard, making it a grand section for beautiful homes.

TO THE READER:

We offer the FIRST INSIDE sub-division that has been put on the market in years.

BOULEVARD PLACE is WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS---Not 10, 5, nor 3, miles beyond the corporation—but INSIDE.

Your Profits will Easily be from 50 to 100 per cent in Twelve Months' Time

Boulevard Place
is
Within the City Limits

Do Not Allow This Opportunity to Pass—Write at Once!

A Lot will cost you only a few bushels of grain, and will work for you during cold weather as well as in the heat of summer.

Prices $500.00 to $1750.00 per Lot

One-third Cash, Balance 6, 12, 18 and 24 Months. 6 per cent interest

J. WILLOUGHBY & CO.,

984½ Main Street
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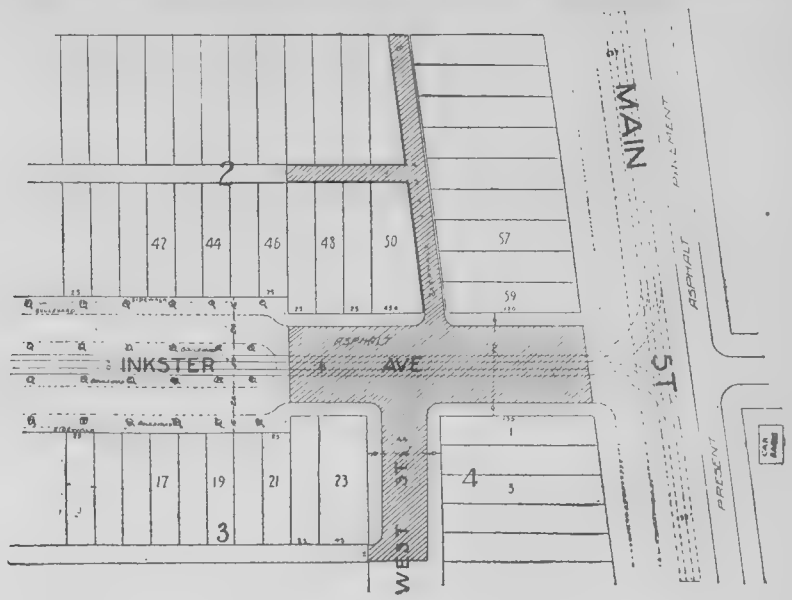

INKSTER AVENUE, showing asphalt connection at Main St. and the lay-out of the Boulevard to the west

NO. 1 HARD PROPOSITION

The Boulevard (from which our property gets its name) that will encircle the City runs through the entire length of **BOULEVARD PLACE**, and, mark you, ours is the ONLY sub-division through which the Boulevard runs. The City is working on this Boulevard NOW. It is not a possibility that work WILL be done, it is BEING done.

If you desire to confirm this, and also the value of the property for an investment, write to any Banker, or reliable business concern, of Winnipeg, and satisfy yourself.

You have been prosperous, vary your investments, and enjoy the satisfaction of having your profits earn for you during the season when crops do not grow.

The history of the City is simply repeating itself, and what you delayed doing, or was not in a position to do, years ago—DO NOW.

Do Not Allow this Opportunity to Pass — Write at Once

Prices $500.00 to $1750.00 per Lot

One-third Cash, Balance 6, 12, 18 and 24 Months. 6 per cent interest

PLEASE MENTION THIS JOURNAL IN REPLYING.

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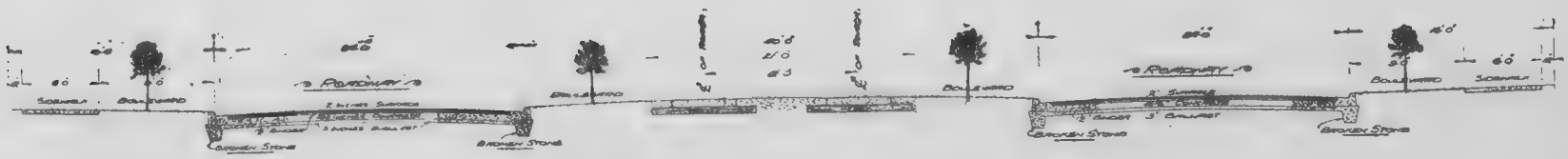

PROPOSED LAY-OUT OF INKSTER AVENUE. The plan shows street car tracks in the centre; this can be changed to automobile driveways

What the World is Saying.

The Old Land.

The pleasing fact is that, no matter what way you take the old land, you do not find much decadence about it —New York Tribune.

The Handwriting on the Wall.

The handwriting is on the political wall. The trouble, however, is that the handwriting experts, as usual, differ entirely as to its interpretation.—Victoria Colonist.

Reindeer and Ostriches.

A German is going to start an ostrich farm at Cranbrook, B.C With reindeer and ostriches flourishing in the same territory, British Columbia may well lay claim to being a province of varied resources.—Monetary Times.

Dominion over Palm and Pine.

One advantage of the annexation of the Bahama Islands to Canada would be the possibility it would give us of boasting that Canada is in the banana and pineapple belt.—Peterboro Examiner.

The Machinery of the Word Mill.

Of the seven million words spoken in parliament this session, half a dozen members can account for about three million of them, and the other two hundred and fifteen members the other four millions.—Ottawa Journal

Candy Good for the Heart.

The candy-loving girl is justified. Sir James Sawyer, the eminent British heart specialist, says his experiments have justified him in regarding the sugar group as "sustainers and developers of the heart muscles "—Canadian Grocer.

Feminine Headgear.

Queen Mary limited the weight of her coronation crown to nineteen ounces, which is a featherweight compared to the floral decorations on the headgear of many of her loyal subjects —Ottawa Citizen.

Who Will Apply the Match?

The bilingual problem is growing more acute by spreading out disturbing tentacles of racial differences. The match will be applied some of these days and then chaos.—Windsor Record.

Undesirables Rejected.

It looks as though Canada has decided not to be the camping ground for the undesirable. During the last year 784 were deported, and 17,614 rejected at the portal "You cannot get a silk purse out of a sow's ear."—Minneapolis Journal.

Census Probabilities.

People who in advance of the census returns talk confidently of a population of over eight millions should not be so cocksure If Canada has even seven and a half million people it will be a very great increase over the 5,371,000 of 1901.—Montreal Herald.

A Warfare for Humanity.

The setting apart of $7,500,000 in the British Budget for the building of sanitaria for consumptives is one of the greatest practical measures ever taken for fighting the white plague. Overburdened Britain shames Canada in this respect.—London Advertiser.

Foothills Railway Projects.

Once more Pincher Creek is having its equanimity disturbed by the announcement of another new railway If all the railways promoted in the foothill country were built, Pincher Creek would rival Winnipeg as a railway centre —Lethbridge Herald.

One Way to Disperse Them.

Hamilton young men are indignant at the chief of police for placing officers at the church doors Sunday nights, whose presence interferes with the customary "pairing off" process after the service. A simpler and less offensive method would be for the collectors to circulate among the crowd armed with their contribution boxes.—Vancouver Province

A Suggested Use For Hansard.

An Ottawa paper suggests that the surplus copies of Hansard and the government blue books be utilized in stoking the Canadian Navy. Some of the debates contain such a high percentage of caloric that it is doubtful if the boiler inspectors would permit their being used for fuel.—St. John Telegraph.

The Exodus From Scotland To Canada.

Canada will benefit by the exodus from rural Scotland; Scotsmen themselves who join the exodus will benefit. Still, there is something saddening in the thought of deserted homesteads and fireless hearths. No doubt the exodus will have some effect in forcing attention on needed domestic reforms.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

The Lady Mayor of a Kansas Town.

Replying to complaints filed by the "lady mayor" of a Kansas town, who is indignant because her masculine fellow-citizens have been criticizing her administration, the attorney-general of that state advises her to "smile at her critics." Assuming that the "lady mayor" possesses her share of good looks, the advice commends itself as excellent.—St Paul Pioneer Press.

A Huge Advertisement of the West.

Whether reciprocity comes or not, Western Canada should profit in large measure from the unexampled generosity of our American friends in recognizing and admitting its peculiar advantages. It should be worth a hundred thousand additional United States settlers next year.—Manchester Guardian.

When Saskatoon Will Converse With Hong Kong.

From Glace Bay, N. S., to Africa in sixty minutes is the remarkable accomplishment of wireless telegraphy. Day by day the inventions of man are overcoming distance, and that within the next ten years it is reasonable to presume that a fellow in Saskatoon will be able to talk over the 'phone with his Chinese neighbor in Hong Kong any morning before breakfast. —Saskatoon Capital.

To Close Up the Loopholes.

The Canadian law against combines will be somewhat hampered in its operation if every case can be lugged through the courts until it reaches the privy council. Experience, however, should enable the Dominion Government and Parliament to make the law stronger and stronger, until the unlawful combine has no more loopholes of escape than any other criminal.—Toronto Star.

The Future of the Panama Canal.

Sir Ian Hamilton, who has just been visiting the Isthmus, predicts that the Panama Canal will not earn dividends, though it will pay its operating expenses, but as a factor in the development of commerce and civilization "will prove immensely profitable." The British observer crystallizes, probably, in one prediction an immense area of American public opinion on the Canal enterprise.—Boston Transcript.

When Trolley Poles Will Be No More

Edison has renewed his prediction that electric cars will be run by storage batteries The time will not come too soon for the street railway companies or the public. The over-head work required by the trolley fed motor is as costly to the railways as it is unsightly and dangerous and objectionable to the people.—Electrical World.

Woman Suffrage in Wisconsin.

The Legislature of Wisconsin, both its branches concurring, has decided that women in that state should have votes; and if the people in a referendum agree they will have votes. Wisconsin is a state of settled habits, not eager to make experiments. When it adopts the new order the cause will have had its most notable success in America.—Montreal Witness

A Clarion Note From the Far North.

But the land has her greater treasure still. It will not be exhausted in a thousand years. The northern pilgrimage will continue. The wonders will unfold gradually and eventually to greater degree. The glory of the northland is but dawning. Hail to the returning sourdoughs. Welcome to the coming cheechacos. Forward, Yukon.—Dawson Weekly News.

The Chinese Short Way With Rebels.

They don't bother in China to try rebels against the established government. They simply lop off the heads of the leaders and their lieutenants. This saves court expenses and is perfectly satisfactory all round. Probably the Canton government makes some money on the execution, as 50 cents a head 's the price which is asked for admission to the old potter's field where the victims are made to kneel and the executioner chops off their heads.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Pay of Parliament.

It is announced as a discovery from Ottawa that members of Parliament will get no increase in sessional indemnity because they go back in the middle of the summer. This is right; and neither round robins nor any other device will prevail to break the law and get them more. The country did not take kindly to the increase from $1,500 to $2,500; and will take most unkindly to any proposal to augment the latter sum. —Montreal Gazette.

Ravages of the Merger Bug.

After the experience of the United States with the great trusts, the Canadian people have not viewed with comfort the introduction of the merger bug into this country. Given certain conditions, it is quite conceivable that the amalgamation of rival concerns is a good thing, eliminating the duplication of expenses and the waste of overhead charges. But if the merger is merely a scheme to enable clever operators to get rich quick by selling watered stock after skimming off the cream unbeknown to the buyers, we want none of it.—Ottawa Free Press.

Farmers For Parliament.

With the suggestion that there should be more farmers and fewer lawyers in Parliament there will be few to find fault. The farmers of the west have shown themselves to be a class of men well able to hold their own in any sphere, and there would be no difficulty in finding good men among them. Whether they could be prevailed upon to leave their farms and spend a large part of the year in Parliament is another question. Of the value their presence would be to that body we have no doubt whatever.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

It Was Easy Money for Mr. Carnegie.

The investigation of the Steel Trust has brought evidence to the effect that property on which Mr. Carnegie gave an option for $160,000,000 was sold to the trust for $320,000,000. While all will not agree about the disgrace of dying rich, there is a genera consensus of opinion in regard to some methods of getting into the condition. The trust, in a position to fatten on the protection folly of the people, capitalized and bonded that folly, and it still remains its chief asset.—Chicago Tribune.

High Society Advertising.

British society journalism has developed a new idea. Papers recently to hand from London containing reports of the court functions, besides descriptions of what was worn by the lady figurants, give the names of the firms which designed and made the robes. It is a wholesale sentiment that causes a man to take pride in the work of his hands or his brain. They who indulge it in this wise, however, go far. Not many looked to see our old nobility figuring, even indirectly, as advertisers' sandwich boards.—Toronto Saturday Night.

Luxury in the "Queen's Bush" in Ontario.

The "Queen's Bush" was once the designation of the area made up of the county of Bruce and parts of Grey, Huron, and Wellington. The land came into market and settlement began about the time when railway construction commenced in Canada. The nearest point on the Grand Trunk was at first Guelph, and the service on the main line was far from efficient. It is a far call in time from 1855 to 1911, but it is quite as far from the meagre service on the Grand Trunk half a century ago and the announcement that under the new time-table the trains running through the Queen's Bush to Owen Sound, Wiarton, Southampton, and Kincardine will carry between Toronto and Palmerston—the point of divergence—"parlor-library-cafe cars, serving meals a la carte." This latest innovation is due partly to the evolution of the Queen's Bush, but partly also to the enterprise of the Grand Trunk management.—Toronto News.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1670
HERBERT E. BURBIDGE STORES COMMISSIONER

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The Women's Quiet Hour.

Since my last column was written, men and women all over the West have had their attention called to the needs of the sanatorium for consumptives at Ninette, Man., and the response to the tag day collectors was prompt and satisfactory. The returns are not all in, but it looks now as if, when all expenses in connection with tag day were met, there would be considerably over $20,000 to go to the support of the institution. Tag day not only called attention to the needs of funds for the support of this sanatorium, but it evidently aroused anxiety on the part of many people with reference to members of their own family who showed any indications of this dread disease. The number of applications for admission have nearly, if not quite doubled since tag day. The institution is full almost to its limit, and there are a number of cases on the waiting list. The opportunity of visiting the institution came during the past month, and I had the privilege of spending an evening and the night at Ninette, and of going thoroughly over the establishment, and getting some idea of what is being done and also what might be done were the available funds larger. Many of my readers, of course, especially those resident in southern Manitoba, will be familiar with Ninette and its surroundings, but, for the benefit of those who have never seen it, I might say that the sanatorium is situated in a cleft of a wide circle of beautifully treed hills that lie along the north shore of the lake. Though now so frequently called Lake Ninette, it is really Pelican Lake of the old days, and was, in all probability, at one time a widening of the Pembina River. The lake is an exquisite sheet of water on which it is possible to get a sail of from 15 to 20 miles in one direction. The sanatorium consists of three buildings, the pavilion for men, the pavilion for women, and the administration building, which contains the infirmary. The pavilions are three stories high, and have wide verandahs around three sides which are wired in and which form the sleeping apartments. In the rear of these are passages and behind them again, small dressing rooms. The passages and the dressing rooms are heated in the winter, so that the patients, while sleeping out of doors during the cold weather, have a warm and comfortable place in which to dress. In the centre of each storey of the pavilion is a bright sitting room with large open grate. In the administration building there is an assembly hall, large enough to accommodate the entire number of patients and the staff. This is simply but tastefully furnished with easy chairs, tables, a piano, and the most attractive feature in it is the wide open fire place. The end of this room, opposite the fire place, is entirely of glass and looks over the lake, so that it is quite possible to sit beside the fire and look directly out of doors. The infirmaries, which are in the wings of this building, are also provided with wired-in balconies, on to which the patients can be wheeled, for when a patient is in the infirmary it means that his case demands that he be put to bed and kept there as quietly as possible.

Tag Day.

* * * *

Nothing is more interesting at Ninette than to note how completely the method treating consumptives has been revolutionized: and instead of the old idea that the only remedy was to go to work in the open air, the treatment now is, in serious cases, to remain in the open air, but to make as little effort as possible. It is not at all uncommon for a patient to be prohibited from speaking for several weeks or even a month at a time. This, I believe, is particularly the case where the throat is threatened. A stranger going through these infirmaries and pavilions, would almost certainly be struck with the idea that there could not be much the matter with the patients. Many of them, in fact, look quite rosy and healthy, and few of them show that hectic flush and hollow cheek which, for so many years, have been associated in the general mind with consumption. Even weight is not a sure test. Quite a number of the patients who have lost little flesh are in the most critical condition. The real test of a patient's condition and progress is the temperature chart, and this is kept with the most scrupulous care. It is not unusual for a patient, who otherwise looks robust and hearty, to run to a temperature of from 102 to 103. It is when this high temperature is in evidence that the patients are kept in bed, and prohibited from exercise of every kind; the idea being that a broken lung, like a broken bone, requires perfect rest. One of the most difficult things, Dr. Stewart told me, was to get the patients to live up to the exact amount of exercise prescribed for them. For example, Mrs. Smith is told that she may walk for five minutes a day. She feels not too badly when she gets on her feet, and, being desperately tired with the monotony of lying on her back, would certainly walk much longer if there were not a nurse at hand to hurry her back into bed. This is no doubt the great feature of the sanatorium treatment. There is nothing done for the patients which might not be done for them in their own homes, but the great trouble is that it would not be done regularly and systematically, and on those two things hinge the whole possibility of cure. There came in on the train with me a young girl between 14 and 15. Five months ago she had gone to Ninette, not a very advanced case but a very critical one, with an extremely high temperature. After five months' treatment (and I was told that she had been an especially docile and obedient patient) she was discharged, the doctor telling her that, with any kind of reasonable precautions, she might live to be 80, so far as any trouble with her lungs was concerned.

Form of Treatment.

* * * * *

To walk around the pavilions as I did, on a glorious summer morning, with the odor of wild flowers coming freely through the wire netting, and the lake ruffled by a gentle breeze and sparkling in the sun, it was a little difficult to realize that some terrible life tragedies were bound up with the patients lying quietly reading or looking over the lake. I noticed one strong, fine-looking lad of 21 or 22, and while he was lying very quietly I suddenly surprised a look of restless longing in his eyes. I was told that, in spite of his great frame and appearance of health he had been a very bad case. He was turning the corner and making progress. He had been an ambitious lad, keen for improvement. While attempting to put himself through as a civil engineer, he had at the same time been working hard to support a widowed mother. He had had a bad hemorrage some few years ago, but, apparently recovering from it, had gone on working, almost night and day, and had suddenly collapsed, practically in sight of his chosen goal. There is hope for him, however, and he has learned the necessity of following strictly the rules of the institution. Since he has really made up his mind to that, he has made progress. On another bed I noticed a girl who, at first glance, looked almost like a middle-aged woman. I was told that her mother and her eldest sister had died of tuberculosis; that she had tried to mother the large family of young children, and had worked herself almost to death. As she had helped in the nursing of both mother and sister, it was not difficult to account for the infection. She had been brought there by her father, and for many days it had been impossible to comfort her—she was so concerned about the young brothers and sisters. Finally the doctor had succeeded in convincing her that if she would throw aside anxiety and follow the cure faithfully, she might in a few months be able to go back and look after the children:

Some of the Tragedies.

* * * * *

Possibly the most pitiful case to me was that of a young English girl who had come out to the Canadian West a few years ago, having had her passage paid by the wife of a farmer in Manitoba. She was under contract to remain for six months. The details of the case had been very carefully gathered, and it turns out that this girl, fresh from the Old Country and an

A Stranger in a Strange Land.

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Patients at Ninette do a little gardening.

entire stranger to the Canadian West, had been dumped down in the kitchen of a farm house, the mistress of which was—or thought she was—an invalid. There was a family of six or seven children, and always two or three hired men. This girl was expected to do all the house work, bake all the bread and wash all the clothes necessary for such family. Moreover, at threshing time she had to cook for 21, which included the threshing gang. She received practically no help from the woman of the house, but, worst of all, one of her daily duties was to dress the running sores on the neck of a young child, who, from the very first of her going to the farm, had slept with her. It turned out afterwards that the sores were caused by the removal of tubercular glands, and that, owing to the diseased condition of the child, the wounds refused to heal. For the doing of all this work she received the munificent sum of ten dollars a month. Frequently in the winter time the wood boxes were not filled, and, in addition to her other labors, she had that of carrying wood to replenish the fires. The woman of the house went to the Coast, leaving this girl with the entire burden of the household on her back. She caught cold and developed a very bad pain in her side. Though she complained, no doctor was called for her, and she drove twelve miles through a cold October day to the nearest town to consult the doctor. He told her that she had pleurisy and must at once go home and to bed—and stay there, taking the medicine he had given her. She went back to the farm, told the man of the house what the doctor had said, and, inasmuch as it was Saturday, said she would stay in bed on Sunday morning, and asked to have her breakfast brought to her. She remained in bed until after noon on Sunday, and in all that time none of the family came near her, nor did she receive any food. Finally, urged by hunger and the increasing pain at her side, she made her way into the kitchen. On Monday the supply of bread had run out and the man made no attempt to get any though he could easily have done so from the baker in the near-by town. She made bread, and admits that it was agony to her to knead it, because of the pain in her side. The worst of the pleurisy lasted three weeks. A cough developed and continued. Finally, she left the place in January and went to another farmhouse, where the people had offered her a very substantial increase in wages. When she got there and they found the condition she was in, they made the house work as light as possible, and paying her the increased wages which they had promised. But the mischief had been done, and, in spite of the care and kindness which she received at this second house, pleurisy returned in April, and the people interested themselves in getting her into the sanatorium. She was a pretty badly advanced case by this time, but responded very quickly to the treatment, and is now making rapid strides toward recovery, though she will never again be a strong woman. She is bright and cheerful, and seems to feel no bitterness towards the people who used her so shamefully and imposed upon her so scandalously when she was a stranger in a strange land. It is so common to hear people talk of the difficulty of getting efficient help in the house; of the English girls who, having made a contract to stay six months, break it as soon as higher wages are offered them; that people sometimes forget that there is a reverse to the picture, and that many of the girls who come to Canada with their passage prepaid, receive very unkind treatment and very inferior accommodation when they get here. It is very well to say that the instance quoted is only an individual case; but it might be multiplied by hundreds if not by thousands. All who read Nellie McClung's "Sowing Seeds in Danny," will remember the story of the English girl who had contracted typhoid while working for the Motherwells, and who had been promptly shipped to Brandon Hospital, without so much as an inquiry as to how she might fare when she got there. It was an actual circumstance, adapted by Mrs. McClung to the purposes of her book.

* * * * *

What We Can Do To Help.

There is not the slightest doubt that the sanatorium at Ninette is doing wonders. The percentage of recoveries from the number of patients entered is very large, especially so when it is remembered that a number of cases went there in the early days which to-day would be treated in the home for advanced cases at Winnipeg. The authorities managing the sanatorium have placed the charge for admission and treatment at $7 per week. This is very materially under the actual cost, but is sufficient to relieve the patient paying the sum from any sense of receiving charity, and it contributes considerably towards the funds. Of course, there are a number of cases quite unable to pay anything, and, where it is possible to establish the municipality to which they really belong, that municipality is assessed for their maintenance while in the sanatorium. Every dollar of money which is collected on tag day or any other day enables the institution to offer the cure to additional patients, so that money contributed is invariably spent on extending the good work. It would be well for every woman in the West to cultivate an interest in such an institution, and help it, not only by money, but by an intelligent appreciation of the efforts which are being put forward by those who have it in charge.

A View from Verandah of Sanatorium, Ninette, Man.

* * * * *

Pictures Needed.

There is one little matter of which I took especial note, and that is, that, in the sitting rooms and in the large assembly room there is an absence of pictures, so that for anyone having a bright cheerful picture, nicely framed, which they can spare, it would be a very excellent idea to ship it by express at once to Ninette. Everything that serves to brighten the building makes it that much more the cheerful, and therefore more helpful to the patients. Books would be another way of helping. It will be understood that books in an institution of this kind cannot be kept long, and, of course, must never be allowed to go out of the building for fear of spreading infection. Bundles of current magazines, therefore, and good bright novels, would be extremely acceptable. Be careful, however, to see that in sending a parcel of this sort, you prepay the express. It takes the edge off a gift to have to pay the express charge for it when it arrives.

* * * * *

The Gardens.

There is about 120 acres of land in connection with the sanatorium, and it is amazing what has already been done in the matter of setting out gardens and small areas in grain. The day on which I was there, July 6, they had green peas from their garden in sufficient quantities for all to have a fair share, and at present there are 57 inmates in the building, exclusive of the staff. To be sure, the staff does not number very many—the whole building is under-manned, and far too heavy burdens are laid upon the Medical Superintendent and Nurse Eaton, the Lady Superintendent in charge. It would be difficult to think of a more suitable and competent person than Nurse Eaton. In fact, the Government and every individual settler in the West has cause for gratification that, when once this sanitorium was started, it should have a medical superintendent in charge with the boundless enthusiasm of Dr. D. A. Stewart and a nurse of the high standing of Miss Eaton, who, for a number of years was in charge of the Virden Hospital. I make no apology for devoting so much space to this sanatorium. It is one of the things in which every woman, and more particularly every mother, should take a deep interest, and it is one which every person in the West can help if they try.

* * * * *

New Books.

Robert Hugh Benson, author of "The Necromancer" and "Wyoming," has written a new book, called "None other Gods." It is a peculiar book, in that it deals with the effect on the mind of a brilliant student at Cambridge, who became a convert to Roman Catholicism. The book is beautifully written, but, having read it, I passed it on to a friend, who, after carefully reading it, was, like myself, unable to decide whether it was a commendation or a condemnation of the Roman Catholic religion. Anyone who is interested in books of this character, however, would find it extremely absorbing.

I would like to call the attention of my readers to a series of articles on Mormonism in Alberta, which are now being published. Business men, newspaper owners and others have joined in a conspiracy of silence in regard to this offence against the laws of Canada. That polygamous marriages are taking place in southern Alberta no one can doubt who goes there with his eyes open. It is one of the most menacing evils that can come to us from our immigration. These people should never have

been admitted; but once being here, they should have been made to obey the law or given the alternative of getting out and sacrificing any investments which they may have made. It is pointed out that, when polygamy is openly taught in their schools and colleges, the mere fact of its being forbidden by the law of Canada has little or no effect. The young Mormon is thoroughly drilled in the idea that polygamy is all right, and is a God-ordained institution; and though he is given to understand, as a rider, that he must not practice it in Canada, he is quite shrewd enough to know that it is being done, and that the church is not making any real effort to suppress it. A very warm tribute is due to the missionaries of the Presbyterian Church in southern Alberta, who have so frequently attempted to bring this matter to public notice, but who have received mighty little encouragement from the lay members of the synod to do anything in the matter. There is one feature of life in a Mormon village which it is as well for every thoughtful person to ponder on. Anyone who has travelled in the Canadian West will endorse the sentiment that, speaking generally, in the small Western towns, an audience at any entertainment usually consists of from three to four men for every woman. In a Mormon town this is entirely reversed. They are greatly addicted to gatherings for social intercourse as well as the holding of amateur theatricals. Any entertainment of this kind is sure to lay emphasis on the fact that the women in the audience outnumber the men two to one at the very least. The contrast between the towns in the Mormon district and the towns in any other part of the Canadian West is so marked as to render it impossible to pass it over. As has been very properly sand, there may be immorality among other branches of the community, but at least it is not practised under the name and cloak of a religion. I think, myself, that women living near Mormon settlements and having a knowledge of the facts, could greatly help matters by writing letters to prominent newspapers in Canada, setting forth the conditions as they actually know them to exist. It would not be necessary for them to sign their own names, as long as they send their name and address to the editor of the paper. The outstanding feature of the Mormon religion is the degradation of woman, and every woman outside of that church should assist to the limit of her power in calling the attention of the Canadian Government to the open violation of Canadian law by these people.

Strength in Weakness.

One of the peculiarities of the devoted Christian is that when he is weak then he is strong. In great physical weakness he is often strongest in faith. This, to the worldly mind, is a contradiction, and his faith a mystery. The great apostle to the Gentiles said of himself, "When I am weak, then I am strong." "I glory in infirmities." His bodily presence might be considered weak, and his speech contemptible, yet he was strong in the feeling that the Gospel given him to preach was the power of God unto the salvation of men; and, although the king said to him after one of his most able addresses, "Very little thou persuadest me," and told him that much learning had made him mad, the contempt with which he was treated as related to his inward experience quickened the inmost energies of his soul with stronger faith and far greater power—and how wonderfully that power has wrought for the extension of the Church and the encouragement of believers, and is likely to continue in all ages to the end of time. See it as recorded in the history of the Church—in the lives of multitudes! How the little things of the world have confounded the wise—and the weak, the mighty—that no flesh should glory in the presence of this power of God.

Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

A Smart Little Suit.

Blouse suits are always the best for tiny boys and this one is rendered novel and exceptional by the inserted trimming portion. In the illustration this suit is made of striped material and this trimming piece is simply cut on the cross, but a great many attractive blouses are made with the trimming portions of embroidered banding or of some contrasting material. Scalloped edges are much used for little boys' suits, and the edges of the blouse scalloped, with the trimming portion of embroidered banding, while the suit is made of pique or linen, makes an exceedingly handsome combination. Such suits are used for almost every material that little boys wear. For every-day occasions galatea and sturdy materials are liked; for afternoons pique, linen and the like, and for very dressy occasions silk of a heavy ribbed sort is fashionable. Later the same model can be made up in light-weight wool. Shepherds check with the edges piped with red and trimming portions cut on the bias would be both simple and smart as well as durable. The knickerbockers are of the regulation sort, drawn up by means of elastic inserted in the hems, and the sleeves are tucked to form cuffs.

Design By May Manton.
031 Boy's Suit, 2, 4 and 6 years.

For a boy 4 years of age will be required 3¼ yards of material 27, 2½ yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

A May Manton pattern, No. 7031, in sizes for boys of 2, 4 and 6 years of age, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Semi-Princess Dress for Misses and Small Women, 7075.

The dress that is made of two materials is an extremely fashionable one. This model can be treated in that way

A Valuable Picture of His Majesty King George

IN FULL CORONATION ROBES

FOR WESTERN HOME MONTHLY READERS

Printed on the finest of art paper in six colors, size 10 x 13, suitable for framing, and admittedly the finest memento of the great Coronation Ceremony yet produced. While the cost of every copy of this beautiful picture amounts in money value to more than one year's subscription to this magazine, yet we are anxious that every reader should have it, and we make the conditions so easy that no one need be disappointed.

Every subscriber who will, before August 31st, send us a new subscriber will receive one for himself, while his friend will be similarly treated.

The Western Home Monthly at one dollar for a year, or two dollars for three, is acknowledged to be the best magazine value in the country to-day, so that our readers with this additional inducement should have no trouble in sending in new names. If we could but show you this really fine portrait you would at once put forth the necessary effort to secure it, and we are sure that those who will receive it will give it the choicest position in their best room. Of all the generous offers we have made to our readers this is undoubtedly the best, and we hope to hear from many and hear promptly.

HOME PUBLISHING COMPANY, WINNIPEG

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY WINNIPEG

Gentlemen—Enclosed find $1.00 for which please send The Western Home Monthly and King George Premium to

Name.....

Address.....

or can be made of one material throughout, trimmed as liked. In the illustration, striped material and plain are effectively used, but any two that are harmonious can be similarly treated. For a more elaborate dress, all-over lace could be combined with silk or with voile and various other suggestions might be made. The lines are exceptionally graceful and becoming, the skirt gives the new panel effect and the blouse portion can be finished with or without a stock collar and with or without under sleeves, so that it provides generous variety.

The dress consists of blouse and skirt. The blouse is made in three sections, the edges of which are over-lapped and stitched to position, but it includes peasant sleeves, so that there are only the under-arm and sleeve seams to be sewed up. The skirt is made in six

7075 Semi-Princesse Dress for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

gores, the front and back gores form panels, while there is a straight band attached to side and front gores and joined to the edges of the back gore beneath the plaits. The design is an excellent one for small women.

For the 16 year size will be required 4¼ yards of material 2 inches wide, 3¼ yards 36 or 2⅜ yards 44, with 2 yards of striped material 27 and ¾ yard of lace 7 inches wide to make as illustrated. To make of one material throughout will be needed 6¼ yards 27, 4¾ yards 36 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards.

The pattern, No. 7075, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Girl's Dress With Straight Gathered Flounce, 6993.

With High Neck or Without Collar or With Low Neck, With or Without Flounce.

The dress made of lingerie material daintily trimmed is one that girls use for many occasions. This one will be found appropriate for general wear, for graduation and for all similar occasions. It can be made as illustrated or without the flounce and with lace trimming when it becomes a much plainer frock, and it will be found suited to the flowered dimities and materials of the kind as well as to white lawn. Indeed, it can be used for any fabric that is thin enough to be gathered successfully, but this dress is

6993 Girl's Dress with Straight Gathered Skirt, 10, 12 and 14 years.

made of Persian lawn with trimming of Valenciennes lace and yoke and plastron cut from eyelet embroidery, overlaid with lace insertion.

The dress consists of blouse and skirt. The blouse is cut with front and back portions which are gathered and joined to the yoke and plastron. The sleeves are gathered at their lower edges and joined to bands or cuffs, as long or short ones are wanted. The skirt is straight and gathered at the upper edge. The flounce is straight, but pointed at the upper edge and the trimming is arranged on indicated lines.

For a girl of 12 years of age will be required 6½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 4½ yards 36 or 3¾ yards 44 with ⅝ yard of all-over embroidery 18 inches wide, 20 yards of insertion and 5½ yards of edging to trim as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 6993, is cut in sizes for girls of 10, 12 and 14 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.)

A Smart Gown of Linen.

Linen always is one of the most satisfactory materials for summer wear. This season it is shown in an infinite number of weights and weaves. This gown combines the French sort with eyelet embroidery and the antique lace that is so smart this season. The panel is all in one, giving the long princesse lines, but at sides and back the peasant blouse and the four gored skirt are joined by means of a belt. The flounce, however, is straight and gathered at the upper edge. If liked, the yoke can be omitted, making the neck half low. There are a great many materials that are available for such a gown. Linen is one of the best liked, but pongee is in every way appropriate. Eyelet embroidery is much used for entire gowns, and for trimming can be used any preferred banding. Eyelet embroidery with a flounce in matching design makes an exceedingly attractive gown; pongee with the panel embroidered or braided in some simple design, and a harmonizing band used at the head of the flounce, would be eminently smart and distinctive.

For a woman of medium size the gown will require 7¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 4¼ yards 36 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1¾ yards of all-over embroidery 18 inches wide and 5½ yards of banding, ⅜ yard 18 inches wide for the yoke and collar,

A May Manton pattern, No. 6987, in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt

Design By May Manton.
6987 Semi-Princesse Dress, 34 to 44 bust.

of ten cents. (If in haste, send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.)

A Dainty Gown of Batiste.

Dotted batiste is one of the daintiest materials for summer gowns. This one is trimmed with eyelet embroidery and is smart in the extreme. It includes all the latest features. The blouse is made with a shaped lower section and with peasant sleeves. The skirt is narrow without exaggeration. The lines are all graceful and attractive. The lace collar and lace trimming on the sleeves give a smart and dainty finish. Such a gown is available for many occasions and might be included in every summer wardrobe, but this is a season of many fabrics and many combinations and the model can be varied almost indefinitely. It is just as well adapted to foulard with plain satin as it is to batiste and embroidery. It can be made from marquisette and heavy lace and it can indeed, be treated in various ways. If preferred, the collar can match the blouse, but the one of lace is fashionable this season and is always dainty and attractive. The main portions of the blouse are cut in one piece with the sleeves and the shaped portions are joined to them. One

Design By May Manton.
6991 Fancy Tucked Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.
6696 Five Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

material can be used throughout with only the piping in contrast, or the blouse would be pretty for wear with the odd skirt made from marquisette or batiste, with the lower portion of the front embroidered. The skirt combines a five gored upper portion with a circular flounce. It can be made either in walking length or with a train.

For a woman of medium size the upper portion of the blouse will require 1⅜ yards of material 27 inches wide, 1¼ yards 36, or ⅞ yard 44, the lower portions ⅝ yard 27, ½ yard 36 or 44, and for the collar and sleeve trimming will be needed ⅜ yard of all-over lace. For the upper portion of the skirt will be required 4 yards 27 or 36, or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with 2¾ yards 27, 2¼ yards 36, or 1½ yards 44 inches wide for the flounce.

A May Manton pattern of the blouse, No.6991, sizes 34 to 42 inches bust, or of the skirt, No. 6696, sizes 22 to 30 inches waist, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each. (If in haste, send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.)

Straight Plaited Skirt, 6999.

With High or Natural Waist Line.

The straight plaited skirt is much liked for thin materials and for bordered fabrics. It is graceful and attractive, and it is exceedingly simple. This one is laid in plaits that are stitched flat to give the effect of narrow tucks. It is of moderate width and it will be found available for all seasonable materials. In

the illustration, trimming is applied to give a novel effect, but the skirt can be finished in this way or left plain, or can be made of bordered material or flouncing with equal success.

The skirt is made in one piece. The trimming, when used, is applied on indicated lines. The upper edge can be finished with a belt or cut a little above the waist line and under-faced.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 5¼ yards 27 inches wide, 4 yards 36 or 2⅝ yards 44, with 5½ yard of banding; or 2½ yards of bordered material 46 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 6999, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste, send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures prompt delivery.)

Girl's Dress, 7000.

The frock that is made of two materials is in the height of fashion. This one shows striped and plain combined most effectively, but it can be utilized for dotted material, or figured, with plain, and indeed for almost any

7000 Girl's Dress, 10, 12 and 14 years.

two materials that are harmonious. The model is simple in spite of its dressy effect and will be found excellent for such heavier materials as linen, soft finished pique and the like as well as for the thinner and lighter lawns and batistes. Dresden dimity with plain pink would be charming; white pique with colored would be pretty; embroidered linen and plain can be combined successfully and numberless other suggestions might be made.

The blouse is made in one with the sleeves, the two materials being joined on indicated lines. It is finished with a round yoke, or trimming portion, and with prettily shaped bands on the sleeves. The skirt is five gored with the shaped portion joined to the lower edge.

For a girl of twelve years of age will be required 3½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2¾ yards 36, 2⅜ yards 44 for the upper portion of the blouse and skirt, 2 yards 27 for the lower portions.

The pattern, No. 7000, is cut in sizes for girls of 10, 12 and 14 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste, send an additional 2c. stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.)

A Fashionable Gown of Bordered Marquisette.

None of the many bordered materials are prettier or more fashionable than marquisette. This one shows a dark edge that is singularly effective and the gown is altogether smart in the extreme. That it is perfectly simple, too, adds to its charm. The skirt is just a straight one, tucked and stitched flat to below the hip line. The blouse is of the peasant sort, but the lower por-

Design By May Manton.
7016 Blouse with Peasant Sleeves, 34 to 40 bust.
6999 Straight Plaited Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

tions are arranged over a yoke and this yoke is made of tucking. If liked the neck could be cut out to form a square or finished with a collar, but the round line is fashionable and always pretty when becoming. The high waist line, finished with a band and bow, makes a feature of the season, but sashes also are much worn and narrower girdles are equally fashionable, so that each woman is free to choose the finish that suits her figure best. Also the skirt can be cut to the natural waist line if it is more becoming. All bordered materials suit the design especially well, but it need not be confined to such, for plain materials can be trimmed effectively. The model is a good one for light-weight silks as well as for thinner materials. It would be very charming made of striped or figured foulard, with the yoke portions of plain colored silk or satin, and it would be very pretty made from plain muslin or marquisette, trimmed with lace or embroidered banding.

For a woman of medium size the blouse will require 2¼ yards of bordered material 20 with ⅜ yard of tucking 36 or 44 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 2½ yards of flouncing 46 inches wide.

A May Manton pattern of the blouse, No. 7016, sizes 34 to 40 bust, or of the skirt, No. 6999, sizes 22 to 30 inches waist, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receiptof ten cents for each.

Semi-Princesse Slip in Empire Style, 7064.

The slip made with a high waist line is absolutely necessary for wear under transparent gowns that are treated in the same way. This one is in every way attractive and practical, yet quite simple. It combines a moderately full corset cover with perfectly smooth fitting skirt and can be made from any material that is used for garments of the kind. In the illustration, white lawn is trimmed with flouncing, banding and lace edging, but slips of thin silk are greatly liked and the model is just as well adapted to that material as it is to lawn.

The slip consists of corset cover and skirt. The corset cover is made with front and backs and the neck can be cut on either a square or round outline. The skirt is five gored. The

7064 Semi-Princesse Slip in Empire Style, 34 to 42 bust.

flounce can be joined to the lower edge or arranged over the petticoat as liked.

For a woman of medium size will be required 4¼ yards of material 36, 3¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 2¾ yards of embroidery 13 inches wide or ⅝ yard of additional material 36 or 44 inches wide for the flounce, 3¼ yards of edging and 3½ yards of beading.

The pattern, No. 7064, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

A Dainty Frock of Embroidered Batiste.

Embroidered materials never were more beautiful than at this season and never were they made up more attractively. Here is an exceedingly dainty frock that means very little labor for the making, yet is really elaborate and dressy in effect. The skirt includes two straight flounces over a gored foundation and the blouse is made of two strips of the same material. It makes its own finish and the only other trimming required is the little banding on the neck and the front of the blouse. The fact that sleeves and main portions of this latter are cut in one also adds to the simplicity. Altogether the dress is one of the prettiest and most desirable possible. The square neck is fashionable and desirable whenever it is becoming, but this blouse can be made with a yoke, if better liked, consequently, it suits all needs. The shirt also can be cut either to the high or natural waist line, but the high waist line is a little to be preferred. With this dress is worn a girdle of cord, but

Design By May Manton.
7025 Tucked Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.
7012 Two Flounce Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

sashes are very smart and very pretty and a sash of black velvet ribbon laid in narrow folds and arranged over the upper edge of the skirt, then bowed at the back or notted at the left of the front, would make a very attractive finish of a different sort. Ribbon sashes are worn also and are exceedingly pretty as well as girlish. The dress is a good one for small women as well as for young girls.

For the 16 year size the blouse will require 2 yards of bordered material 20 inches wide, with 1½ yards of banding two inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 4½ yards of flouncing 27, with 1¾ yards of plain material 27 or 36 inches wide for the gored foundation.

Both the blouse pattern, No. 7025, and the skirt pattern, No. 7012, are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

A Good Question.

Unsuccessful sportsman to gamekeeper: "When I was in Australia I shot the biggest kangaroo the natives said they'd ever seen."

Gamekeeper: "Hindeed, sir! What was yo a-haimin' at?"

Summer Embroideries.

Seldom indeed has any one article of wearing apparel had such a widespread vogue as the one piece or Kimona Blouse. The reason for this probably is that they are so easily made up and generally becoming, and hand embroidery is the excepted style of decoration for these. Sheer material such as voile and marquisette are the most fashionable, and they may be had in colors as well as white. These waists are embroidered with rope silk and the fashionable French knot or beading stitch is used in combination with outline or couching, so it will be easily seen that the embroidery is easily executed and within the reach of the average needle woman. Whole dresses may be embroidered, the skirt band matching the waist in design and the French knot stitch which is so perfect and imitation of the fashionable hand embroidery was fully described in the article on summer embroidery in our June issue. The colored voile is extremely fashionable at present, dainty shades of blue, grey and mauve work up beautifully.

Embroidered Coat Sets give the necessary summer touch to the light weight tailored suit, whether it be of light weight wool or linen, as these laundery so easily and may thus be kept fresh and dainty. We illustrate three handsome designs for these, and they may be successfully embroidered on a medium weight white linen. The fashionable touch of color which this season is used on every article of dress wear may be carried out on these coat sets, which would look very handsome embroidered on the natural shade of linen, using dull blues, reds, greens, browns, the whole design afterwards being out lined with black. This embroidery, which is at present known as the Bulgarian, is effective and stylish. No. 5620 Coat Set is an effective combination of solid and eyelet embroidery, and No. 5208 is also a handsome design. Another use for these embroidered collar and cuff sets is that they are most suitable to complete plain tailored waists, as they are the only finish required, and some of the handsomest of these now being shown in the shops are made of plain linen with the collars and cuffs embroidered in colors, or these may be of colored linen, making an attractive finish for white waists.

We do not ourselves supply the articles described on this page, but readers entrusting their orders to us will have them promptly and carefuly filled, allowing at least ten days from the time the order is received for filling. When ordering mention the article required as well as the design number, thus avoiding any possibiltiy of mistake.

Any further particulars regarding the articles shown on this page may be had by addressing Belding Paul & Co., Limited, Dept. L., Montreal.

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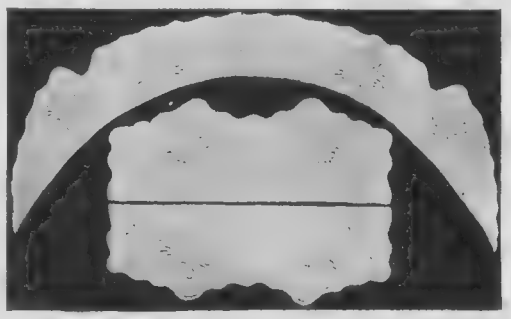
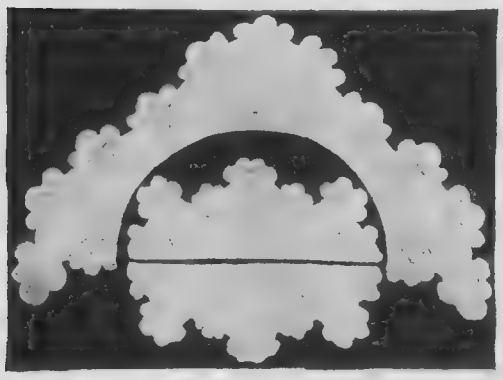
No. 4107.—Stamped Coat Set..



35 cents.

No. 5208.—Stamped Coat Set.



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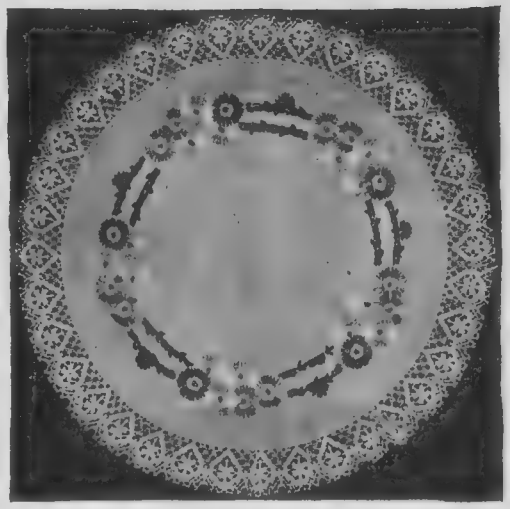

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Old, But Still Good.

"By the way," said the man who had stopped at a farmhouse in this vicinity to water his horse, "fifteen years ago a poor boy came this way and you took him in."

"Yes?" queried the farmer, somewhat surprised.

"You were kind to him," went on the stranger. "You fed him, gave him words of encouragement, and an old suit of clothes; you put money in his pocket and sent him on his way rejoicing. He told you at the time he never would forget your kindness. Am I right?"

"I believe you are," replied the farmer.

"He said that if he prospered he would see that you never had occasion to regret your kindness to a poor, struggling lad."

"Land's sakes!" exclaimed the farmer's wife excitedly. "It sounds almost like a fairy-tale, don't it?"

"Well," continued the stranger, "he told me to tell you that he is still poor, and that he still remembers you. Good-day." As he drove away, the farmer went out and kicked the pump viciously, while his wife threw a rolling-pin at the chickens.

A "Bolt From The Blue."

Some old sea captains were talking of a schooner which had been struck by lightning, and adding their contributions to nautical fiction. "How about the Emma S., Captain Jones?" asked one of the party. "Wasn't she struck once?" "She was, sir," answered Captain Jones. "I'd like to hear the particulars," said the questioner. "'Tisn't much to tell, only what might happen to any vessel under similar succumstances," said the narrator. "A bolt struck the deck amidships and bored a hole right down through the bottom o' the schooner big as a man's leg. The water come rushing in, and o' course the ship would have foundered if a second bolt hadn't come and struck my foreto'-galla'-mast, cut it off near the top, turned it end on end, and drove it right into the hole, plugging it up an' making it water-tight. 'Twas a clear case o' the ravages and repairs o' nature!" said the captain.

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A Criticism.

"So you enjoyed my Hamlet?" said a rather conceited amateur actor to a lady. "I am glad of that. So many people nowadays do not enjoy Shakespere."

"I know that," rejoined the first speaker; "but the way you play it it doesn't seem the least bit like Shakespeare!"

Making Hand-bags fron Odds and Ends.

The hand bag is quite as an important part of the costume to-day as is the hat, and every well dressed woman aims to have as many as she can possibly afford. However, these dress accessories are among the expensive things shown by the shops, and for the women of slender means and expensive desires, the hand bag question can be easily solved by doing the work herself. It really is a very easy thing to make a bag, and given a little cleverness with the needle, and a collection of odds and ends from the scrap bag, you may have at least a half dozen bags for the cost of one really good one, and some to spare for Christmas gifts.

Of course, this is assuming that in your scrap bag there is to be found some really good pieces of heavy brocade left from last year's evening coat, or the last chair you upholstered, strips of Oriental embroidery picked up at some sale for a trifle, squares of Chinese or Japanese embroidery, small pieces of tapestry, bits of silk, lace or velvet, trifles of lace or spangled net and pieces of your evening gowns—all of which with little trouble and small expense may be transferred into exquisite things in the line of hand, opera or evening bags; and this, too, at about one third or less, the cost of such a bag in the shops.

In making bags it is always well to use the best of materials, for nothing looks worse than a well mounted bag made of poor material and, besides, when considering the wearing qualities it is poor economy to use slasy stuff.

While mounting may be done at home, still most novices in the bag making have theirs mounted at the shops, and this mounting, including the frame, lining and safety pocket, may be done in some places as low as $2.50, and small bags even less. If you use the cord and tassel for drawing up the bag, the cost of mounting is then done away with.

Bits of tapestry that may be found on the bargain counter or may have been left over when re-upholstering some favorite chair make handsome bags. One lately made by a young woman was of tapestry in soft green shades, half a yard being used. The bag was cut rather long, and on one corner was embroidered in heavy gold thread the owner's monogram. This bag was lined with green silk and mounted in silver gilt.

Another tapestry bag had the pattern picked out in tiny glass beads of the same shades, and was extremely handsome when completed, while a third one of tapestry had gold threads run about the design and was lined with gold colored silk and drawn up with gold cords for an opera bag.

Bits of brocaded silk make exquisite bags for evening, afternoon or opera use, and one may buy the mountings at a small cost or draw the bags up with silk cords. One recently completed was of a brocaded silk in blue and white, with touches of gold thread and was lined with blue silk and drawn up with blue silk tassel and cord.

Irish Lace Bag made of ruby beads, opal and gold beads.

A bag to be carried with a dark blue afternoon costume was made of half a yard of blue chiffon velvet, picked up on the bargain counter for half price. With this was combined some heavy dull gold lace insertion once used on a hat, and a few dozen of the small imitation sapphire nail heads, placed here and there in the openings of the lace. The bag was lined with a bit of blue satin, left over from the dress and was drawn up with blue silk cords. Considering the small cost it was a wonder.

Nothing makes more exquisite bags for street, opera or any other use than the bits of Chinese and Japanese bands that may often be had for a bargain. One girl recently made a bag out of a piece of Chinese brocade she picked up in an Oriental shop for a small sum, that was the admiration of all who beheld it. It was cut round in shape and lined with a rich gold colored satin and mounted in gilt, in the centre of the frame being set a huge imitation topaz.

Strips of Chinese and Japanese embroidery, that may be found in the shops in short lengths, and therefore at less than half the original price per yard, are, when combined with bits of gold lace or heavy satin ribbon in plain color, ideal for bag making. Single motifs may be cut from these bands, too, and placed on brilliant colored satin with good results.

For street costumes take a piece of the dress material and embroider it richly in a conventional design in heavy self colored, or if you like, contrasting silks, and mount on gun metal or gilt frames, and you have a bag that is not only beautiful but original.

Beaded bags when purchased outright are rather expensive affairs, but, if in your scrap bag, there is a pair of old beaded suspenders, done in the days when such work was fashionable, or the tops of a pair of beaded slippers, kept because the work was so pretty, or even an old beaded stool top hidden away—why get them all out, for they will make desirable bags. The old beaded suspenders may be combined with Persian ribbon or with strips of brocade velvet, mounted in gilt and lined with satin to match the color of the beads, and you will have a handsome and costly bag. The toe part of the slippers will become, under deft fingers, pretty beaded opera bags which, when lined with silk and drawn up with cords will be as pretty as they are serviceable.

So, too, the beaded top of the stool will come in for a bag.

If you prefer to make your own bag, you can find canves bags with quaint old time patterns stamped on them in the shops, one corner of the work being finished for a guide and sufficient beads to finish being included in the piece. With this to go by there is no trouble in making even an elaborate bead bag, which when mounted will have the appearance of an expensive and antique one.

A quaint bag looking exactly like the ones the belles carried a hundred years or so ago is shown in the illustration. The foundation is of white beads, and the design of roses, is done in shaded pink beads. It is lined with rose satin and mounted in gilt. Above this is a bag easily made by the woman who likes bead work. It is made of turquoise heads, the lovely blue shade being brought out by vertical lines of gold beads; the clasp and chain are of gilt. The largest bag in the ilustration was done by a woman after a bag of a generation ago, and is a combination of white, gold, lavender and green beads that is rarely beautiful. The fourth bag, also a home made one, is of pure gold beads and is mounted in gilt and lined with white kid. The fringe at the bottom is enhanced by pear shaped drop gilt beads.

Most of the home made bead bags of today are woven on canvas foundations, although some are crocheted. The canvas work is quicker than the crocheting. For making canvas bags cross stitch patterns can be used, care being used that the bead falls in exactly the right place or the finished piece will not look so well.

A bit of spangled net, either black or

Copied from an old design of turquoise beads with gold bead stripes, white bead ground with pale pink rose design.

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white, laid over white satin, makes pretty bags. In one case, black net over white was used for a bag to carry with a black and white costume with good effect. A bag for a bride was made of a piece of her wedding gown, combined with some of the lace and pearl trimming left over, and was mounted in white, a spray of orange blossoms being embroidered on one side. To match a white gown a piece of Irish crochet lace found in the scrap bag of one woman was laid over a left over portion of Pompadour silk, having a white ground with pale pink and blue flowers, which showed attractively through the meshes of the lace. It was lined with heavy white satin, and in the frame was set imitation turquoises.

From Turkey comes an original idea for bag makers. In the Oriental shops one sees bags made of black and white felt, hand embroidered in gold and silver braid, often with imitation jewels worked into the design, an idea that may be easily and quickly copied by the home bag maker.

Heavy black satin, with the monogram worked in black, blue, pink or gold is good for bags which will go with any costume, and is always in good taste. Pretty bridge purses are made of gold or silver blossom tissue ribbon about two inches wide. The purse is four inches long when finished. It is lined with a pale shade of ribbon and edged with gold cord; and the old kid glove tops that most women throw away may either be converted into small bags, or used for lining bags. Then, too, they make pretty spectacle cases for the grandmother's glasses or may be utilized for tiny jewel bags.

Tooled leather tapestry bag with gold embroidered initials.

One woman who found an old moth eaten Paisley shawl among her mother-in-law's effects, took the best part and made several hand bags. Mounted in French gray enamel and lined in soft dark colors, they were works of art, and the shawl that would have been cast aside, was converted into something useful.

The most beautiful and original bag was made by the wife of a taxerdermist who decided that she could have a beautiful and useful bag from the breasts of teal ducks. Everyone knows how beautiful are the green and bluish tints of the feathers of the wild duck, now shimmering a peacock blue, now a green. The breast of the ducks were carefully skinned that not a feather might be displaced and treated, appearing when ready like small fur skins. They were then sewn to a bag foundation some eight inches long by six deep, side by side, making an entire feather bag, the soft edges of the feathers forming a sort of fringe at the bottom. On the side of the bag supposed to be the front two duck heads, or at least most of the heads, the top crest of shimmering feathers and the bills, were fastened on the same manner as the heads and paws of animals are sewn on muffs or boas. These heads were lined with dull green silk so that when they flopped up they were neat. The mounting was of gilt set with fresh water pearls and the chain also had pearls set along it. Dark green silk lined the bag.

For mourning wear bags of dull black silk or made of dull black beads are good. They are mounted on black frames or drawn up with black silk cords.

More ambitious women are making themselves bags of tooled leather after their own designs and having them mounted in the shops. The tooled bag shown in the picture was tinted a soft green, shading from a delicate shade to a rich dark shade, the design showing a tree leaning over a bit of water. Green satin was used for lining. A bag just finished is one of the most beautiful bits of home baggery I have ever seen and yet the cost was almost nothing. This bag which was made of brown brocaded silk was cut long and narrower at the bottom than at the top. The lower half of the bag is covered with a remnant of gold lace and little topaz nail heads (imitation, at ten cents a dozen are applied to the top part matching in design the lace design. A gold cord is run through brass rings button holed with brown silk. This bag is made to be worn with a brown costume.

In fact, when all is said and done, the bag of the hour is not the bag purchased in the shop for a goodly sum but the bag made at home which bears the stamp of the originality of the owner.

The Constancy of Christ.

"Having loved His own that were in the world, He loved them unto the end." John 13:1.

The constancy of the love of Jesus is here declared. His love is unlike ours in that when it finds a change it does not change.

The disciples, even as they were first called, were no easy objects of their Master's love. They were dull of heart and slow to believe. And, indeed, one of their reasons in entering upon the service of the Lord was that they expected personal, worldly advantages to come to them from the connection.

But still, in spite of what they were, He might have loved them—loved them for what He hoped they might become.

A man can love his friends not only for what they are, but also for what he expects they will be. And a leader can love his followers not only for what they have already achieved, but also for what he hopes they will achieve. He can look around upon the band of new recruits, young, raw, and all untried as yet, and love them. For have they not been gathered to do service for his ideals? And are they not animated with his purpose? And as they respond to his words of appeal with shouts of loyalty, he sees in vision the glorious victory they will one day win together.

But every earthly leader finds it hard to love his followers when, under the stress of danger or of the ordinary toil of the day, they break down and do false and sordid deeds. And every man finds it difficult to continue to regard as a friend one to whom he has committed the secrets of his soul, only to discover that they have been despised and profaned.

And the disciples of Jesus were both His followers and His friends. He might indeed love Peter and James and John and the rest, even including Judas, when they were still recent in His service and had not yet disclosed their despicable traits of character. It is true that they were not yet men after his own heart, but He could hope to train them.

But when they had been with Him in all His journeyings for those three years—had seen Him in all His ministry of love, had listened to all His gracious words of wisdom, and then—instead of being His loyal, steadfast followers, had planned to turn His work to personal advantage and thus destroy the very cause they had undertaken to establish, how could Jesus continue to love them?

Jesus knew that the one important interest in the minds of James and John was to profit by the intimacy with which He had honored them, and without the knowledge of the other ten, get the chief places in His kingdom for themselves. And He knew that Peter, in spite of all his lusty assurances of devotion, would, in the face of ridicule and uncertainty, deny his Master three times and become a veritable Satan. And He Knew that Judas, who had been the trusted custodian of His poor-fund, and who, in the presence of his Lord's disinterestedness, had become consumed with the love of money, was now waiting his opportunity to sell Him to His enemies for thirty pieces of silver.

Surely He had cast His pearls before swine that they might turn again and rend Him. Surely He would now repent of His generosity.

No. "Having loved His own that were in the world, He loved them unto the end."

Six Months Without Darning!

It's Guaranteed

Here are hose for men, women and children—and six pairs are guaranteed to wear without holes, rips or tears for six months. If any pairs wear out, we give you new hose free. We give you a signed-in-ink guarantee and a return coupon for each of the six pairs. These are the famous Holeproof Hose that have sold so phenomenally in the United States. 9,0000,000 pairs will be worn this year. 95 per cent of these hose, last year, outlasted the six months' guarantee.

We pay for yarn an average of seventy cents per pound. Common yarn sells for thirty cents.

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$60,000 a Year for Inspection

We spend more than $60,000 a year merely for inspection—to see that each pair is perfectly made. These hose are light weight, soft and sheer as any cotton hose on the market. With all their advantages they sell at common hose prices. You save nothing by buying hose that wear out in one-sixth of the time "Holeproof" last. Don't darn any more when there is no need to. Get "Holeproof" today. If your dealer hasn't "Holeproof" on sale, send the money to us in any convenient way and we'll send you what you want, charges prepaid.

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FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

How to Order

Choose your color, grade and size from the list below and state clearly just what you wish. One size and one grade in each box. Colors only may be assorted as desired. Six pairs are guaranteed six months except when stated otherwise.

Men's Socks—Sizes 9½ to 12. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, navy blue, gun-metal, mulberry. In light weight, 6 pairs $1.50 (same in medium weight in above colors and in black with white feet, 6 pairs $1.50) Light and extra light weight (mercerized), 6 pairs $2.00. Light and extra light weight LUSTRE SOX, 6 pairs $3.00. Pure thread-silk sox, 3 pairs (guaranteed *three* months) $2.00. Medium worsted merino in black, tan, pearl, navy and natural, 6 pairs $2.00. Same in finer grades, 6 pairs $3.00.

Women's—Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: black light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00. Same colors (one of black with white feet) in light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $3.00. Light weights in black, tan, and gun-metal, 6 pairs $2.00. Same in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $3.00. Same in pure thread-silk $3.00 for 3 pairs (guaranteed *three* months). Outsizes in black, medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00, and in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $3.00.

Children's—Sizes 5½ to 10½ for boys, 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors: black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00.

Infants' Sox—Colors tan, baby blue, white and pink. Sizes 4 to 7. Four pairs (guaranteed six months) $1.00. Ribbed-leg stockings, in same colors and black, sizes 4 to 6½, 4 pairs (guaranteed six months) $1.00.

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Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
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Don't wait. Save the next six months of darning. Send in order now, while you think of it. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

TO DEALERS—Write for our agency proposition. Excellent opportunity. Thousands of dealers in U. S. making big hosiery sales with "Holeproof."

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Are Your Hose Insured?

(213)

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Why suffer with these unsightly blemishes when they can be completely cured and the skin left clean and pure as before. My Ideal Acne Cure has cured hundreds of cases and I can cure YOU. Write for booklet or call for free consultation.

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for one-half the Cost, is made by dissolving White Sugar in Water and adding

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the popular flavoring. It also flavors Puddings, Cake Frostings, Candies, etc. Grocers sell Mapleine. If not, send 50 cents for 2 oz. bottle.

CRESCENT MFG. CO. Seattle, Wash.

I WAS A SIGHT FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

I Cured It Quickly, So It Never Returned

I Will Send Free to Any Other Woman the Secret of how they too can Remove all Trace

For years I was the victim of a horrid hair growth on my face. I knew I was a sight and every time I met another woman with this "mannish" mark and saw how it spoiled her looks, I became the more distracted, for I had tried all the pastes, powders, liquids, and other "hair-removers" seemingly highly endorsed, that I had ever heard of, but always with the same unsatisfactory result. My time, money and patience were about exhausted, when a friend persuaded me to try a secret from Japan, almost against my will, for I had little faith owing to former experiences.

What was my amazement when I found that it actually did what was claimed for it. It was so simple that it took but a few minutes time to work a complete transformation in my appearance. Any woman who is troubled with superfluous hair can readily appreciate what a difference it would make to her looks if it were removed, for no woman can be beautiful if she is afflicted with a hairy growth on her face, neck or arms. My experience with this wonderful remedy was so remarkable that I feel it my duty to put my sensitive feelings aside and tell my experience to my sisters in distress, in order that they may profit by it, and not waste their time and money on worthless "concoctions" as I did.

Therefore, to any lady who will write me within the next few days and who will send me a two-cent stamp for actual return postage, I will send quite free in a plain, sealed envelope, full information which will enable you to forever end all trace of embarrasing hair by the wonderful method that cured me. Address your letter, Mrs. Caroline Osgood (Suite 998 B. V.) 118 East 28th St., New York City.

The Home Doctor.

Stimulants.

That man is a maniac, a deliberate sucide, who drinks tea, coffee, or ardent spirits of any kind to induce him to perform a work in hand, when he feels too weak to go through without such aid. This is the reason that the majority of great orators and public favourites die drunkards. The pulpit, the bench, the bar, the forum, have contributed their legions of victims to drunken habits. The beautiful woman, the sweet singer, the conversationalist, the periodical writer, have filled, but too often, a drunkard's grave. Now that the press has become such a great power in the land, when the magazine must come out on a certain day, and the daily newspapers at a fixed hour, nothing waits, everything must give way to the inexorable call for copy, and, sick or well, disposed or indisposed, asleep or awake, the copy must come; the writer must compose his article, whether he feels like it or not, and if he is not in the vein of writing, he must whip himself up to it by the stimulus of drink. Some of the greatest writers have confessed to the practice on urgent occasions, of taking a sip of brandy at the end of every written page or even oftener.

The best possible thing for a man to do, when he feels too tired to perform a task or too weak to carry it through, is to go to bed and sleep for a week if he can; this is the only true recuperation of brain power; the only actual renewal of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a sense of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood which takes the place of those which have been consumed in previous labour, since the very act of thinking consumes, burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the splendid steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the feul in the furnace. That supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutrient particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can but receive and appropriate to itself those nutrient particles during the state of rest, of quiet and stillness in sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves —they only goad the brain, and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so fully exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply; just as men are so near death by thirst or starvation, that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and all is over. The incapacity of the brain for receiving recuperative particles sometimes comes on with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning, and the man becomes mad in an instant; in an instant falls into convulsions, in an instant loses sense, and is an idiot. It was under circumstances of this very sort, in the very middle of a sentence of great oratorical power, one of the most eminent minds of the age forgot his ideas, pressed his hand against his forehead, and after a moment's silence said, "God, as with a sponge, has blotted out my mind." Be assured readers, "There is rest for the weary," only in early and abundant sleep; and wise and happy are they who have firmness enough to resolve that "By God's help I will seek it in no other way."

Keep Warm.—Many a fatal case of dysentry is caused by the want of a woollen undershirt, or an extra blanket at night. The sudden changes of temperature which occur at this season of the year are very trying to the constitution. People with weak lungs quickly feel the effects of them. Frequently the thermometer falls many degrees within a few hours. Not only the feeble, but robust and strong, persons suffer from such great variations of temperature. When the weather grows cold rapidly, the pores of the skin are suddenly closed, and the result frequently is a bad cold, which may hold on all the winter, and terminate in consumption or a fatal attack of dysentry, or that fearful disease, typhoid fever. There are many ready-made coffins at the cabinet shops and undertaker's—little, short, tiny, coffins—which are going to be filled up soon by children, some of them as sweet and beautiful as anybody's—as your own; and, just think of it, these coffins might be left in the undertaker's, and the children in their bright homes, if warm shoes and stockings, warm clothes and woollen blankets, were more plentiful.

Exercise.—Exercise, to be most profitable, ought to be as far as possible not systematic and taken for its own sake, but spontaneous and incidental to some occasion of either business or amusement. So intimate is the connection between mind and body, that it is difficult to benefit the latter unless while relieving and pleasantly occupying the former. To the lawyer, merchant, student, or indeed anyone whose mind is deeply engrossed by his occupation, there is a marvellous efficacy in a journey among new scenes, which, while it restores the physique, at the same time affords immense relief to the jaded spirit. Exercise must not be allowed to become a toil, but must be accompanied by a sense of that which sweetens all labor, the sense of progress and some object gained.

A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well- arranged house exerts a moral inuence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, in which none of the decencies of life are observed, contributes to make inhabitants selfish, sensual and regardless of the feelings of others, and the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal.

How Baby Got His Bottle.

The baby's feeding-bottle is commonly regarded by fond mothers as being a comparatively modern invention.

Nothing of the sort, madam, let us assure you. It is as old as old can be. In the archaic room in the British Museum there are feeding-bottles that were used by babies in the days when Greece was young. And in the Louvre is one from an Egyptian mummy tomb, that may conceivably have been used to comfort the infant Moses, what time he was adrift upon the Nile in his ark of bulrushes.

And even these, it is fair to assume, had their predecessors, possibly far back in the remote dawn of the human race. The only thing that is quite certain is that the baby comes before the bottle, not the bottle before the baby.

Made of Red Clay.

True, archaeologists do not call these survivals from a far distant past feeding-bottles. To do so would be to depart from that tradition, so dear to the true scientist, which bids him wrap up the most easily understandable things in non-understandable language. He terms them tetinae. But there is no doubt whatever as to their origin and use.

Tetinae are of many shapes, and of various material, but for the most part they are made of a kind of red clay, baked to the hardness of stone or glass. Some are shaped like animals, notably sheep or goats. Others have been unearthed which are obviously intended to represent gourds or cocoanuts.

This is significant. Was the first feeding bottle a gourd emptied of its contents, or a big juicy nut plucked ripe from the parent tree? Very likely. Indeed, the cocoanut would obviously constitute a natural feeding-bottle, already filled with the proper nourishment for infant stomachs, and with the orifice—three orifices, in fact— waiting for the insertion of the sucking tube. This latter would probably take the form of a piece of bamboo, or the hollow leg bone of some small species of bird.

But from this first primitive contrivance, to the elaborate tetinae unearthed in Egyptian and Etruscan tombs is a long step. These were works of art, beautifully fashioned, elaborately decorated.

Some are painted with pictures of animals, flowers and so forth. Others, of globular shape, are studded all over with curious little protuberances, each with a small hole in it. It is conjectured that these were used to hang tiny silver bells in. The archaic feeding bottle, in short, was not only a feeding bottle, but a picture-book and a rattle into the bargain. Here is a hint for the makers of the modern baby's bottle.

Many ancient tetinae are shaped like birds, the bill constituting the sucking tube. Whether artificial teats

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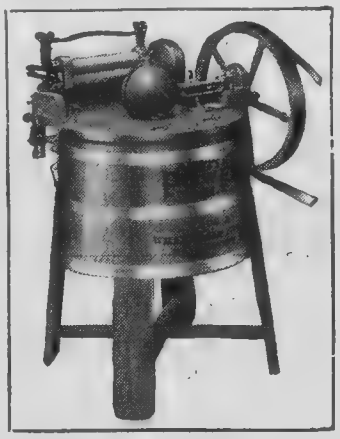
The White Lily Power Washer is the most complete, most durable Power Washer manufactured. It is the only genuine power machine you can buy. Read a few reasons why you should buy a White Lily Power Washer.

It is constructed of the very best material throughout, and is absolutely guaranteed for five years by one of the largest washing machine manufacturers in the United States.

The Wringer and Washer will both operate at the same time. While you are washing one tub full of clothes, another can be rinsed, blued and wrung out.



It is fitted with a special reversible wringer and drip board.

It is so constructed that the operator can feed the wringer with her right hand, nearly all others are left-handed.

All gears are absolutely covered.

The tub is made from a select grade of Louisiana Red Cypress.

The price of The White Lily Power Washer is within the reach of all.

Write for particulars and prices, it will surprise you how little this machine costs.

The White Lily Power Washer is guaranteed, and we will replace any defective parts free of all charges, for a period of **five years.**

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Household Specialties. 419 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG, MAN.

were attached is a matter of doubt. Probably not, seeing that rubber is almost the only substance that can be used for the purpose, and that rubber was unknown to the ancients. Besides, the rubber tube and teat is a comparatively modern innovation, even in the feeding bottle as it exists to-day. The first specimens were tubeless and teatless, and looked very much like teapots, except that the spout was closed save for six or seven holes the size of a pin point.

Through these exceedingly minute orifices the infant was supposed by force of suction, to extract the milk within. One such, dating from Elizabethan times, and which is now in possession of the Mayhew family, is known to have been in regular use as late as the reign of George II.

Others of these early British, teapot-shaped tetinae have handles to them at right angles to the feeding-spout; and a very beautiful pair that were unearthed near Warrington in 1869 have the handles placed in opposite direction, as if one vessel were meant to be held in the right hand, and the other in the left, of some ambibextrous nurse engaged in giving nourishment to twins.

A Typical Case.

A woman physician was consulted in her office one summer day by a girl mother and a middle-aged grandmother, who had brought with them an infant, a swaddling roll in a woollen shawl. The physician unpinned the shawl blanket and threw it to the floor. The next layer removed included a mesh-like woolen veil from over the infant's face, a wadded silk finished and silk lined baby bonnet tied with broad, stiffly starched ties, and an ordinary wadded infant's merino cloak with a double-decked cape. These went into the shawl on the floor, and the doctor proceeded next to remove a little knitted sack. Next came the long, starched and beruffled white dress. Next, three starched petticoats variously weighted with embroidery and with wide, lap over and closely pinned waistbands, each in turn consigned to the heap on the floor. Next an embroidered flannel skirt, and then the barrow coat.

Into the shawl on the floor were dropped in turn a baby's shirt of the triple fold variety, that binds around and ties in the front; next the regulation flannel band, two squares of canton flannel, knitted bootees and a long pair of merino stockings drawn up to the thighs after the fashion of leggings.

"Just how many pounds were in the bundle on the floor I do not know," says the doctor, "only that the load was a heavy one for the older woman to carry away when she left the office, and I pointed a moral concerning her strength as compared with the infant's."

The baby was sponged over lightly by the physician, its parched mouth cleansed, simple treatment prescribed, and it was sent away in the lightest of its litle flannel skirts and the little sack and with a handkerchief loosely knotted over its head.

"I told the women to keep it cool and comfortable until evening, when I would come to the home and further prescribe," says the doctor. "I was detained until dusk. When I entered the home—not what might be termed a poor one by any means — I nearly smothered. Windows were closed in the bedroom where the infant lay, the fire was burning, the lamp was glowing and under a comfort and a couple of quilts, dressed as it had left the office, handkerchief, woollen skirt and little jacket the poor baby lay gasping its last."

A Feeding Bottle of Gold.

Reverting to more ancient types, it is worthy of note that a difference of opinion exists regarding what, if it be really a tetinae, is without doubt the most beautiful and costly baby's feeding bottle ever made. This unique specimen, which is of Etruscan workmanship, is preserved in the Museum in the Vatican at Rome.

It is of thin beaten gold, elaborately chased, and is practically priceless. In shape it is something like a covered-in sauce-boat, with a long tapering spout, and this has given rise to the theory that it is not a genuine tetinae, but was used in ancient times to replenish with oil the sacred lamps on the altar of some early heathen god.

Be this as it may, it is beyond dispute that silver tetinae, at all events, were in use amongst the Greeks and Romans, for many such have been unearthed. In Egypt, too, tetinae made from an amalgam of the two metals have been found, and in some few cases these have contained tiny calcined bones.

This has led some antiquarians to infer that, occasionally at all events, the prehistoric feeding bottle may have been utilized as a cinerary urn for preserving the ashes of the infant to whose use it had been dedicated during life.

Insomnia.

A nervous woman who suffers intensely from insomnia, says that she finds she can always get to sleep if she lies almost upon her face. She just turns one cheek, to bring her nose to the surface, as it were, so that she can breath easily, and then she is in the easiest posture that she can assume for real rest

No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach

A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impairs digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

Such a man should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, nourishes the nerves, and so GIVES HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO THE WHOLE BODY.

You can't afford to accept a *secret* nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Ingredients printed on wrapper.

Notes.

Surf bathers and those who dive, do not sufficiently heed the warning that for either amusement the ears should be protected from the water by cotton plugs.

Hiccoughs in babies, while not serious, are rather uncomfortable and distressing. They are caused by a spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm. A very simple means of relief is to place upon the tongue a few grains of granulated suger, which, as they dissolve, pass slowly down the throat. This or a little hot water given in a dropper very slowly will cause a cessation of these paroxysms.

Well Worth Knowing.—We had an accident happen at our house a short time ago, writes a correspondent of the Farmer's Voice, which I think well worth telling. Our little boy, aged two and one-half years, put a Damson plum seed up his nose, and in trying to get it out had pushed it so far up the nostril that only the tip of the seed could be seen. After trying different ways to extract it, and only succeeding in pushing it further up, we took him to the doctor, who merely put one finger on the opposite nostril to close it and blew up his mouth; the seed dropped out on his lip. We were more than willing to pay the fifty cents charged for the knowledge of this simple remedy, and it may be worth just as much to many parents, who, like us, live many miles from a doctor.

AN UP-TO-DATE PLANT.

In the big conflagration which occurred in Toronto in April, 1904, several hundred concerns, some of them large, some medium and some small in size, were practically put out of business. In the former class E. W. Gillett Co., was numbered. A few months after the fire they moved into their fine, up-to-date factory, which, at that time, looked to be sufficiently large for a good many years. The demand however for this Company's goods has been so great that they are now forced to either erect a new plant or enlarge their present one. The latter could have been done as they owned adjoining vacant property, 50 ft. frontage by 186 ft. in depth, but even the additional space gained in this way would only likely be sufficient for the next four or five years. The management of the Company decided to deal with question in a large way, and placed their property on the market, within a few days a sale had been made to the old reliable W. R. Brock concern.

The Gillett Company are now dealing with plans for a large, new plant which will be located somewhere on a railway, and this plant will likely consist of several buildings. Besides manufacturing Magic Baking Powder and their other well known specialties, it is the intention to manufacture boxes, tin cans, paper boxes and everything of this kind, as well as to grind corn and other raw materials used in the business. The Company calculate it will take about fifteen months to get their new plant into running order.

Wingold Special Bargains

For Western Home Monthly Readers

The Ideal Household

Blue Polished Steel Range

The Best Family Steel Range Made $46.75

Burns Wood or Coal

Handsome in appearance, substantially constructed of Wellsville blue polished Steel. Most economical fuel consumption, perfect baker, guaranteed large full sized oven 20x20x13 inch, full swell double wall oven door fitted with accurate oven thermometer, heavy fire box, sectional linings ventilated. Take 24 inch wood, duplex grates with double shaker bars, pouch feed and poker door, encased copper reservoir capacity 9½ gals., fine large high closet, extra smooth nickeled trimmings. Shipping weight 550 lbs.

Retails at $85. Wingold wholesale price to consumer $46.75. Thirty Days' Free Trial Given. Order from this ad., with the understanding, should you not be satisfied after 30 days use that you have the handsomest and best steel range made, return it at our expense and we will refund purchase price and freight charges paid by you.

Send your Orders from this advt. subject to our Guarantee of satisfaction or refund of purchase money and freight charges.

Wingold Stove Co., McDermot Ave., WINNIPEG

$16.90 Buys this LARGE HANDSOME DAVENPORT BED SOFA

SPECIAL FOR AUGUST ONLY

Solid Oak Frame

No. 12-700—The frame of this high grade Davenport is made of solid oak, finished golden. As a sofa it is 72 inches long and 24 inches deep; as a bed it is 72 inches long and 48 inches wide. Has a tufted spring seat and back containing 28 high carbon steel springs. The construction is strictly high grade throughout. Filling is a fine grade of tow with a cotton top. Heavy duck canvas over springs. Nothing is omitted that can be accomplished by first class workmanship. The coverings used on this davenport are of the highest grade in the latest designs. This davenport cannot be excelled at twice the price. Weight 150 lbs.

Covered in Velour, Hard Edge	***$16.90***
Covered in Velour, Spring Edge	***17.65***
Covered in Pantasote, Spring Edge	***19.25***
Covered in Verona, Spring Edge	***18.95***

Sunday Reading.

A Prayer.

Grace for my daily tasks
  Grant me, O Lord!
That I in each may still
  Obey Thy word.
Grace for the swift assaults
  Of sense and sin:
That I, a victor, may
  Have peace within.
Grace for the sudden stroke
  Of pain or grief;
Oh! let Thy presence then
  Bring sweet relief.
Grace for the weary days
  Of waiting age,
If Thou dost lengthen out
  My pilgrimage.
Grace for the dying hour;
  Let me not fear:
But loving, hoping, trusting,
  My Saviour near.
Grace, above all, to see
  How best I can,
By help or comfort, aid
  My fellow man.

The Pacific.

The Parable of the Sower.

Joseph W. Marsh.

The parable of the sower has two applications which we are very apt to confuse. Let us therefore first attempt carefully to distinguish between these in order that the whole force of the immediate teaching may be realized.

Matthew and Mark both give an account of the parabolic teaching of Jesus concerning the Kingdom specially given immediately following upon the controversy with the Pharisees, when they attributed His mighty works to Satanic agency. Mathew's account is much fuller than that of Mark, and a careful study of the whole of this thirteenth chapter inevitably results in the conclusion that the complete system of teaching in this particular is here chronicled. Both Matthew and Mark give this particular parable of the sower, and they both also give our Lord's explanation thereof. In the Gospel of Luke we also find this parable, and an explanation which Jesus gave to His disciples. In this case, however, the emphasis of interpretation is not that of the explanation as recorded by Matthew and Mark. Without now staying to enter into lengthy discussion of the subject, I simply say that I personally believe that the account as given by Luke refers not to the same occasion, but to another, when the same parable was given. I hold this opinion, because while the parables are practically the same in each case, as I have said, the explanation in Luke differs, but only in emphasis, from that of Matthew and Mark. The two explanations are not contradictory, but mutually explanatory; and they reveal the two applications which I have already referred to, both of which must be recognized in order to an appreciation of all the value of the teaching.

The explanation according to both Matthew and Mark emphasizes the fact that in the interests of the Kingdom in the world, men are the seed thereof. A careful study of each of the records will show this to be the case. The explanation according to Luke emphasizes the fact that the seed which produces the results of the Kingdom in the lives of individual men is that of the Word of God implanted. In passing it may be well to notice that the differing explanations harmonize entirely with the differing values of the Gospels according to these men. Whereas Matthew is peculiarly the Gospel of the Kingdom, and presents Jesus as King; and Mark is the Gospel of His healing of creation, and presents Him as the servant of God completing His service by sacrifice; they recorded the occasion when the emphasis of Christ's explanation was upon the value to the age and to the world, of such as, in their own experience, realized the Kingdom of God. The Gospel according to Luke has to do with personal human salvation, and presents Christ as the Perfect Man. The emphasis here is fittingly, therefore, upon the value of the Word of God as producing Kingdom results in the life of the individual.

The two values may therefore thus be stated. The word of God is the seed of the Kingdom, which, being sown in the lives of individual men, produces in them Kingdom results; that is to say, by the living Word of God the actual Kingdom of God is realized in individual life. Such men, thus realizing in their own lives the Kingdom, become the seed of the Kingdom in the world, producing the results of the Kingdom wherever they are planted. Or more briefly, the Word of life becomes incarnate in the lives of men, and thus wins its victories in the world at large.

The Golden Text which has been selected lays emphasis on that application which is initial, the one which Christ made in the explanation which Luke has recorded. So far from this being out of harmony with the other, it is most important, as is at once discovered, when the larger purpose is borne in mind. It is only as the seed of the Word becomes the master-principle of life in individual men, producing its gracious harvests through them, that the victories of the Kingdom can be won in the world at large. For these victories the field of the world is planted with the sons of the Kingdom. Men become sons of the Kingdom when the seed of the Word is planted within them.

The important matter then for us in the application of the teaching of this lesson is that we should understand the first individual responsibility. That is, that the Work should be received with meekness; that is that it should not only be intellectually apprehended, but yielded to in all its demands, in order that it may realize itself in the life. The difficulty is created by what James describes graphically as "filthiness and overflowing of wickedness." The Word of God which is the seed if life is also the law of absolute purity. It may be known theoretically, and its perfection may be admired, but it is only received with meekness when its claims are yielded to; and this involves the turning away from, and the abandonment of, all the evil which it rebukes.

The issue of such turning from wickedness by the reception with meekness of the Word is the salvation of the life. The Word of God is ever quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword, to adopt another figure. Its entrance means a clear and sharp division between the things which destroy and those which fulfill. It is the force which, when yielded to, realizes the original purposes of God in the lives of all men. Such realization is salvation. Lives thus saved become the implanted seeds of the Kingdom in this age. The broadest outlook upon the history of Christianity is perhaps the simplest method of illustration. All that in which the kingdoms of this world, in any measure approximate to the Divine ideals, is the direct outcome of the presence in the world of those in whom the Word has produced the victory, and through whom that victory has been influential.

Thus the profoundest argument for obedience to the Word is not personal but relative. While the injunction of James, which constitutes the Golden Text of this lesson, lays its emphasis upon the necessity for individual obedience to the Word of God, the whole teaching of the great parable of Jesus being apprehended, we discover that the real reason of the importance of our submission to the Word is, that by such submission, we become the instruments through whom the victories of God are won, in the establishment of His Kingdom in the world.

Canada's Premier enjoying the Coronation Procession—Copyright Central News.

God's Will the Brightest Thing in Our Lives.

God's will is not so much a thing to which we must submit as a thing in which we should glory. It is not a rod beneath which we must bow, but a flag which we may follow. It is the one hopeful, glad and glorious thing in this world. We are too apt to think of the petition, "Thy will be done," as one only to be placed on tombstones and mingled with sobs, when it is rather our battle cry of freedom, our cheer for hope and progress. There is no glad, good thing in all the world, in any day of any single life, but that is the will of God being done. The triumphs, the successses, the hopes, the joys—these are the will of God. There is, indeed, a sense in which these are far more the will of God than the burdens, the tears, the failures, in which are mingled much of the fruit of the feeble, frail and faulty will of man. Let this prayer, then, ring in our anthems; let us shout it in our praises; let us cherish it in our hearts as our exceeding confidence and our great joy: "Thy will, O God, be done."—Sunday School Times.

Perfect Through Suffering.

Rev. W. L. Watkinson.

Glorified humanity attains supreme character. The first man was, at best, an innocent child; the ultimate man shall be made perfect through suffering. Leaving that first garden, we passed into another called Gethsemane, and the latter shall through the grace of Christ, do more for us than Eden could have done. The most wonderful and delightful thing going on in this world to-day is the evolution of character. In trial, manifold and unceasing tribulation, the race is attaining a strength of moral fiber, a depth of goodness, a power and beauty of holiness that shall make it the wonder and pride of heaven. "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes and whence came they? And I said unto him. Sir, though knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." The elder did not point to John, seraph or cherub or archangel; he simply insisted that the entranced apostle should see the perfected saints, for these are the very pride and glory of the upper universe. I remember a remarkable flower show being held in London, when all the flowers exhibited were flowers grown in London. It is not much to grow splendid flowers in privileged places—in places where there is pure air, sweet light, silver dew; but think of growing palms and myrtles, roses and orchids in dingy courts, in murky cellars, in mean backyards, on narrow window-sills, on the tiles among chimney-pots—think of growing prize blossoms in yellow fogs, stifling air and amid the breath of the million. No wonder the queen went to see it; it was one of the most pathetic of shows; a splendid triumph over dark and terrible conditions. So the elder did not fix John's eye on angel or seraph, for these grand flowers sprang and blossomed in the everlasting sunshine of the Throne; he exultingly pointed to the shapes of glory perfected down here in temptation, suffering, tears, struggle, morality, martyrdom. Brethern do not resent the tribulations of the present life, they are working out for you an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. In the power and grace of Christ your sanctified discipline is establishing in the depths of your being a divine and everlasting righteousness. The primitive man was, at the best, an innocent child: made perfect through suffering, you shall be presented faultless before the throne with exceeding great joy.

The Self-Surrender of Love.

Rev. Hugh Black, M.A.

We offer Christ the submission of our hearts and the obedience of our lives and he offers us his abiding presence. We take him as our Master and He takes us His friends. Our Lord takes us up into a relationship of love with himself and we go out into life inspired with his Spirit, to work his work. It begins with the self-surrender of love, and love, not fear or favor, becomes the motive. To feel thus the touch of God on our lives changes the world. Its fruits are joy and peace and confidence that all the events of life are suffused, not only with meaning, but with a meaning of love.

The soul that is bound by this personal attachment to Jesus has a life in the eternal, which transfigures the life in time with a great joy.

"And Forgive us Our Debts."

By Rev. Walter B. Vassar.

He who asks for God's forgiveness should be a thoughtful man. For here as in some other matters clear thinking is imperative. What and how we think about it will determine God's action. He waits on men. He does in the matter of forgiveness pretty much what men want. He may think it best to withhold from us much we think it desirable to have; but when we ask for His forgiveness, He is ready to the measure of our real desire though no further.

Men have thought that in some way the Heavenly Father could in His graciousness seal a pardon for us, and our part of the compact wait. Just where this fallacy in our thinking began, who is responsible for all the vagaries we have entertained, is not so much thought for us now, as it is to be set right.

Let us learn them, that no man has God's forgiveness who has not himself the forgiving spirit. In trying to make evident this truth, Jesus spoke of the servant whose debt was so large he was despairing. The expectancy on the part of his lord, was that with forgiveness of

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Some of the Strong Points Concerning the Northwestern Asbestos Mills Co.

Operating a part of the richest asbestos deposits in the world.

The markets of the whole world for our customers with very little competition.

Mill fibre has an average value of around $85 per ton and cost of production in other fields averages $17.41 per ton.

The uses for asbestos are increasing every day. It is used in all modern buildings; it is the only absolutely heat, flame and sound-proof substance known; it is used for fireproof pipe, brick, tiling for floors, doors and door frames, engine and machinery packing, stove lining, furnace cement, fire-proof cloth, fire-proof theatre curtains, gloves and clothing, fire-proof cord and twine; filtering films, fire-proof stove-pipe shields, table covers, shingles, plaster, etc.; fire-proof lamp wicks, electrical insulation; fire-proof flat irons, stove and table mats and thousands of other purposes.

It is being used more every day in the construction of passenger and sleeping cars, war vessels and tall buildings. In fact, it has a world-wide demand. It is something, then, which will bring an income constantly to our company and we have the only workable western field known to-day. You can see, therefore, the great possibilities of an investment in our stock. It will pay you to look into this matter fully and at once.

The Fields and the Mill

The corporation is operating in the Wyoming asbestos fields, which are known as one of the richest deposits in the world. We have already a mammoth mill for fiberizing almost completed and expect to increase our capacity in the near future. Already we have orders on hand for more fibers than we can get out. Our company is in excellent condition. We have arrangements with the International Asbestos Mills & Power Company to market our product, therefore we have only to give our attention to producing it. We fully expect to be paying substantial dividends in a very short time.

Join Us and Share the Profits

We are placing this stock through public subscription, the same as most of the big stocks of the country have been placed, which gives you an opportunity to join the enterprise and share in the advance which comes with the development of the property and the growth of the business. In estimating the profits, we take the average value of the marketable product which is about $25 a ton in Western markets. The cost of production in Canadian fields, which have been operating for years, averages $17.41 per ton. We believe we can equal or exceed this cost. You can see at once that there is a great profit in this product and since we have thousands of tons of asbestos rock on the dumps and in the pits ready to be worked, the profits should last for years.

The Uses of Asbestos

Every day the uses of asbestos are increasing Wherever a substance is needed which must be light and absolutely fire-proof, asbestos is used. Then the asbestos rock is ground up and made into an asbestos cement, which has still further increased its use. Buildings, battleships, sleeping cars, all now require a certain amount of asbestos fibre or asbestos cement and the more its fire-proof qualities are realized, the more asbestos is required. Its use is becoming world-wide and since the deposits are scarce the "supply and demand" feature of this business is ideal, exceedingly favorable to our company.

Men Back of the Enterprise

Closest Investigation Solicited

This company courts the closest investigation and we want all to know about our company, our holdings, and the character of the business men back of the enterprise. Mr. W. A. Fisher, the president of the company, is an experienced business man and financier. He is a hard worker, very aggressive. Mr. Fisher has secured the services of C. H. Parker, M.E., of Thetford, Canada, who has had years of experience in the asbestos business and is considered the best posted man on the mining of asbestos in the world. At Thetford, Canada, he had charge of one of the largest asbestos companies in this country.

Mr. Henry C. Beeler is the consulting engineer of the company. He was state geologist of Wyoming for eight years and personally and professionally stands high in the mining world. The company invites all to write the standard commercial agencies in regard to the company and the men back of it.

The Markets for Asbestos

The Wyoming asbestos fields are on the Chicago & Northwestern road in Wyoming, which connects with all roads of the country and to the south, to Galveston, Texas, at tidewater. Thus the company can load its asbestos fibre and crude asbestos on shipboard for German and English ports, and in fact any part of the world. Mr. Fisher has recently secured low freight rates from the Colorado & Southern and the Chicago Northwestern railways, allowing the company to place its product in Denver for $3 per ton, in Omaha for $3 per ton and in Chicago for $5 per ton.

Stock and Payments

The present price of Northwestern Asbestos Mills Company shares is fifteen cents. The price will gradually be raised as the property develops and we firmly believe it will do as well as the International Asbestos shares which are quoted at several hundred per cent above the initial offering. Stock can be purchased for cash or on instalments. Five per cent discount is allowed for cash. On all subscriptions sent in direct from this ad. we allow thirty days investigation, and then if you are not satisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

It is definitely and positively stipulated that to avail yourself of the 15 cent stock your letter must bear the postmark not later than 15th inst. If for any reason this announcement reaches you too late, wire your reservation at our expense. Below is the money-saving, money making coupon.

"All About Asbestos"

We publish a little booklet called "All About Asbestos," which we are glad to send without charge to any one who sincerely wishes to look into the proposition. We urge you by all means to send for this booklet and learn about this interesting industry which is growing every day. Don't delay, fill out the coupon below and send it in to-day, as otherwise you may be too late. Better send cash with your order as you will have thirty days to investigate.

Nine Hundred per Cent on Your Investment

Asbestos has been aptly termed the dividend paying industry.

Asbestos investments are certainly big payers.

One timely and more or less familiar illustration will serve to show the exceptionally large money making possibilities in Asbestos.

The International Asbestos Company is, so to speak, a sister corporation of the Northwestern Asbestos Company. The speedy success of the International has been phenomenal.

Both are Wyoming corporations, and undoubtedly the accomplishments of the one will be duplicated by the other.

Not much over one year ago International Asbestos was selling at 10 cents a share.

It is NOW SELLING AT $1.00 PER SHARE, and we are able to state that International will within a few weeks advance to $1.50 A SHARE.

Buying this stock at 10 cents and selling it at $1.00, in the matter of about eighteen months, MEANS 900 PER CENT ON YOUR MONEY.

Can you beat this for large and quick profits?

Nor is this all—International has already paid its fortunate shareholders TWO DIVIDENDS from the earnings of the company, notwithstanding that the company is comparatively young yet.

Northwestern Asbestos goes to 25 cents at midnight on the 15th day of this month, and only a few shares will be offered at this price. Catch it before it gets into double figures—just a few short months, and it is safe to say that this stock will be selling on a par with International, if not at higher figures.

Buy Northwestern Asbestos at 15 cents, and sell it at $1.00 a share and YOU WILL MAKE OVER 650 PER CENT ON YOUR INVESTMENT—in addition to the dividends you receive.

Look at the record of International, and you can safely count on Northwestern duplicating in every way its profit-making career.

Tie to a winner.

A-S-B-E-S-T-O-S is synonymous to S-A-F-E-T-Y and to P-R-O-F-I-T.

You cannot possibly refrain from availing yourself of AN INVESTMENT PROMISING FROM 650 TO 1000 PER CENT on your money.

We reiterate, asbestos is the dividend-payi g, stock-profit industry.

Everyone admits that Northwestern Asbestos has just as great possibilities, just as immense prospects as International—and you can to-day buy Northwestern at 15 cents a share.

There never was presented such a stupendous money-making security as Northwestern Asbestos at the present low price.

Buy this stock at 15 cents, and BUY IT ALL THE WAY UP TO $1.00 a share, and how can you help make money?

Instalment Terms

Northwestern Asbestos can be bought on the instalment plan in ten equal monthly payments, at the following terms, until October 1, 1911:

$ 3.00	down and	$ 3.00	a month secures	200 shares
7.50	down and	7.50	a month secures	500 shares
15.00	down and	15.00	a month secures	1,000 shares
30.00	down and	30.00	a month secures	2,000 shares
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the debt there would come the spirit of the whole matter. But not so. This man who had been so greatly in debt, went out, and meeting other servants who were in debt to him, demanded full pay. And Jesus says, and we need to mark the language: "And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors till he should pay all that was due."

There is no Scripture better known, yet so little regarded as that which says: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." And it is not so much the forgiving others what they owe us which insures for us the forgiveness of God: for the spirit of the whole matter lies very, very largely in the mind of God. We may know if we have "part and lot" in it when we find what it means for us. It will be what we call making new the disposition of the soul.—The Watchman.

Lo, I am With You Always.

A busy woman entered her room hastily as twilight shades were falling—went directly to her desk, turned on the gas, and began to write. Page after page she wrote. The solitude became oppressive. She wheeled her chair around, and with a shock of joyful surprise looked squarely into the face of her dearest friend, lying on the lounge at her side. "Why, I didn't know you were here!" she cried. "Why didn't you speak to me?" Because you were so busy. You didn't speak to me." So with Jesus—here all the time. The room is full of Him, always ready to greet us with a smile—but we are so

A Census Man in Alberta.

busy. But when the solitude grows oppresive we suddenly turn, and lo, He is at our side. We speak to Him and He speaks to us, and the soul's deepest yearnings are satisfied.—Exchange.

A Live Christ.

One day the late Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, was writing a sermon, and when half-way through, the thought of the living and risen Lord broke in upon him as it had never done before. "Christ is alive!" I said to myself, "alive!" and then I paused. "Alive!" And then I paused again. "Alive!" Can that really be true? Living, as really as I myself am. I got up and walked about, repeating, "Christ is living! Christ is living!" At first it seemed strange and hardly true, but at last it came upon me as a burst of sudden glory. It was to me a new discovery. I thought all along I had believed it, but not until that moment did I feel sure about it. For months afterwards the one great theme of his preaching was the living Christ.

Jesus' Teaching as to Prayer.

Prayer seemed difficult to many a century ago, and continues so to others now, because they think of God as far away. For these there is a gulf to bridge and though they feel no doubt at all of God's power to do anything he chooses in the sphere of man's experience, he seems far out of reach and difficult to move to their desire. Now the difficulty with many in their thought of prayer is just the opposite one. They think of God as too near, dwelling in and working with the world and limited by its laws. Prayer to Him as the soul behind the appearances of the world is quite as difficult as prayer to a creator far removed. The telescope fails to discover Him, the microscope cannot find him. The far distant God and indwelling spirit of what we see and handle are both out of focus to our human spirit.

In his teaching about prayer Jesus avoids both difficulties by holding our thought within the sphere of familiar personal relations. All that God's fatherhood means we cannot know, but certainly it cannot mean less than our own human fatherhood. In the method of argument which Jesus used again and again it must mean more. He climbs from the imperfection of our parental love to the love and care of the perfect father of our spirits. We have a right to come as children. Without that claim we cannot come at all. The family relation explains and justifies the experiences and results of prayer, for it enables us to put the Father's will, the need and good of all before our own individual desires.

Our faith is the faith of children. Our relation to God and to the household of God will not allow us to be discouraged or forgetful. Persevering prayer is a social duty, because it is the tie which holds us to our brothers through the common love of the heavenly Father. To cease from prayer is to cease from intercession, and that we dare not and would not do while we count ourselves members of the family of God. The whole church of God is bound in one by common prayers ascending from all hearts and meeting in the heart of God. We cannot remember God without remembering our brother also, and linking his needs with ours. The thought of the kingdom is a thought of brotherhood, because our Father is the king.

These thoughts of family affection and the Father's house which Jesus has forever linked with prayer explains also His deliberate insistence upon forgiving as a prerequisite of being forgiven. For the unpardoning spirit puts us at once outside the happy family life and outside of likeness to our Father. His forgiveness is ready for us, but it cannot take effect until we are like Him in readiness to forgive. The unforgiving spirit is an unsocial spirit. It is in imitation of God's forgiveness that we forgive; when we refuse the circuit is broken not only between us and our brother, but, on the other side, between us and God.—Congregationalist.

Life Indeed.

God has been wrestling with you patiently and lovingly for many years. He has sought by the prosperity and happiness that He has sent you to make you conscious of His tender love and care and to draw you to Him by the cords of gratitude. And when you failed to perceive Him in the daylight, He has met you in the darkness. He has thrown His strong arm around you and still you have not known Him. He has wounded you—He has had to wound you—because you struggled against Him. Can you not now see that it is He? Oh, if men only knew that God is not their enemy, but their best friend! If instead of holding Him off or trying to break away from His embrace, they would cling to Him, as Jacob did, exclaiming: "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me!" As soon as that prayer is offered the blessing comes and the morning breaks. There would have been no need of the long struggle if the soul had only yielded sooner to Him whose one supreme desire is to bless and save it.—Edward B. Coe, D. D., in Life Indeed.

Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate: The man who thinks he knows a woman like a book usually discovers many uncut leaves.

"Wha are ye shovin'?" said the midge to the elephant.

About the Farm.

Irrigate and Irritate.

If your crop is growing slow
And your spirits rather low,
Don't get mad and rail at fate,
But hustle out and irrigate.

And when the water smooth has run
O'er all the field till set of sun,
Go to the ditch and close the gate
And then begin to irritate.

Thus through the season day by day
The working hours pass away.
Let water, weeder alternate,
First irrigate, then irritate.

The Farmer's Creed.

I believe in being a son of the soil, and in eating bread by the sweat of my brow, always performing uncomplainingly my share of this world's labor. I believe in my living a true, spotless life as inspired by Mother Nature; in winning good neighbors by being one myself, and in being charitable toward the unfortunate with the same kindly spirit that the hand of Providence has dealt with me. I believe that honest, unselfish motives will win honest reward, and that the practice of the golden rule will give us all a square deal and the comforts of life and peace.

Waiting his chance.

Hay and Work Horses.

Hay fed liberally to a hard worked horse becomes a positive burden during working hours. It cannot be properly digested, and is simply lugged about as an extra load, causing discomfort and yielding no benefit. Farm work horses should, therefore, be fed first just that amount of hay which they will clean up readily. It should be fed early in the morning after watering and before feeding grain.

At noon in hot weather, when there is much work to be done it should be withheld, or about a pound or so allowed after a sip of water and while the horse is cooling off before getting his noon feed of grain. At night it should be liberally fed after the grain ration has been masticated.

The hay should be of good quality, and should be wetted if dusty. The amount fed should be increased when work decreases. Where in summer time ten to twelve pounds a day will suffice, the winter amount may be doubled as the grain ration is decreased. During the hard work season it is not the amount of food eaten, but the amount digested and assimilated, that counts.

Watering Horses.

Make it a practice to always water horses before feeding, allowing a sip or two coming in from work and a sip or two on going to the field if the horse desires to drink, and then endeavor to provide small quantities of pure water at frequent intervals when the horse is at work. Lastly, bear in mind that annoyances of all kinds interfere with digestion; hence the work horse should be protected against flies, should have a clean, well-ventilated stable, daily grooming and clean, comfortable harness.

Horse Talk.

When the colt is about a week old, a soft, light, leather halter with a short piece of strap attached should be carefully fitted to his head.

Every day, and many times a day, take hold of this strap, hold and pet him.

In a remarkably short time, the colt will be halter broken, will lead and stand with no straining or injury.

Do not let the little colt follow the dam while she is at work.

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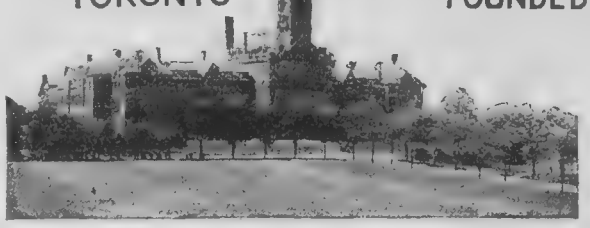

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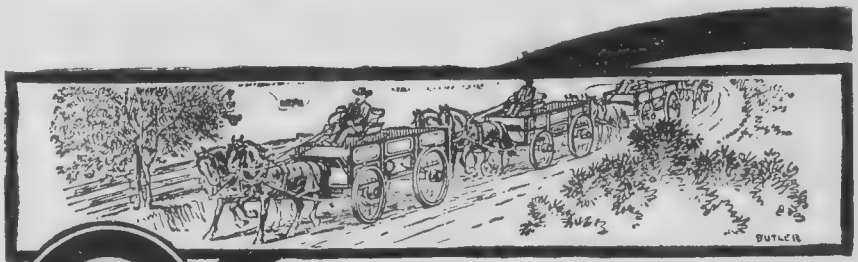

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Every ***Hamilton*** wagon has box sides of box board lumber. It does not warp. Hamilton bottoms are reinforced over the front and rear bolsters. Every Hamilton wagon box has four binder rods on each side, and the bottom is reinforced by six cross sills which are riveted at each end. Other features of construction are bent oak rims, oak hubs, heavily tired wheels, oak bolsters, oak sand boards, and full clipped gears.

Old Dominion Wagons have first grade oak running gear and wheels and exceptionally heavy tires. Sides of box board, reinforced bottom, stake wear irons, four binder rods on each side, and three box rods at each end, metal grain cleats, and two pairs of spreader chains.

A considerable sum would have to be added to the selling price of any other wagons that had the features to be found in Hamilton and Old Dominion Wagons.

Why not see the I H C local agent at once about the wagon you want. If you prefer, write for folder or any other information you want to the International Harvester Company of America at nearest branch house.

IHC Service Bureau

The Bureau is a clearing house of agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distributes the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problems to the IHC Service Bureau.

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International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)
Chicago USA

Two Useful Books.

Two books which should prove of more than ordinary interest to those of our readers who have inventive ideas have just come into our possession. These are entitled "Pointers for Investors" and "Pointers for Patentees." The editor and publisher, Mr. Egerton R. Case, patent attorney, of Toronto, claims that as far as he is aware, they are the only books in existence which deal exclusively with (a) methods whereby inventors secure capital to patent their inventions, and (b) methods whereby patentees are successful in selling their patents or manufacturing rights thereunder, and in marketing the goods under their patents. This gentleman has given these subjects much careful thought, and the books are well worth reading and studying. Many persons of an inventive turn of mind make articles which they would like to patent but are unable to do so, as they do not know how to get about the matter. These should get a copy of the two books, and find many valuable hints. The published price is 25 cents. each.

Rub It in for Lame Back.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will cure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in the pain comes out and there are ample grounds for saying that its touch is magical, as it is.

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25c. and 50c. At all dealers.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., Limited
TORONTO, ONT.

If the dam becomes heated the milk is injurious to the colt.

Shut the colt in a clean, light, airy box stall.

If the mare is heated, milk a little from her and let her cool before putting her with the colt.

If a colt is worth raising at all he is worth raising well.

Do not overwork the mare. If you do you will injure the colt.

Don't attempt to raise a colt from a poor old nondescript mare.

With a good mare there is always more certainty of a good colt.

Select a mare with good color and markings. Horses of off-color and odd markings never sell as well.

Horses with good dispositions are always safer and more valuable. Never breed a crazy-headed mare.

Raise the type of colt that sells best in your community. Select the sire and dam that will bring this type of a colt.

Encourage the colt to eat grain, first with the dam, then in a little manger all his own.

A mixture of oil-meal, cracked corn, wheat bran, and crushed oats, equal parts, will give a start in profitable growth.

Size is an important thing in a horse of any breed. Size and style depend very largely on good feeding.

The growth habit is formed by good feeding.

A Singer and a Pair of Nut Crackers

Mothers.

Mothers are the queerest things
'Member when John went away,
All but mother cried and cried
When they said good-bye that day.
She just talked, and seemed to be
Not the slightest bit upset
Was the only one who smiled
Others' eyes were streaming wet!

But when John came back again
On a furlough, safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds,
And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurrahed,
Laughed and joked and danced about,
Mother kissed him, then she cried
Cried and cried like all git out!

Edwin L. Sabin.

Laying Out the Lawn.

When a new home is to be established, or an old one to be remodeled, too much care cannot be taken in the laying out of the lawn. A large, well kept lawn is beautiful, but it involves much work; therefore the busy farmer should avail himself of every aid in making his home beautiful and in saving labor.

First of all the old idea of planting trees in rows should never prevail, nor should trees be scattered all over the lawn. By setting the mower down low it is possible to make hay on the lawn, if there are no trees in the way, and on a large lawn this is absolutely necessary. In some families the ladies really make slaves of themselves, when the men are too busy to push the lawn mower trying to have the yard look tidy. Trees and shrubbery look better in masses than placed singly, so beauty and utility go hand in hand. Dame Nature should be taken into partnership when a lawn is laid out and her effects studied. A fine open plot is quite as beautiful as is a lawn studded with trees at regular intervals, and the shade from a group of trees is always more pleasing than the thin shadows of a single specimen.

Likewise the flowers should not be scattered here and there to break the beauty of the sod; they should be grouped at one side of the house, or in the old fashioned beds along each side of the walk. Here they are out of the way of the horse mower and also of the lawn mower, for nothing is more vexatious than to mow around a dozen or more little beds. By planting the flowers and bulbs carefully, a pleasing succession from spring to fall may be obtained, and the little plot need never look ragged.

Then in the fall it is easy to top dress the sod after the ground is frozen enough to bear a wagon, for a wagon can be driven to every part of the lawn except directly under the trees. Many a country lawn is bare and desolate looking because too shady and because of the impossibility of ever fertilizing the grass with good well rotted manure. It is a discouraging task to wheel with a barrow all the fertilizer needed on a large lawn, so the grass is simply neglected in many cases. Of course, if the lawn is to be very small it may be laid out without much regard to convenience, but, happily, most farmers are recognizing the fact that a large, well-kept lawn adds to the commercial value of the place as well as to the beauty, and they are laying out their premises with these facts in mind.

Handling Poison Ivy.

Recently a young man engaged in tearing down a fence was poisoned on the hands by ivy, and as soon as he was cured he set about devising means to protect himself against future attacks. There were hundreds of rods of old fence to be torn down at once and fence rows cleaned, so delay would do no good and it was impossible to get help. The long tendrils were woven about the posts, old pieces of boards, bits of rail, and the shrubbery that had grown up along the fence, so that practically every bit of the ground was infected with the poison.

In the first place he put on long gloves of heavy material, and then drew stout old stocking legs over his sleeves above the gloves to protect the wrists and arms. In this way he escaped the scratches that so quickly are infected, and he could work with more freedom because he was not on the lookout constantly to avoid touching the vines. With an old pitchfork he quickly forked them out of the way to dry, and later they were placed on the bonfire with the same tool.

In cutting down the vines he used a long iron or spud sharpened at the end, so that the roots could be easily cut underground. Of course, where they were tangled around boards and posts and wires, large hedge trimmers had to be used in clipping them, but the spud cut off the roots very easily. Great care was taken not to handle the tools with the bare hands after they had been used in the poison.

The farmer always stood so the wind would not blow in his face, and thus bring the infection, and he avoided wiping his warm face with a handkerchief touched by the poison. Occasionally he had a touch of the old trouble, but almost the entire fence was cleared away and the brush disposed of in comfort.

A Few Old-Times Beliefs.

In the limbo of the past there is a junk room where outworn-theories, old superstitions, and ideas which have not stood the test of time are cast. In this junk shop the poultry realm is well-represented. In fact, there may yet be found people who cling to some of these disproved notions, although their number is rapidly decreasing in the light of present day investigations.

One of these notions was that the small egg often found in the nests, denoted the last of the litter of one of the hens. It was an old superstition that such eggs were unlucky, and should never be brought in the house, but must be thrown over the chimney. Michael veteran poultryman, set himself to experimenting in this direction. With the help of a trap nest, he secured the record of a Brahma hen in his flock. February 17th, this hen laid a small, "pigeon" egg. According to the popular belief this hen had laid out her litter, and would not lay again for some time. February 18th, the same hen laid another small egg, but somewhat larger than that laid the day before. February 20th, she laid a normal regular sized egg. This stunt was repeated the 22nd, also the 24th. On February 26th, this same hen which had laid the pigeon-sized eggs, laid a double-yolked egg. Now this particular hen was abnormally fat, and her record goes to show that both small eggs and double-yolked eggs are laid by fat hens. One experiment does not prove a theory, but a little observation will convince the sceptical of its truth.

Another idea which still has a wide following is that nest eggs are necessary to egg-production. The large poultry plants of the country never use nest eggs, and as their success depends on satisfactory egg production, it would seem that there was little foundation for

their use. When we wish to teach pullets to lay in certain places they are of value, but they have nothing to do with increasing the egg yield. When an egg is ready to be laid, the hen must find a place inwhich to lay it.

Very persistent have been the notions advanced in regard to the telling of sex by the shape and appearance of the egg. It was long believed by many that long, pointed eggs would hatch males and smooth round eggs pullets. There has been also the air-cell theory, which held that the egg would hatch cockerels according as the air-cell inclined to one side or the other of the shell end. For a time this idea had many adherents. Then some writer suggested that weight or size was a positive indication; the heavier, fresh-laid eggs contained cocks and light ones females.

Next in point of record came the Englishman who contended that if the eggs were dropped into a vessel of water at blood heat soon after they were laid a part would sink with the large end turning downwards. These would hatch cockerels. Those which sank small ends downwards, naturally would hatch pullets. This idea met with instant credence in many quarters and thousands of eggs were set with proposition as a basis but no definite returns were ever obtained. Innumerable experiments have been tried to prove or disprove each one of these ideas, but nothing has ever been found to show any foundation in fact of these theories.

If the recent assertion of an eminent embryologist is true, it proves that there can be no previous indication regarding the sex of the embryo. He asserts that there is a time in the development of every life germ that it is uncertain which sex will be developed, as in the beginning each embryo has two complete sets of organs. At a certain period in the development, one of these sets shrivels up and disappears leaving the other to attain its full development. The mystery of life is indeed marvellous, and it would seem we are only on the threshold of understanding the manifold aspects with which we met.

Equally fallacious is the old idea that heavy thunder will kill the chicks within the shell if they are within a week of exclusion. One instance has been given of a poultryman in New England, who had a large number of hens sitting in a barn, many of them nearly ready to hatch. Just at this juncture a heavy thunder storm came up, and the building was struck by lightning, the bolt striking the edge of the roof, tearing out a large hole, and then ripping a board from the front. The neighbors were a unit in assuring the poultryman that not an egg would hatch; that such a shock would inevitably destroy all life in the eggs. However, he resolved to test the matter, and in every case the hens came off with a two-thirds hatch.

The instances of fallacious ideas given by no means exhaust the list. Enough has been shown, however, to indicate that in this age of progress and discovery, it is not wise to pin one's faith to any notion, however plausible or urgently presented.

Does it Pay to Make Butter.

While the farmer may not be interested in scientific questions involved in butter making, yet he is concerned as to whether it pays to make butter than to sell the milk. The Storrs, Connecticut, Experiment Station, has announced this question by citing the case of the use of 1,000 pounds—465 quarts of milk, testing 4 per cent. of fat and selling for 3½ cents per quart on the farm. This 1,000 pounds will contain 40 pounds of fat and under ordinary conditions will make 44.5 pounds of butter. If sold at 35 cents per pound it is worth $15.57 against $16.27 if milk alone is sold. But there is skim milk—800 pounds—left, not to mention 150 pounds of buttermilk, estimated to be worth $2.37, a total of $17.94 for the 1,000 pounds of milk when made into butter. Of course if the cows give

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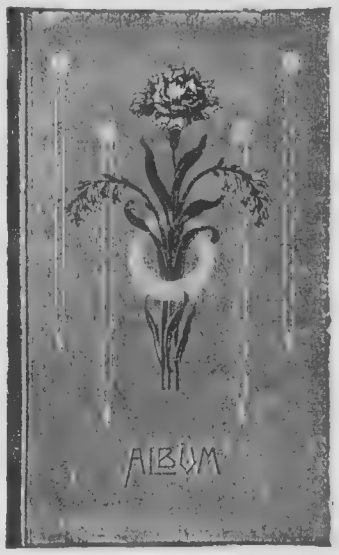
A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever

42. Heavy gold-plated adjustable, signet, extension bracelet; fancy embossed pattern; fine roll plate finish; can be adjusted to any size required. Put up in a handsome, lined box. Given for selling only $4.00 worth.

A Tour of Canada



43. This is a very handsomely got up Post Card Album; the covers have a variety of designs in assorted colors of sage green, red, blue and drab, large spray of leaves and flowers, embossed in an ornamental pattern in front. These are treated in natural colors, contrasting to the color of the cover. You will wish to make a collection of post cards this year, so be sure to get one of these albums. They hold from 200 to 250 cards, and besides we put 100 very fine selected picture cards (colored views from all parts of Canada) in each album. Given for selling $4.00 worth.

Boy's Watch

41. Handsome engraved nickel watch, new design, just out; open face, stem wind and set; carefully adjusted movement; fully guaranteed. Given for selling only $4.00 worth.

Beautiful Doll

52. This dolly is 22 inches tall, and is stylishly dressed in the daintiest lace trimmed dress that a doll ever wore, with a stylish lace yoke, puffed sleeves and up-to-date graceful skirt with a flounce of handsome lace. She has a stylish hat to match, beautifully trimmed, which just gives the finishing touch to this little princess. She is fully jointed, can hold out her arms, sit down or turn her head; you can undress her and put her to bed, and she will close her eyes and go to sleep like a real baby. Given for for selling only $4.00 worth.

Lady's Watch

47. Not only neat and dainty, but a reliable time keeper; polished nickel case, with a pretty little face and fancy hands; stem wind and set. Fit for any lady to wear. Given for selling $4.00 worth.

Beautiful Bronze Clock

45. Handsome Bronze Clock over six inches high, new design, and fully guaranteed. This clock is a beauty and no home should be without one. Given for selling only $4.00 worth.

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you do not need to send us one cent in advance. Simply send your name and address and the number of the premium wanted.

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You will be pleased. A satisfied customer is our best advertisement.

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sell on sight as they are the latest designs in Canadian Views, Cowboy, Evangeline, Birthday, Floral and Season cards. All are beautifully colored and many are richly embossed on gold.

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CANADA'S LEADING PREMIUM HOUSE

milk testing 5 per cent butter fat, the average profit will be higher.

It may be well to emphasize the fact, says a report on the subject prepared by the station, that the great value of the skim milk for calf raising is not to be estimated in dollars and cents. The fact that it is the nearest approach to nature's food for young animals and that with it they make the most satisfactory gains with the least trouble, makes it worth more than double the price ordinarily allowed, not to say anything of the value of the fertilizer material saved to the farm.

Cement Work on the Farm.

We noticed a farmer doing some cement work for himself a few days ago and he was doing pretty good work. He had never attempted to use cement before and was making a few mistakes, though not serious. His measuring of cement, sand and gravel was all right for the kind of work being constructed and the dry mixing of cement and sand was also correct.

When he added the gravel he failed to first wet it, which should always be done, then thoroughly mix it with the dry cement and sand mixture, after which the whole mass is wet and mixed to the proper consistency. By wetting the gravel or crushed stone before adding it to the cement-sand mixture each piece of the aggregate is coated over with cement and sand.

Another mistake this farmer was making was in tamping too much. He made the mortar a little too thin, then endeavored to tamp it solid, which he could not do. The result was that too much water was drawn to the surface. We showed him how to mix it dryer, so that it would pack down solid when tamped, and instructed him to stop tamping when water appeared on the surface.

One other mistake that he was making was in the use of the trowel and the absence of a modern trowel or float. A steel trowel draws the water out of the cement. The suction of the trowel does this, and it separates the cement from the sand, leaving a weak mixture which will show hair cracks and crumble. When the top coat is added it should be leveled off with a straight edge and so left until it begins to stiffen. It should then be made smooth with a wooden float. If a very smooth top finish is wanted a trowel may be used last, being careful not to continue its use too long. For all ordinary work on the farm a steel trowel is not needed. A wooden one that any farmer can make in ten minutes will answer every purpose.

This farmer was laying a floor in blocks four feet square and putting on the top or finishing coat as soon as the foundation was down, which is the right way to do. Sometimes, however, the mistake is made of allowing too much time to elapse between the first and second, or finishing coat. The result is that the top coat fails to unite with the lower, and instead of having one solid block it is in two parts; the top part being thin cracks and crumbles. When a block is finished up from bottom to top before another is begun, the bond is perfect and the block solid. The troweling may be done an hour or two afterwards and is better so delayed, but do not delay putting the finishing coat onto the base or concrete.

Have you ever walked on a sidewalk in the city and noticed in places a hollow sound? When such sound occurs it indicates at once that the work was poorly done. The concrete was allowed to set before the finishing coat was put down, consequently there is no bond, the finishing coat could not unite with the base and will soon crack and crumble.

Yields of Wheat.

It is a significant fact for one who is considering either the question of our wheat supply for the population of the world, or who is studying the problem of soil conservation, to know the average yield of wheat for the various countries. The estimated yield of wheat per acre for 1909 for the several countries has been estimated as follows:

England	34.4 bus.
France	22.0 bus.
Belgium	39.2 bus.
Germany	30.4 bus.
United Statees	15.7 bus.

The countries which have been longest cropped are the largest yielders of wheat; in, fact the four countries named have almost twice the yield for the United States for the same year. This suggests to us certainly food for thought and further the possibility of future yields in the United States when better methods of cultivation, crop rotation and fertilization have been adopted. That much can be accomplished by better methods of cultivation and systematic crop rotation is clearly set forth in the results for the demonstration farms in North Dakota under the direction of the Superintendent of the Demonstration Farms for the year of 1909. Probably the average yield for the state for that year was not far from 13 bushels.

In 1906 six demonstration farms were established and a system of crop rotation adopted. Six more were established in 1907, and in 1909 eight additional farms were started. In 1909, therefore, on the eight farms undoubtedly it was but a continuation of wheat growing as practiced in preceding years while on the six farms started in 1907 crop rotation had been practiced and this was the third season, and on the six farms started in 1906 the crop rotation had extended farther, covering a period of four years. What was the average yield then in 1909 for the several farms located in different parts of the state?

Farms started in	Average bus.
1909	13.28
1907	22.06
1906	26.85

In other words where crop rotation had been practiced for four years the yield was slightly more than twice as great per acre for wheat as the average for the eight farms started in 1909, and where wheat had presumably been grown during preceding years.

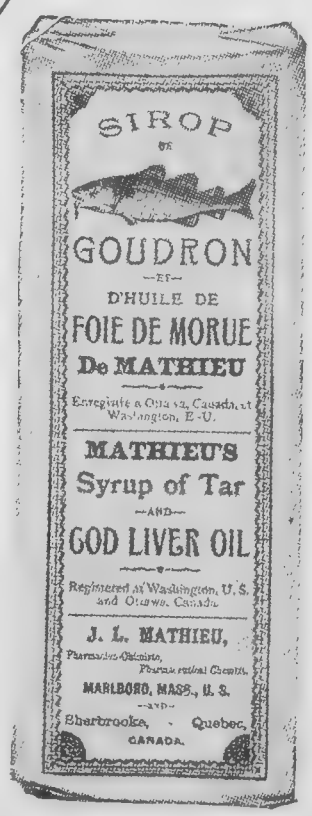
Better methods of cultivation, crop rotation, conservation of soil and fertility are, therefore, essential factors in securing a maximum crop of wheat. Whether or not the addition of commercial fertilizers would materially increase the yield is still an open question, but, undoubtedly, fertilizers will come to be used extensively in this state as they are elsewhere; perhaps, not to the extent as reported for Italy where, with an area of 115,000 square miles, in 1907 there were used 1,147,700 tons of commercial fertilizer, or, approximately, ten tons for each section of land, including every part of the country, that which is occupied or farmed as well as mountainous, woodland, etc.

The maximum yield of wheat per acre on the demonstration farms for 1909 was 41.61 bushels, while the minimium yield was 7 bushels per acre. Crop rotation and diversified agriculture are, therefore, the first essentials in the conservation of the soil and fertility to increase the yield per acre.

Catarrh.

A simple, immediate, and oft-times permanent relief from catarrh or catarrh cold, is found in snuffing a little lukewarm water into the nostrils ever morning after rising. Cleanse the nose thoroughly by blowing, hold a little water in the palm of the hand and follow the directions given. The treatment is also good for a cold in the head.

A Pill that Proves its Value.—Those of weak stomach will find strength in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve go maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver, irregularities in which are most distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted with them and value them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other preparations have failed, and have effected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.



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MATHIEU'S NERVINE POWDER'S

These give ready relief to nerve pains in any form: Neuralgia, Insomnia, Headaches and Fever pains that accompany Colds and Grippe.

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God Bless the Boys.

God bless the boys—yes all the boys,
Wherever they may be.
The boy with noble thoughts and clean,
The boy with manly form and mien,
The boy whose mother is his queen
His future we can see.
God bless the boys, the mother's joys,
Wherever they may be.

God bless the boys, the worthy boys,
Whoever they may be.
The boys who dwell in marble halls,
The boys who live in tott'ring walls
Are darkened oft by drunken brawls
Oh, fervently pray we,
God bless the boys whom sin decoys,
Whoever they may be.

God bless the boys, the noble boys,
Wherever they may be.
Though human nature in them dwell
Yet search reveals a heart as well,
A heart that noble deeds could tell
Of love and sympathy.
God bless the boys, the noble boys,
Wherever they may be.

God bless the boys, the jolly boys,
Whosever they may be.
How dull would be this mundane sphere
Without the boys that we have here!
We all should die of blues, I fear,
For want of fun and glee.
God bless them with all their noise,
Whosever they may be.

Ida M. Dennison.

"When the Kye Comes Hame."

Lung Fever.

This disease is not as common in cattle as in horses because as a rule a cow is not compelled to undergo any great exposure or stand in a draft or rain, or a cold shed as is often the case with the horse.

Nevertheless cows are susceptible to pneumonia. If they are housed in a close, non-ventilated basement stable the temperature of the stable becomes exceedingly high and the while the entire herd is perspiring the doors are opened and they are turned out for water into the cold where the wind blows and the temperature is much lower.

One can readily see how easy it would be for a cow to contract a cold which would cause congestion of the lungs and lung fever is very apt to follow. As soon as this takes place the animal becomes feverish, the temperature of the body is elevated and this is apt to cause inactivity of the bowels, commonly known as constipation.

The retained and putrifying faeces of the bowels give off a poisonous gas which aggrevates the congested and inflamed condition of the lungs and unless proper and prompt attention be give the animal soon passes beyond medical aid. This being the case it is very essential in treating lung fever to give a laxative and tonic so as to enable the bowels to rid themselves of the decomposed contents and by so doing, the temperature of the body will naturally become reduced.

They should at the same time be given a stimulant to keep up the action of the heart: counter irritation, such an liniment or mustard should be applied over the lungs on either side; the body should be warmly clothed; food should be of a laxative nature: water should have the chill taken from it; ventilation should be of the very best.

In this manner a large per cent of the cases thus afflicted may be greatly benefited, and if they be given prompt and early treatment, desired results may be obtained.

Poultry on the Dairy Farm.

The importance of this subject must be acknowledged when we consider, that with all the specialists in poultry culture we must still look to the farm for a large part of the supply. Now let us consider some of the reasons for making poultry culture a prominent department on the farm. First in importance is the small amount of capital necessary to invest. No other business presents equal opportunities and no other business is so accessible to those of small means. To any one who has a small plot of land and a little money the business is open. To those who have large means the poultry business presents an attractive position, for in scarcely any other business can so great a profit be made for the amount of money invested. Poultry keeping will be a benefit to the farmer by giving him quick and steady returns. if the business be rightly managed. Also the waste products of other departments may many times be utilized, and instead of being a waste become a source of profit. For instance, dairying and poultry culture go hand in hand. When butter is made or cream sold, leaving the skimmilk at home, the milk when properly fed, makes an excellent food for poultry. In feeding sour milk or buttermilk the feeder must exercise care not to give too much or bowel trouble will likely result. Skimmed milk is an economical feed, in skimming, the most valuable food constituents—the nitrogenous substances—are left in the skimmed-milk. Not only does this skimmed milk contain much nutritive material, but it contains it in a form which, as a rule, is easily digested. Milk may be used in mixing the soft feed, or it may be given the fowls to drink in addition to water. Poultry needs animal food in one form or another. If the scientific experimenters had not proved this fact we would still know it to be true simply by watching the fowl in its natural state. There is nothing that fowls eat with a keener relish than bugs, worms, grubs

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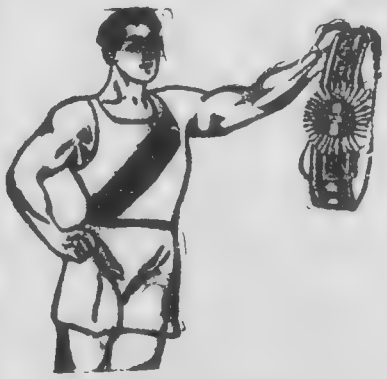

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and insects of various kinds, which they secure in summer of their own accord. They eat this animal food because it is good for them. Nature demands it. If we are to get the best results from our fowls, we must follow nature's method as nearly as possible. We must supply this natural food. The cheapest animal food that you can give your fowls is fresh cut green bone, meaning scrap bone with meat adhering, which can be obtained from any butcher. This is admitted to be the best thing that can be given young chicks to force their growth, and to hens to increase egg yield. The truth is that no one who raises poultry (on a large or small scale) can afford to do without a good bone cutter. Poultry also makes a good combination with fruit growing or market gardening. Upon the fruit farm fowls are of advantage. They keep down the insect pest, and they may have free range the greater part of the season without the possibility of doing any damage. Plum growers have found poultry especially helpful in keeping down the culculio, and even apples have been considerably benefited. The waste fruits, either in winter or summer, are a welcome and valuable addition to the poultry ration. The market garden also furnishes a large amount of waste products which may be utilized for poultry feed. There is the waste lettuce, the small heads of cabbage, the unsold beets, carrots, and potatoes, the peas and corn which can not be marketed all serve to make a variety in the fowl's ration and will bring good returns in eggs. Dairymen who have town or city milk routes, and market gardeners who retail their produce, have exceptional opportunities for marketing fresh eggs and poultry at the highest prices. They should by all means make the most of this advantage, for any class of agricultural producers who can reach the consumer without the intervention of the middleman is indeed fortunate.

Experienced poultrymen know that in order to get eggs in the fall and early winter from pullets, the chicks must be hatched in March and April with the large breeds, and as early as May or first part of June with the small breeds for the very simple reason that chicks hatched later will not be old enough to lay at the desired time. As it is seldom that hens become broody in numbers until after April, therefore an incubator becomes practically a necessity. It is also a necessity where one is keeping the non-sitting varieties. By the invention of artificial methods, we are accomplishing something which seems entirely contrary to nature—the bringing out of chicks at a season of the year when there is not the least desire in the hen to become broody. Furthermore, we can now conduct the business on a wholesale plan, hatching and rearing thousands in a season, where heretofore we had to content ourselves with a few hundred. This is the modern method of raising chickens in any numbers, and the poultryman who tries to do it in any other way cannot hope to compete with those who adopt up-to-date methods. There are so many good makes of incubators on the market that it is a hard matter to make any recommendation at all. The same remarks will apply to the brooder. The chick can find it when cold, is able to get under its roof when the rain comes, and it never lets the chick cry "peep peep," because it is busy scratching for a worm or chasing an insect. Give me a good incubator and a well made brooder as an important part of the poultry farm.

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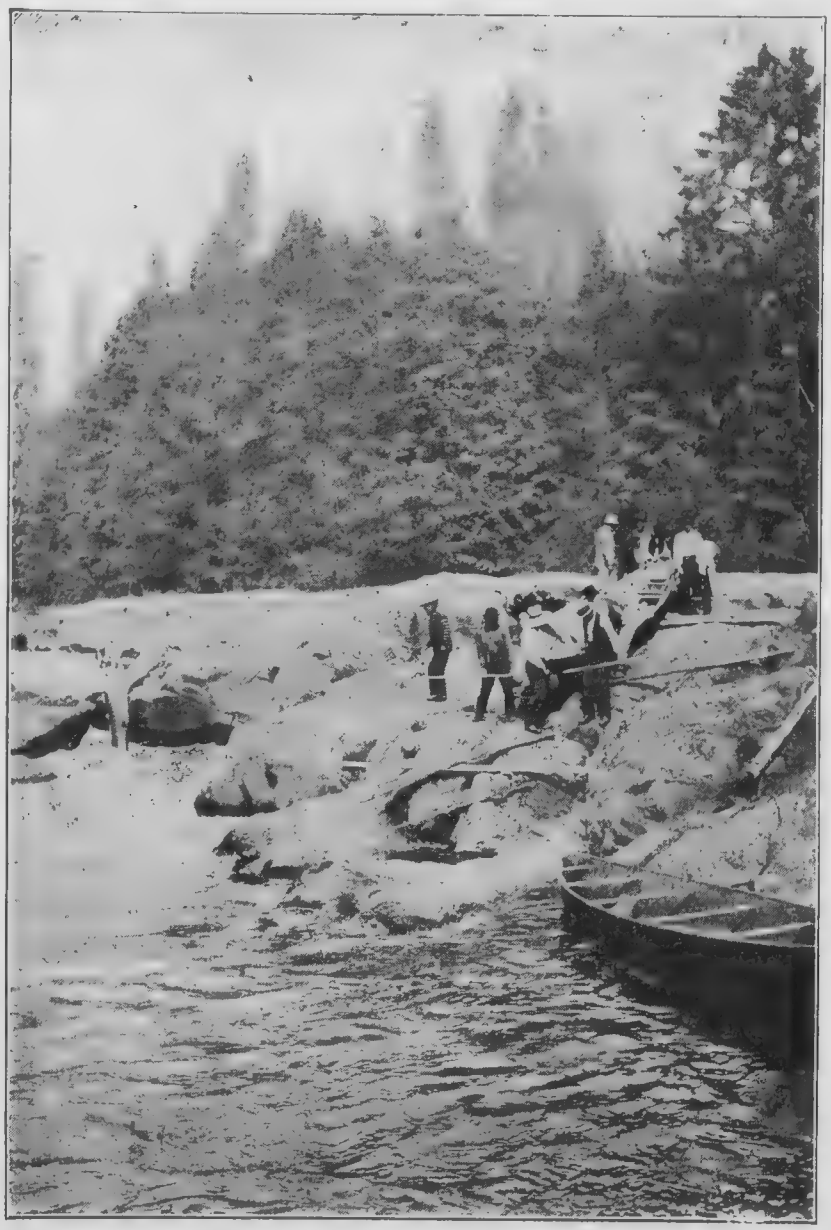

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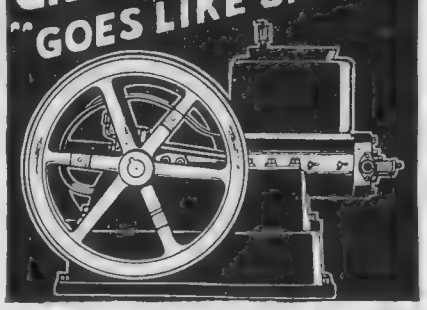

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Correspondence.

A Few Comments.

Raymore, Sask., June 20th, 1911.

Sir,—Will you kindly allow me to offer a few comments on "An Enguishman's Visit to the Old Land" from the pen of Mr. Chew, which appeared in your June number. In the first place I don't think that Mr. Chew need to have so conspicuously labelled himself as "not aggressively patriotic," for no man who can so deliberately slander the working men of his own country as Mr. Chew has done will ever have to face that charge. As an Englishman who came to this country 17 years ago, and who has since spent approximately half his time in England and half in Canada, with experience in both places as employer as well as employee I think I know a little of both sides. What Mr. Chew has to say about the English bricklayer and farm laborer is so glaringly untrue that I expect the majority of your readers have passed the statements over with the contempt they deserve, but if Mr. Chew, or anyone else, would like to get the facts as to the difference in speed of the English and American bricklayer I make no doubt either the master builders or the bricklayers' unions of Manchester will supply them, for since the ship canal was built different American firms have built there and have used some of their own men, consequently there was lots of opportunity for comparison, but I did not hear of many of the English bricklayers losing their jobs through it. I will admit that the American bricklayer does lay a greater number of bricks in a day, but does Mr. Chew know that there is considerable difference in the size of the average American brick and the English one. Then again, if the average building that I see in this country is anything to go by, there is some difference in the work when it is done, and it is not in favor of the American either. (I am following Mr. Chew in the use of word American). Now as to the farm laborer and the row of stakes that Mr. Chew speaks of, I grant that Mr. Chew would not see many of those quick spurts of work that so delight the heart of the American, but there was also another thing he would not see and that is the sudden stop that is generally not very far from the start. Ithink if Mr. Chew, or the majority of those who he is setting up as models, will go and follow the English farm laborer at his own work from morning until night for one week they will find that Sunday does not come too soon. If these men are such poor tools at home why is it that they so soon get the best wages when they get here.

I suppose Mr. Chew's "Americanism" transforms them.

I am as proud of Canada and Canadians as Mr. Chew can be (or should I have said America and Americans), and am more than pleased with this land of my adoption, but I think I can still be all that without throwing slurs on the land of my birth.

Another who is not "aggressively patriotic," Raymore.

A Scotch Correspondent.

Ayrshire, Scotland, 18, 2, 11

Dear Sir,—Through the medium of a neighbor who has a son in Western Canada, I have made the acquaintance of your paper, and must say I have been agreeably surprised with the many and varied subjects dealt with therin. In glancing over your correspondence column I am particularly struck with the leeter of "Only a Mere Girl," in your December issue (which number I have been so fortunate as to have the opportunity of perusing, and I should like to have the opportunity of at least seeing a little more of her common sense views in print. Although I am not a blackhand, I am not sufficiently conceited to suppose that I am entirely free from faults, in fact I must admit several habits. All of which, however, are not bad. And it is good to know that there is someone even if so far away, that is willing and able to overlook them. Your articles on the rise and development of various now important points in your vast country, (which, I observe, are from the pens of well-known men) are most instructive, and give we stay-at-homes in the old country, an idea of the courage, perseverance, and dugged determination, of the pioneers who have made for the mother country such a valuable asset as Canada now undoubtedly is. As you will see from the heading of this letter my home is in the West of Scotland. It is a splendid place to live in, with beautiful surrounding country, but rather expensive. I am engaged in a shipping business but as promotion is very slow I intend in the course of another year to try my luck in your country. I am yours faithfully, "Golfiana."

From Over the Sea.

34 Goldstone Road, Hove Sussex, England, May 25th.

Dear Sir,—As my brother is a subscriber to your most valuable paper which he sends us every month I thought that as my letter was not in print I would try again. Some of the bachelors seem so very lonely I should very much like to be out there in amongst them just to cheer them up, for I'm sure they could do with it. As for a description of myself Ill leave out. I hope you will find just a small corner for my letter, shall be very pleased to answer all who care to write me. I enclose a letter to "Semper Fideles" in May number, will you kindly forward. Now, boys, cheer up and let me have a line from some of you soon. You will find my address with the Editor. Wishing your paper every success, I will sign myself, "A Gay English Lass."

Interesting Subjects for Discussion.

Sask., June 3rd, 1911.

Editor.—As an interested reader, I seek admission to your circle. The topics pretaining to correspondence, marriage and women doing outside chores, have been well discussed here and while venturing to suggest, that we discuss something else, "Reciprocity," "church union" vs. "Woman Suffrage" for instance, I also wish to give a few of my views on these subjects. Personally, I think that especially in this vast country, where many people have to live isolated lives, at certain times of the year, or again where one is apt to live in more thickly populated districts yet lacking congenial company, correspondence is a boon, and I warmly advocate it. If you girls, who write, would only realize, what a powerful influence even your letters have on your fellowmen, I think you would often think twice before you write. Some of you say, you do not object to liquor or tobacco, and sundry other things but you raise your voice in mighty protest against doing "outside chores." Woman has it in her power to raise the standard for mankind and it is to our shame, we often find it so low. A woman surely may be a great influence for good, so why not her letters. It seems to me that the ideal life for almost any normal woman is found in marriage, but before realizing the ideal, should she not well consider. Adelaide Proctor says, "Where the heart is tempted, most to trust it's fate, there with double caution linger, fear and wait." Be sure you are fitted mentally and physically and remember that "An honest mans the noblest work of God." Pray do not think I am presuming to offer you advice from the superior heights, gained by age and wisdom. These are but a few thoughts of a little country girl, yet in the very early twenties. They will not likely interest you, so neither will a description of the writer, but contrary to the majority of the fair readers, I cannot claim to be beautiful. I am very fond of both music and good books. I would be pleased to see more letters from Dasie. I am sure accounts of her travels abroad would be interesting to many of us. With best wishes to all the readers, I remain, "Star of the Night."

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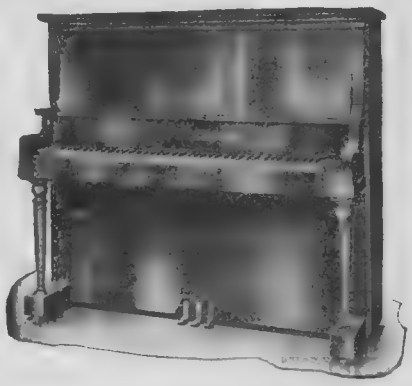

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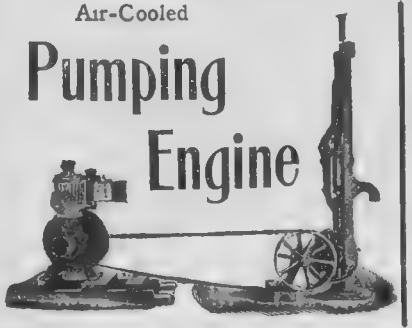

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Quite By Accident.

Winnipeg, June 13, 1911.

To the Editor of the W.H.M.

Dear sir,—I am enclosing two letters which I have answered out of the correspondence column. I may say I like this paper very much and send it home to England every month. I came across it quite by accident in a shack in Alberta this last winter where I took refuge with a frozen foot. With every success to your paper, I remain, your truly, An English Boy.

Short and Sweet.

Sask., May 28th, 1911.

Sir,—This is not a letter complaining of the lonesomeness of the batchelor's lot, but merely the outcome of a sincere desire to correspond with a young lady, the reason being, naturally, that there are no girls in this vicinity. I do not think it necessary to particularize on one's appearance in this letter, but merely say that I am about medium in every way. I have a passion for music,—good music; in fact I think there must be a little southern blood in my veins for it seems that it is either a case of disliking a thing altogether or being very fond of it, with me. I may mention I am from England and barely 21 years of age, but I trust neither of these facts will stop the otherwise correspondent from writing me. Wishing your excellent journal a well-deserved success.

Goose Lake Homesteader.

Why Not Correspond

Alberta, June, 1911.

Sir,—Being an interested reader and subscriber to your valuable magazine, I would like to add a few words of praise and encouragement, for a homesteader like myself. I think it a very suitable paper, for one finds such a variety of different subjects dealt with, and the correspondence is also a worthy part of it. I think its a good means of getting acquainted with a young woman or the girls with young men, as for getting married on the strength of correspondence why thats up to the parties themselves, if they are satisfied I don't see where any objection can be raised, they are the ones that have to take the consequences be they good or bad. I am a homesteader in a good locality, and have a homestead and pre-emption. I am medium height and weight, fair complexion, English, 27 years of age. If any reader wishes to correspond, my address will be with the Editor. I will sign myself. Homesteader.

A Golden Opportunity.

Sauderville, Alta., June, 1911

Dear Editor.- I have been a subscriber to your paper since July, 1910, and it is with pleasure that we look forward to its arrival. I would not be without it for three times the subscription fee. I have been an interested reader of the correspondence column for some time. I think some of the letters quite sensible and others extremely foolish, although I suppose it helps some of the lonely batchelors to while away the evenings. Now this is my first letter so I suppose I had better give my description. I am a batchelor, 26 years old, 5 feet, 6 inches high wavy brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, although at present I am just a trifle tanned. I do not induge in smoking, chewing, drinking or dancing. Am an Orangeman and a member of the Methodist church. But do not consider myself at all perfect. Would like to correspond with some young people of either sex, who are about my own age. Would willingly give any one a description of homesteading in Alberta if they would care to write. have been in the West 5 years, leaving London, Ont., in the spring of 1906. I have a good half section and think it a pity that so many young Canadians are letting this golden opportunity slip through their fingers, one only has to go to the Dominion Land office at Calgary to get an idea of the foreign element that are obtaining land in our country. Well I must not take up too much of your valuable space so will draw to a close. Hoping to see this in print and wishing the W.H.M. every success, I will sign myself, Ontario Lad.

No Sympathy For Batchelors.

Toronto, June 11.

Dear sir,—This is my second letter to your valuable paper and I would like very much to see it in print. I am an interested reader of the W.H.M. and can safely say it is the best monthly magazine published for the good of young people. I enjoy reading the letters from the Western Batchelors. I have no sympathy with them for they could easily get a partner in life, if they were inclined, but I guess they are waiting for some girl to propose to them. Nearly every correspondent describes themselves so I shall do likewise. I am eighteen years old, five feet, three inches in height and weigh about one hundred and ten pounds. Fair complexion and blue eyes. If any of the young people would like to correspond with me, I will answer all letters promptly. Wishing your paper every success, I'll sign myself,

"Dimples."

Who Will Write?

Birtle, Man., June 29th, 1911.

Dear Editor,—I take pleasure in reading the correspondent page of the W.H.M. So having nothing to do this evening I thought I would write a few lines to the page and get acquainted with some of your many contributors. I am a young batchlor of 23 summers, 5 feet, 6 inches tall, weigh about 140 lbs. Hazel eyes, auburn hair. I like a smoke now and again, but drink nothing stronger than tea or coffee. Would like to correspond with some of the page readers either sex to pass the time away. If they would write first. Will sign myself, Heart of Oak.

Two Bashful Boys.

Hart, P.O., Sask. June, 1911

Sir,—Will you kindly permit two more very shy western boys to join your interesting correspondence column. One of us is not a subscriber to your paper, but nevertheless we both look forward with pleasure to the time the next issue will arrive. We think there is not another paper in the West equal to the W.H.M. as it is full of sound common sense from cover to cover and for everybody, and more, if it is a week late as papers are apt to be in the winter months it is not out of date when it comes. We are homesteaders and are on our homesteads at present, south of Moose Jaw, near where the C.N.R. is crossing. We like this part very well and think it is a fine chance for a young man to get into some land of his own in a few years. Now as we see most of the correspondents give a discription of themselves we will do the same. Shy Jimmie is eighteen years of age, weighs one hundred and fifty lbs. and is five feet ten inches tall. Hearty Hal. is twenty-four years old, weighs one hundred and seventy-five lbs. and is five feet eleven inches tall. Both of us have fair hair and blue eyes. We are fond of music, have a violin each and can play a little. We dance, play cards, skate and anything for fun. We are also very fond of pie, oysters and the girls, neither of us use tobacco or liquor. We will now ask any of the girls under twenty-five who think they would care to write to either of us to do so and we will answer all letters with pleasure. We leave our addresses with the Editor and sign ourselves. Hearty Hal and Shy Jimmie.

A Relic of the Boer War.

Milestone, Sask. 12th June, 1911.

Sir,—I have been a reader of your very interesting paper for some time past and I think it is the most edifying paper I have read for a long time and your are to be congratulated on it. I cannot help but see that it keeps getting better and well worth the price, even more. I long for each month to come round to get the next number. I am trying my hand at letterwriting after reading so many of other peoples, I think it a great plan for people to get known to each other. I am an Englishman from Bristol. I was in South Africa during the Boer war with the Dorset yeomanry. I have since came to Canada and have been out here 5 years. I like it very much, the only drawback is the absence of the fair sex.

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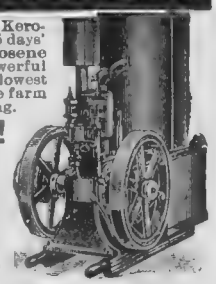

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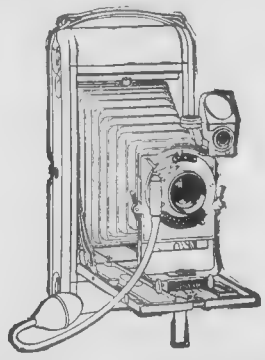

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I am about 30 years old, weigh about 160 lbs., 5 feet 9 inches tall, dark hair, medium complexion, am living on farm with batchlor, both are pretty lonely. If some of the nice girls would like to relieve the monotony by writing a nice letter, I will promptly reply. My address is with the Editor. Wishing the Home Monthly every success, I sign myself,

An Old Veteran.

Not A Lonesome Batchelor.

Sask. June. 1911.

Dear Editor,—Will you allow another batchelor to enter the correspondence page of your most valuable paper. I have read the W.H.M. for the last two years and have only lately become a subscriber. I think it is the best paper of its kind in the west. I have always read the correspondence pages with great interest, so I thought I would try my luck. Most of the batchelors complain of being lonesome which I think is their own fault because where you have the inside and outside work to do, I guess it keeps one going all the time. The matrimony question is discussed quite a bit, and in this country where people live so far apart I think it is a good way to become acquainted with some of the ladies. I suppose I should fall in line and give a description of myself. I am 23 years old, five foot nine tall, weigh 175 pounds, brown hair, brown eyes. Am temperate, neither smoke or chew and very easily pleased. If any of the ladies wonder what the person looks like who wrote this letter I would be pleased to send them a photo on request. I must close as I am taking up too much of your valuable space, hoping to see this letter in print, and wishing the Western Home Monthly success, I will sign, A Hard Worker.

The W.H.M. for Everyone.

Moose Jaw. Sask. 20th June. 1911.

Sir,—I have been a reader of your most interesting and instructive paper, over two years, and think it just the ideal paper for the home, it covers such a wide variety of subjects. I have sent it to friends in England for two years, by whom it is highly appreciated. Until recently, I had the idea, the correspondence column was only intended for the younger people, but judging from some of the letters in the latest numbers, I find this is not so. This being the case, with your permission, I would like to be numbered amongst your correspondents. Enjoyed reading the letter from Grateful and also the one from Bess, in your February number. Would like to hear from "Sunny Alberta" of the March issue, or any others who care to write. I am 5 feet 7 inches in height, weigh about 140 lbs. My age is somewhere between 30 and 40. Though not quite so young in years, as most of your lady correspondents, am young at heart. As to looks, I will leave that for others to judge (though not ugly by any means) but I believe in the adage, "Handsome is as handsome does," Good housekeeper, fond of home, any wishing to correspond with me, will find my address with the Editor. Will sign myself, English Lassie.

W.H.M. Gives Courage.

Alberta June, 1911.

Dear Mr. Editor,—For a long time I've been trying to pluck up enough courage to write to your correspondence column, but not until now have I been able to do so, and do not think I should be able to now if it were not that I had a copy of the popular W.H.M. close by my hand. I must say Mr. Editor that ever since I first knew your paper, now four years ago, I have always looked forward to the mail day that should bring it. I think that the page for "The Young Woman and Her Problems" also the pages devoted to home life are things not to be missed. And besides a person can gain much amusement and good reading from the correspondence column. I think it is also a splendid way to introduce the young people of the east and west. I would very much like to correspond with any boys or girls just for a source of fun. I am strictly out of the matrimonial list. For happy wedded life cannot be got by pen and ink. I am an English girl, not yet of age, and have lived in the West for five years. I am a Christian and a total abstainer, (so of course do not believe in the use of liquor or tobacco), but like some cannot boast of "Lily White Hands," as I have been accustomed to hard work. As for my good looks—well they can be easily obtained in the first letter I answer. With the best of wishes to the W.H.M. I will leave my address with the editor and sign myself, A Willing Bee.

The Young Man Again.

Sask. 3rd June, 1911.

Sir,—Having been an interested reader and subscriber of your paper for sometime I will attempt to write a short letter. I like the paper very much, especially "The Young Man and His Problem," and the many valuable pointers it gives on farming. Of course the correspondence column does not escape me, and I would like to join the merry crowd, if this doesn't take up too much of your room. Everybody seems to describe themselves, so I think I will have to. My height is 5 ft 8½ in., weight 165 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, age 23 years. I would like to correspond with any of the girl writers, I prefer having the girls write first, for I am a rather poor letter writer, but will answer any letters promptly. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, I will sign myself,

The Boy Giant.

Newcomers Wanted.

Manitoba, Canada

Dear Editor,—As I look over your correspondence column every month. I often wish I could join your circle. Now I am making an effort, which I hope will prove successful, my object chiefly being able to correspond with some nice young ladies, between 18 and 20 years. Well perhaps I had better give a discription of myself. I am an Englishman, who has been out here two years, being used to lots of society with the young ladies. I often feel quite lonesome. Am 18 years of age, fair complexion and hair, blue eyes, in fact I consider myself just elegant. Am 5 feet 3 inches tall, weigh 135 lbs. I should be pleased to send my photo to any one who will correspond with me, and will send their photo in exchange. I should like to hear from some nice English young lady who is just out from that land. In fact I shall try to answer all letters. Hoping I may see this letter in print, and wishing your paper every success. My address will be with the Editor. I will sign myself, Romeo.

One from Ireland.

Dublin, Ireland, June, 1911

Sir,—It is with the greatest interest that I have been reading your paper, especially the correspondence column. I think it is a splendid way of getting in touch with somebody the other side of the water. I take a very keen interest in Canada. One reads such a lot about it in books and papers. But have never been fortunate enough to correspond with anyone living there. Wishing your paper all success, truly yours,

"Sunshine."

The W.H.M. Going Ahead.

Chilliwack, B.C., June 17th, 1911

Dear Sir,—I just picked up a copy of your paper on the road, and am delighted with it. I have seen several copies from time to time in my travels during the last three years, and now that I compare this issue with those of my former acquaintance I can see what tremendous strides the magazine has taken. As I am thinking of settling down now I am enclosing a dollar for my subscription to your valuable magazine, which by its merits alone, won me over as a subscriber. I have a small ranch in the above mentioned valley, and am going to settle down on it, and I am a lonely batchelor. I greatly admire the whole tone of Only a Mere Boy's reply to a letter in the correspondence. I hold his views exactly. Stand in his need, namely, for the correspondence of a good Christian girl, and I answer to his description. I am a total abstainer from liquor, tobacco and cards. I remain yours truly,

"Settler."

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Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. That is to say if you want your address changed for the July issue, we must hear from you to that effect not later than June 20th.

When you renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

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Second Attempt Successful.

Griswold P.O., Man.

Sir,—This, my second attempt, to enter your charmed circle, I hope, is not doomed to failure, like my first was. I should imagine that the W.P.B. was hungry for victims, and that my letter was one of the means of satisfying that hunger. I am 25 years of age, 5ft. 10½in. in height, and weigh 175lbs. So you see I am quite a big chunk of trouble for one of the fair sex to look after some day. I don't quite agree with "Admirer of Archibald" re women howling about the work they have to do. Now I think the present day women would (just as cheerfully as the pioneer women of Ontario did) spin the yarn and weave the cloth for the family if it was necessary. And I am sure any of the present day ladies that have any interest in the home life, whether it be on the farm or in the city, would and do all in their power to make the home life happy and comfortable.

I don't know if "Admirer of Archibald" would call the lady that our king personaly decorated for bravery in the streets of London, Eng., an "Imitation Woman." It seems to me, that though the ladies are the weaker sex (supposedly) that they have pluck and grit when it is needed. And the lady in reference is only one of the many who would do the same were they only given the chance.

I quite agree with "Somebody's Little Girl" in her remarks on drinking. It is one of the worse habits that a man can indulge in, especially if he be married and has children. Isn't he opening out a broad path to ruin for his children, and not only his children, but he is ruining his home by spending money on drink that could be otherwise used in getting together all the little comforts of home life. I am pleased to say that I am a total abstainer and a non-smoker.

I have been in this country about three years. As I have no friends out here I would like to correspond with any of the fair sex, especially "Somebody's Little Girl" both for a pastime and mutual benefit.

I hope I have not taken up too much of your valuable space, and wishing the W.H.M. every success.

An English Lad.

Information Gladly Given.

Fletto Springs, Sask., May, 1911.

Dear sir,—Welcome anither old country lad to your charming club. I had not struck this country long before I had become a member of the W.H.M. The English stories had a great attraction for me, but the correspondence column was quite a new thing, and now I wish to become a correspondent myself. I would like to correspond with old country people, and in fact anybody who cares to write. I enjoy letter writing and reading, but what I like best of all is painting. I think this is an ideal country for natural history and botany, but one has so little time on a farm. I would gladly give information about the old country, and I would also relate some amusing stories of a green horn who left college to become a farmer.

I think, many will agree with me too, I am sure, that dancing, card playing and drinking only become wrong when carried to excess, and I could prove that dancing can be carried to excess, else I would say not so, otherwise I think "Haiwatha's" letter an ideal one in such a club as this. If this effort is a success I would like to ask another question, but my letter is over long already. I am just 19, tall, and would not attract undue attention otherway.

"Lance."

A Canadian Lass.

Saskatchewan.

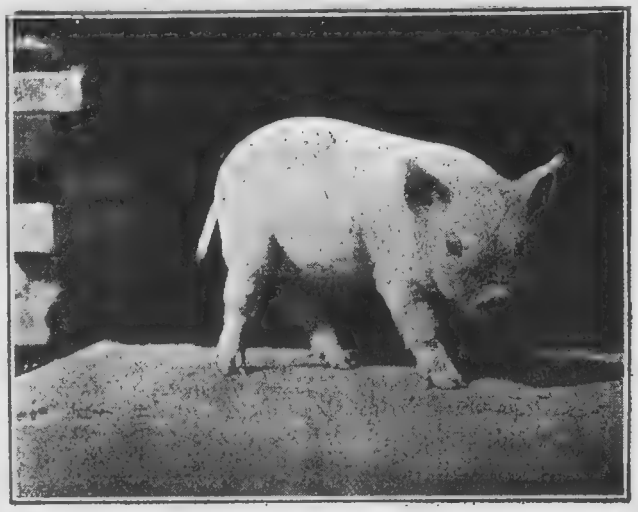
Sir,—I am not a subscriber to your paper, but have none the less enjoyed reading it for the past three years. I read almost everything in it from cover to cover and find much very instructing and I find many good suggestions. I have been entertained by the correspondence columns. It is as good as a show. Some write such amusing letters, others write as though their life depended on their making the letter solemn. I hope the readers will excuse these criticising remarks for I mean no offence.

I do not really believe that all the correspondents look just exactly as they say they do. If they do some ought to be on the stage instead of working on a farm for a living. I am going to tell the truth about myself. I am about five feet six inches tall, dark hair and eyes, good white teth. With care and perseverance I am gradually producing a passably good complexion. I am between fifteen and fifty years of age, but considerably nearer the former. I was born in Quebec but am not of French descent whatever. Having lived on the prairie the most of my life, I have very little recollection of my birthplace. I was brought up in my mother's kitchen—and mother was famous for her cooking—so you can judge for yourself concerning my household qualities.

Now, if any of the readers of the W.H.M. care to write to this farmer's lass, their letters will be promptly answered. I would like to hear from the batchelors in the far East if there are any.

So wishing your magazine success in future years I will sign myself,

"I am Weary."



Abraham Lincoln's First Pet.

Congratulations.

Alberta, May, 1911.

Sir,—May I beg space of your valuable paper for a few words of congratulation to your correspondence column, as I am a very interested reader and subscriber to it and I think there are some very good reading in it besides the correspondence columns, such as the young man and his problem and other things, and I think that it is a very good way for to get young people in different parts of the country to get acquainted with one another, as I think they like to have acquaintances in different parts. I am not on the matrimonial list, so I guess that there is no need for me to describe myself, but if any nice girls wish to correspond with me they will find my address with the editor. Wishing the W.H.M. all kinds of success.

Rusty Bill

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Advice to Young People.

Alsask, Sask., June, 1911.

Sir,—I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper for a short time only, but I find it very interesting, especially the correspondence column. I think some of the letters are very good, but not a few of them I would term silly. I think the girls that write with view to matrimony are very unwise. As for myself, I wouldn't care to marry a man that I had never seen. Of course I don't say that all marriages made under those conditions are failures, for there are exceptions, but, girls, be careful. Take time and consider. When you are once married, it isn't for a day or a week, but for a life time, and an unhappy marriage is worse than none at all. Most girls seem to have a dislike to being an old maid, but there are old maids that are an honor to our sex. I agree with "Lone Star" when he says that "young men will know of your traits and ways soon enough, even without your self advertisement." Some of those "very pretty" girls who are advertising themselves through magazines of one sort and another might as well be put up and sold by auction. Girls, value yourself if no one else does, and don't jump at the highest bidder. I suppose some of you girls will think I am trying to "preach," but it doesn't matter in the least to me what you think. I only wish someone who is competent would give the girls a good "preaching" to, as they call it.

I think J. Herring's suggestion, in the April issue, a very good one, as it would give the "young and foolish" something to think about, besides what they look like. Hoping to see this in print, I remain, "A Happy Girl Wife."

An Appreciative Reader.

Sir,—I have enjoyed reading the letters in your correspondence section for several years, but have not written anything myself until now. The letter you published in May from "A Mere Boy" was a literary treat, and the arguments used excellent. I believe that men are just as capable, and have just as much right to live up to the highest moral standard as women are, and have. Why should what is considered a disgrace in a woman be lightly spoken of in a man. I personally have as much sympathy for a girl that has yielded to temptation and is striving to live right in spite of her bad name, as I have for a young man in like position. Yet the girl will find it a hard matter to get a really respectable man to marry her; while the young man is soon restored to his good social standing. I am a homesteader and a batchelor, and would like to find a young woman between 18 and 22 who would correspond with me. I would like one that is willing to help me to get on and make a success of life. If any girl should read this that has not lived a perfect life in the past but is striving to do so now, she is quite as welcome to write to me, and will be treated with equal respect as those who have blameless characters. If I married a girl that had a past that she was truly sorry for I would never for a moment think of reminding her of that fact. I would consider such an act too base and cruel for anyone calling himself a gentleman, let alone a Christian to do. I have a perfectly clean character myself, yet I would rather marry a girl that was struggling to live pure in spite of having fallen once, than some others who have never fallen, but would be the first to show their scorn and contempt for a fallen sister who was fighting far harder to live right than they ever had to do. The more I read the W.H.M. the more I admire its steady progress upward and onward. Its influence is noble and inspiring in every department. Would like my correspondents to be in Manitoba. Am a good writer and will answer all letters. I don't use liquor or tobacco or profane language. I think that a man needn't be afraid of being mistaken for an angel if he is free from all of these habits. I don't pretend to be so very good that ordinary people would be uncomfortable in my company. Am full of life and fun, and have mixed with all classes of men. So girls please write to me; my address is with the editor. "Trueheart."

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When my chest was flat and my shoulders thin and hollow I thought that I must have been destined by Nature to go through life without knowing the charm of a full, beautiful bust. I faithfully tried every method I could hear of, but without obtaining any result, and I do not believe I would have ever possessed my present suberb development had I not accidently discovered a simple process which enlarged my bust six inches in 30 days, and wrought a complete transformation in my appearance. If every lady who longs for a beautiful figure could have seen me before I used this remarkable process and then look upon me to-day, she would surely feel that nothing less than a miracle could have produced such a marvellous change in so short a time. Yet this same treatment was tried by ten other ladies with undeveloped busts, and the results obtained within a few days utterly astonished the medical and scientific investigators, and in a few weeks each of the ten ladies had obtained a most marvellous enlargement of the bust. Next it was tried by fifty ladies and the same marvellous enlargement was obtained. Mme. C. Sire, of Montreuil, Bellay, says: "The result that I have obtained from the Venus-Carnis treatment convinces me that it can always be used with success."

This is a simple, easy process that any lady can use at home without the knowledge of anyone, and I am so grateful for what it has done for me that I feel I should reveal my secret to all my sisters who need it. Simply address Margarette Merlain, Dept. 1038, 85 Great Portland St., London, W., England, and I will send you particulars by return post in a plain sealed envelope. Ladies who fear that their busts may become too large should stop the treatment as soon as they have obtained all the development desired.

When purchasing from Western Home Monthly advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

The Town Bicycle.

(Continued from Page 14)

"But it is such a paradise!" and her eyes wandered over the verbena bed. "And to think there is never a serpent in it!"

"Oh, but there is! I regard Hiram in the light of a serpent."

"Hiram! Hiram is a dear, a dove and an angel. He has promised to give half the crop of his turnip-field to the bicycle fund."

"That's nothing. I'm willing to give my entire share of the turnips."

"Oh, no! She couldn't expect you to give up beefsteak and turnips both. I am sure she wouldn't."

And so the bicycle fund grew and grew. Miss Matilda was entirely undisturbed; she simply let affairs take their own way. She had set the ball rolling, or rather the wheel rolling, and the boarders were doing the rest. That was as it should be. She denied them nothing—in fact, she even added crullers to the frugal breakfast. But their interest in the fund did not seem to need fanning. The strawberry festival was a great success, chiefly owing to the fact that the June Rose ordered twenty boxes sent to her mother, while the other boarder, for lack of a mother, ate, himself, as many saucerfuls at ten cents a plate. The Rose had imported a large number of friends, who cheerfully paid fares and expenses amounting to two or three dollars that she might reap the benefit of their ten cents admission. Everybody said it was beautifully managed. The Rose had announced that she should pay for everything and only hope to make legitimate profits; but when she went the rounds to bargain for the berries and the sugar, and the cream and the cake, the silver quarters that she dutifully drew out of her little purse to bear witness to her willingness to pay, clung so lovingly to her little gloved fingers (mind you, I don't say that her fingers clung to the money), that farmer, farmer's wife and groceryman at once announced their firm intention not to accept a cent. Then they went and paid ten cents admission to look at their berries and sugar, and cream and cake, as arranged for the festival, and ten cents more for the satisfaction of seeing how they tasted in such novel surroundings, and then, because they tasted well, ten cents for another plateful. Oh, yes! It was beautifully managed.

And so the fund grew and grew. Grahame bore patiently the depletion of his purse and the sacrifice of his beefsteak, but when the Rose suggested that he begin deliberately to earn for the fund, and give up riding his bicycle in the afternoons to hoe corn for Farmer Platt at fifty cents a day, he demurred.

"Can't I make you understand that if we give her bicycles at the end of the season there isn't any need of raising a fund?"

"Of course there isn't any need. But it's such fun to see the money accumulate! And you can always buy more things to go with it: tools, and lanterns, and cyclometers, and waterproof capes and lunch-baskets."

"Well, if you must have money to accumulate, I promise to pay fifty cents a week into the fund for the privilege of riding my own bicycle till the time comes to give it up, if you'll allow me to let Farmer Platt hoe his corn without me. There may be less corn for the market, but if there is I promise to eat canned corn next winter."

"But if there isn't any corn how can there be any corn canned?"

"There can't. That's the advantage, don't you see? Wouldn't you be glad to have canned corn eliminated from the market?"

"Yes, if I could have mushrooms instead."

"Very well, you shall eat mushrooms if you'll only let me ride my wheel in peace till the time comes to give it up."

So she graciously accorded her permission.

But the fund idea was too fascinating. The next day she had formulated a new plan.

She would help gather in the crops. She could pick berries and cut the fresh vegetables—and—oh, glorious new idea! She could preserve the strawberries left over, and jelly the currants, and churn butter for market, and make ever so much! She could help Hiram——"

This was too much. She was not only going to stop riding with him, but she was going to begin lingering with Hiram.

"Didn't I point out to you the other day that there was no need of a fund at all, as we are going to present the town with our wheels?"

"Yes, but——"

"But what?"

"It's such fun to see the money accumulate! And they are sure to want something."

"Well, I want something, too."

"What do you want?"

He came very near telling her, but postponed it and merely suggested:

"I want to murder Hiram."

Still Hiram went unmurdered to the end of the season, and gradually the fund craze died away as the hot July weather made churning butter seem less enjoyable than rides through the cool woods. In due time the boarders departed, leaving their wheels behind them, and the town passed a vote of thanks to Miss Matilda for the effort she had made in its behalf. The following summer Mr. Grahame Johnson and the June Rose came back, as he had once gracefully expressed it, "together."

"Do you know," he said to her as they walked up the garden path again, "why B is my favorite letter in the alphabet? It's because it turns a 'ride' into a 'bride.'"

The Religion We Need.

Some men are afraid of being too religious. What we need today is men who believe down deep in their souls what they profess. The world is tired and sick of sham. Let your whole heart be given up to God's service. Aim high. God wants us all to be his ambassadors. It is a position higher than that of any monarch on earth to be a herald of the Cross; but you must be filled with the Holy Ghost. A great many people are afraid to be filled with the Spirit of God—afraid of being called fanatics You are not good for anything until the world considers you a fanatic. Fox said that every Quaker ought to shake the country ten miles around. What does the scripture say? "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." It takes about a thousand to chase one now. Why? Because they are afraid of being too religious. What does the world want today! Men—men that are out and out for God, and not half-hearted in their allegiance and service.

To discern and deal immediately with causes and overcome them, rather than to battle with effects after the disease has secured a lodgement, is the chief aim of the medical man, and Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of patient study along this particular line. At the first appearance of a cold the Syrup will be found a most efficient remedy arresting development and speedily healing the affected parts, so that the ailment disappears.

Watching Kitty.

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They have been tried and proved, for the last twenty years, to be exactly what we claim for them.

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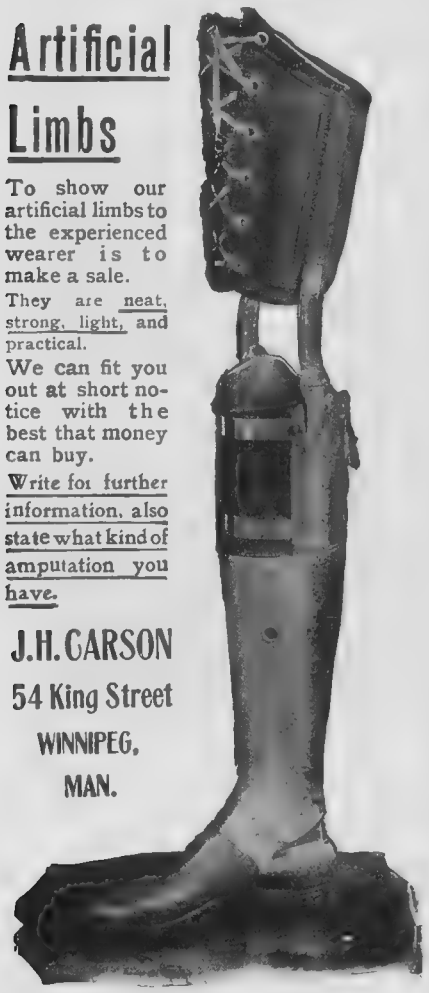

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Jim's Boy.

(Continued from Page 12)

"It wouldn't be any use," he went on "my telling you the circumstances of the connection of little Jim's mother with this blackguard. Some of you are likely married men, and have children of your very own; and besides, in Mrs. Murray's presence it 'ud be a mean thing to describe this cur's doin's. Kitty Fog was my sweetheart fourteen years ago, when I sailed for the White Sea, meaning to be married when I got back. We was wrecked and icebound, and I did not return for four years. Meantime this scoundrel had got round Kitty, and married her in a mock way the law don't allow, and left her afore her child was born. A week after I got back she died, but first she asked me to have a care on the little 'un, that was two years old then. Well, that lad's never been out of my sight since, and he's been the preciousest piece of flotsam and jetsam that ever fell to my lot. He's gut to wind'ard o' the measles and chicken-pox, and there he is, strong enough if he hadn't a bit of a worry in his chest as makes him delicate with his eating. Yes, he's strong enough, and when he sleeps you wouldn't know he was there, he's that quiet and still. He's had the best I could get for him, and he never knew I wasn't his born father till now, and he'll be a bit slow at believin' it—eh, Jim?"

The pathetic tone of the last two words touched every listener save one. There was dead silence in the canteen for a few seconds. Bewilderment seemed to have taken possession of the boy. At length Bracebridge, in a half-insolent, half-abashed voice, said:

"By your showing the child's mine."

Little Jim rose suddenly, and, looking pleadingly into the Admiral's face, spoke his verdict:

"Dad, let's go home; I ain't agoin' to have two fathers."

Yankee Joe now got up, cleared his throat, blew his nose, cleared his throat again, and, wiping his face surreptitiously mopped his eyes, and began to address the assembly:

"Say, you boys, I guess you don't consider me a better speaker than the Admiral; speakin' ain't our line—there's plots, you know, es you can't raise white beans on—and ef this meetin' don't agree that I should preside over the committee es is agoin' to try this case, I'll retire."

"Go it, Joe! give it hot and strong to the scoundrel. Tell him we'll have no kidnapping here."

The company unanimously agreed that Joe was the right man to conduct the trial; his known command of exhaustive vituperation was tacitly acknowledged to be the only medium for the scorn and indignation of the self-constituted jury, impanelled without law or order. The expectations of the jury, however, were doomed to disappointment. Something in little Jim's face now inspired Joe's proceedings, and never was the prophecy, "A little child shall lead them," more certainly verified.

"Boys," said Joe, "I ain't a father. "No, I ain't—I'm sure I ain't; but I don't understand the feelin's of a man who could leave his child to chance for ten years. Ef I hed a son I'd admire to hand his bringin' up to a stepfather like the Admiral, though I've allers set my face agen suchlike connections. Thar aren't one of us es is fit to clean his boots. Could eny o' you waltz a child through chicken-pox or measles? Sir"—Joe here turned towards the stranger—"the passenger-cart starts at ten prompt to-morrow for Capetown. You must retire to the oblivion you've been in since you decoyed that gentleman's sweetheart. I"ll allow we don't set up for virtue here, and thar hev been perplexities about stray diamonds, but thar hes not been any child stealin' so far. I tell ye, ye ain't wanted here Git!"

Bracebridge, seeing the menace on the faces around him, skulked out of the canteen. The Admiral also turned to go, and with him pale little Jim, on whom the excitement had told visibly. Joe crossed the room and intercepted their departure. Taking hold of the Admiral's hand, he gave it a tight grip, and said:

"You'll not see that hound agen. In California we'd hev lynched him, but the good old times hev changed."

Mrs. Murray's tearful face was pressed against little Jim's, and thus Kitty Fog's wrongs were at last avenged.

DON'T NEGLECT CATARRH

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Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.

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Don't be blind to its dangers, because it works so quietly.

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Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. For twenty-five years I've been studying and curing Catarrh. Now I offer you, without any expense whatever, free consultation and advice on curing your trouble—the benefit of my wide knowledge and beneficial discoveries.

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It entitles readers of this paper to free medical advice on curing Catarrh.

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Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in the nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from your nose?
Does the mucus drop in back of throat?

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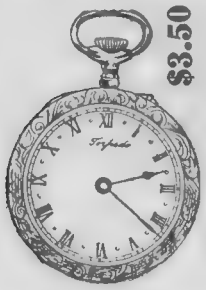

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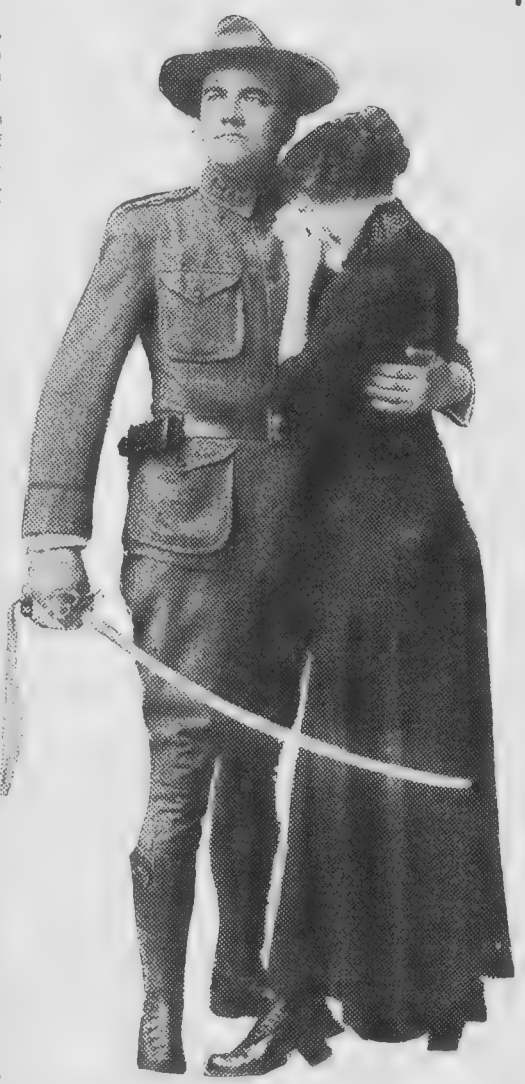

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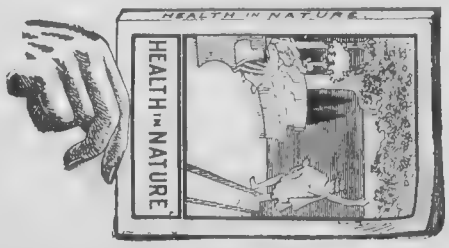

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Boys and Girls.

Buried Alive.

A clergyman vouches for the truth of a story which would otherwise be incredible. The winter of 1885 was the coldest in the experience of Minnesota farmers, and the live stock suffered terribly. About a mile from the clergyman's house was a piece of timber. He kept his oxen busy, he says, hauling wood to his house. The snow lay three feet seep, and the sledding was good. On the first of January he yoked his oxen, and in addition to the yoke used some heavy harness, including thick leather traces. It was one o'clock when he left home, and in an hour or so he was loading the wood on the sled at the edge of the timber.

Meanwhile a blinding blizzard blew up, sweeping over the prairie at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and piling up the snow in drifts from eight to ten feet deep. As the wind increased both myself and my oxen became chilled to the marrow, says the minister, and I knew that it was certain death to man and beast to stay out any longer.

Turning the heads of my oxen homeward in the very teeth of that blinding storm, I urged them on across the open space between the timber and my house. But oxen, however willing, are never rapid, and the one mile seemed ten to me as the heavy beasts pushed onward. Feeling that I should surely freeze to death in a short time, I jumped down from my load, plunged homeward through the snow, and reached my barn in half an hour.

I knew that my oxen could feel their way home, and fully expected them to appear at the barn by nightfall if, perchance, they were not blinded by the storm or lost in the increasing drifts. But night came on, and no oxen.

The storm abated, and I started out with my hired man to find my missing cattle and my load of wood.

We floundered through the snow toward the timber, but the oxen were nowhere to be seen. We hunted all night long, and arrived home just in time for breakfast, puzzled and mystified. After breakfast out we started again, helped this time by some of our neighbors; but after a fruitless search we came back, vanquished. No neighbor had seen the oxen, and their disappearance became the sensation of the neighborhood.

They had either been lost for good, frozen to death in the deep snow, or else had wandered off across the prairie to some distant farmer's barn.

We advertised in the country papers, offering a reward of two hundred dollars for the return of the oxen and the wood. One week, two, three passed by, but still no solution.

It was the thirty-first day of January. There had been a thaw for several days, and much of the snow on the prairie had disappeared, leaving only about one foot in depth, except in the deep hollows of my ranch. I was driving a team of heavy farm horses over to the timber to get another load of wood, when, on passing through a small ravine a little to one side of the ordinary road, I noticed a movement in the snow. Drawing in my reins, I alighted, walked about ten feet from my horses, and lo! there were my oxen, alive, still yoked together, standing in four feet of snow, with just enough of their bodies above the snow to make a movement visible.

They had been caught between the stumps of two trees, and there they had been for thirty days, unable to move, and saved from freezing to death only by the deep snow that so mercifully had covered them. They had eaten up everything within seach, including the leather harness, most of the wood of the sled-pole, the bark of the tree trunks, the twigs and sticks lying round, and the roots of the trees to a depth of three feet. There they had stood for thirty days. They were living skeletons. Every bone was visible. Yet they were able to walk home, and after careful feeding for another thirty days they were as strong as ever, and were faithful animals on my farm for ten years afterward.

'Doggie' at Drill.

How Molly got her Curls.

By Rosamund Nesbit Bland.

"Eat up your crusts, dearie," said Nurse, "and then your hair is sure to curl some day."

Molly looked at her in despair. How could anyone be so silly?

"Nurse," she said, "you know it's not true. I've eaten thousands of crusts, and it hasn't made any difference at all. Last week I didn't eat anything but crusts for tea, and my hair is as straight as ever."

Molly took hold of a lock of hair and tugged at it as she spoke. As a matter of fact, it was very nice hair—black, and thick, and long—but it was the kind that never curls, and Molly longed for curls more than anything else in the world. One night she had made Nurse screw it up in tight papers, but it had hurt so much that she had hardly slept at all; and when she did fall asleep at last it was with her face buried in the pillow, and that had given her bad dreams. After that she gave up trying to make it curl, but she always hoped there would come a day when she would wake up and find her head covered with black ringlets.

"You can't expect things to happen all at once, you know," said Nurse.

Just then the housemaid put her head in at the door.

"The missus wants you in her room, Nurse," she said, and she came in. Nurse went downstairs and Jane made up the fire, then she drew the curtains, and then she came back to the fire again and

poked it. She seemed to be trying to find something to do that would keep her there till Nurse came back. There was an air of mystery about her, too, and Molly wondered what could be the matter. At last she could bear it no longer.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked.

Jane looked more mysterious than ever. "We never know what's coming next," she said, pursing up her lips and tossing her head. "A telegram comes, and then your life's 'appiness is wrecked for ever."

"Has a telegram come, Jane?" said Molly.

"I never said so, Miss," said Jane.

"Well, you look awfully silly," said Molly. "I'm sure something must have happened—you might just as well tell me."

"Tisn't my place to say when there's trouble in the 'ouse," said Jane with a sniff; "and besides, children oughtn't to know un'appiness."

This was too much for poor Molly. She jumped down from her chair and ran round the table to Jane.

"Oh, do tell me," she begged. "It's much worse to know that something's wrong and not know what it is."

"Ah, you'll have your own sorrows one of these days, Miss," said Jane. She began to sweep up the hearth, singing in a low voice:

"Only a few more troubles,
Sorrow must come some day,
Life cannot be all sunshine——"

"I'm going down to Mother to find out what it is," said Molly, suddenly.

"That you're not, Miss," said Jane firmly. "Nurse would be at me for a chatterbox. You stay up here and keep nice and quiet, and I'll pop up and let you know when Nurse tells us in the kitchen.

"Then you don't know!" said Molly. "It's simply your own invention.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," said Jane, and with this dark saying she left the room.

Molly stood by the fire for a moment wondering what Jane's last remark had to do with anything. Then she heard someone coming up the stairs and ran to see who it was.

"Oh, Mother, is anything the matter?" she called.

"Nurse has got to go home for a few weeks," said her mother as she came to the door. "I'm rather worried about it. Her little brother has got scarlet fever, and Nurse was with him only the other day. You'll try and amuse yourself this evening, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, Mummy," said Molly; "I shall be quite all right."

"There's my dear girl," said Mother, and she kissed her and went away to her room.

Molly went across to the window and pulled back the curtains. She looked out into the dark street, and away down in the town she could see the lights twinkling golden and bright. She felt it would be very nice to be out there running down the lamp-lit road with the fresh wind cooling her cheeks and blowing through her hair.

"If only my hair would curl!" she said with a big sigh. Her sigh was echoed by somebody in the room, and when Molly turned from the window she saw a little girl sitting on a cushion before the fire.

"Well!" was all Molly could say.

The girl, who was not so very small, as Molly saw at a second glance, turned round at the sound, and she held a piece of fine sewing in her hand.

"Don't you know me?" she said. "Come over here and you will in a moment when you have looked at me."

Molly walked wonderingly to her and sat down. For a long time she looked at her visitor in silence.

"Have a guess!" said the girl.

"I've never seen you before," said Molly.

"Oh, nonsense!" said the girl. "Well—perhaps not me exactly, but you've seen pictures of me."

"Have I," said Molly, and she thought of the large portrait album in the drawing room, but she could not remember having seen this girl among the portraits there.

"What about this?" said the girl, holding out her sewing to Molly. "Did you ever see such a fine seam as that? And what about this?" she added, patting the cushion she sat upon. "And these?" she said, shaking her head until the thick golden curls flew round in a whirl of light.

"Oh," said Molly, with a gasp. "Of course—Curly-Locks."

"Just so," said the girl.

"'Curly-Locks, Curly-Locks, will you be mine?
"Curly-Locks, Curly-Locks, will you be mine?
You shall not wash dishes nor yet feed the swine.
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream.'

Only I've had my daily allowance of strawberries, so I couldn't bring any with me."

"But it's winter," Molly objected.

"Makes no difference what it is here," said Curly-Locks. "It's always summer in Nursery Rhyme Country."

Molly wanted dreadfully to ask Curly-Locks why she had come away from Nursery Rhyme Country, but she thought it might be rude, and the next moment Curly-Locks explained it.

"You see," she said, "I knew you loved curls, and I wanted help so I came to see if you could give it me."

"Help?" said Molly. "Whatever for?"

"I'm dead sick of it all," said Curly-Locks. "That's what I am—dead sick of it."

Molly thought that Curly-Locks talked as Jane did, and she knew that Mother had told her not to copy Jane's way of speaking. She had felt every moment that Curly-Locks would drop an "h," and the next moment she did.

"He's like a 'eathen," said Curly-Locks.

"Who?" asked Molly, thoroughly bewildered.

"Why, the Prince, of course," said her friend. "Perhaps I'd better tell you about it from the beginning. You know that I used to keep pigs?"

"No," said Molly.

"Well, where would have been the sense of saying 'nor yet feed the swine' if I didn't?" said Curly-Locks.

"There wouldn't have been any," said Molly.

"Exactly. Well I kept pigs and washed dishes, and I had grand times. There was the stable-boy, Robin. He and I used to teach the pigs to do all sorts of things—dancing and jumping and all that. He played the pipe in the yard and I danced with the pigs. Oh, they were grand times," sighed Curly-Locks, "grand times."

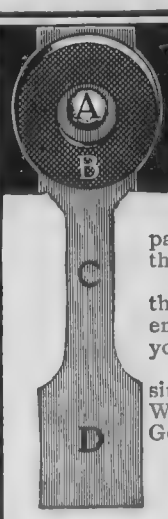
"They must have been," said Molly, sympathetically, and her eyes sparkled at the thought of the performing pigs. "Why ever did you leave them?"

"I was silly," said Curly-Locks. "There's no getting away from it. I was downright silly. One day I had washed all the dishes, and Robin and I were going to have a circus in the yard. He got out his pipe, and I was just putting the pigs through their steps when the Prince came down the lane on his horse and looked over the farmyard wall. Robin didn't see him, and went on playing, so I danced to the end of the tune. When we had finished, the Prince leaned over and said, 'Curly-Locks, Curly-Locks, will you be mine?' I needn't say it, because you know as well as I do what he said. I looked at him for a minute, and I thought of all the dishes I had to wash up, and the pigs to feed, and the vegetables to get ready for dinner every day, and I said 'Yes' before I knew what I was saying. The Prince threw his cap up in the air and shouted 'Hurrah!' And with that he whisked me up behind him on to his horse, and away we rode right into Nursery Rhyme Country, leaving poor Robin with his mouth wide open, and the pigs, silly things, doing their steps all wrong because I wasn't there to look after them. Oh dear, oh dear, them pigs!" said Curly-Locks, and she put her face down into her hands and began to cry.

Molly was very sorry. She put her arm round her and tried to wipe her eyes with the fine seam.

"Oh, don't cry, Curly-Locks, dear," she said. "I will help you all I can. But I don't know what you want me to do. Don't you like strawberries and cream?"

"That part isn't so bad," sobbed Curly-Locks. "It's these old seams and grammar."



Don't Meddle With a Corn

Don't pare them. That doesn't help for long. And paring too deep has caused blood poisoning a good many thousand times.

Don't merely protect them. Don't doctor and nurse them. Cover a corn with a Blue-jay plaster, and the pain is ended. In two days the corn comes out. In the meantime you forget it.

Five million corns per year are removed in this cheap, simple way. It never fails. No harm, no pain, no discomfort. Why don't you take advantage of this wonderful invention? Go get a package now. Get rid of corns.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
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Blue-jay Corn Plasters 15c and 25c per package

(3) Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters. All Druggists Sell and Guarantee Them.
If not convinced, ask for sample—free.
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MODERN MARTYRS!

The age of martyrs is not passed. There are thousands of women all over the country enduring physical torture and mental anguish almost beyond description. They are not victims of persecution, like the martyrs of old; they are not called on to face the scaffold or the stake, but their sufferings—borne in silence and hidden from the world at large—are scarcely less intense.

These ladies, as a rule, are women and girls of refined and sensitive temperaments. Knowing that their sufferings are due to a disordered condition of the female functions, their native modesty deters them from seeking relief in the earlier stages; and when they do consult a physician, they usually get some drug mixture to take internally, which is not more effective for troubles of this kind than it would be for a toothache, a bruise, or any other strictly local ailment.

The seat of the trouble being in some one of the female organs, the remedy, to be effective, must act on this portion of the anatomy.

This is the secret of the success which always follows the use of ORANGE LILY in derangements of this kind. It is a strictly local treatment. It is absorbed directly into the parts that are inflamed and congested and its beneficent, soothing influence is noticeable from the start. The irritation of the delicate membrane is relieved, the congestion is overcome by the discharge of the watery matter which served to oppress the nerves and cause mental depression; the nerves are toned and invigorated; and the sunshine and joy of life again becomes part of her being. Read the following letters:

Archer, Ont., Feb. 1, '09.
Dear Mrs. Currah:—I received your kind letter some time ago, but was feeling so well, and not needing medicine, that I neglected replying sooner. I must say I have more confidence in ORANGE LILY than in any other thing I have ever used. Before I knew or found out anything about this medicine, I doctored away hundreds of dollars, and when I thought I was dying with inflammation of the womb, a box of ORANGE LILY was sent me through the mail from a friend. The first suppository I used I was greatly relieved, and in a few months completely cured. That was nine years ago this winter, so you can imagine with what esteem I hold the ORANGE LILY. I am thankful there is such a relief for poor, suffering women, for I have been one of them and can sympathize with others. Your sincere friend, MRS. NORMAN WEAVER.

Trenton, Ont., Dec. 4th, 1909.

Mrs. F. E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.—
Dear Friend,—I feel it my duty to write you a testimonial as to what Orange Lily has done for me. Last winter I was feeling very miserable indeed. I could scarcely do my housework during my menstrual period, and for two months or more I was never free from pain in the womb and ovaries. The pain would run down the groin, so I would frequently nearly double up. Then the pain began going up the back of my neck to my brain until I hardly knew what I was doing at times. Life was a burden indeed. I finally could endure it no longer, so went to our leading town doctor and had an examination. He pronounced it (I forget the word) a rigid condition of the generative organs, produced by repeated attacks of inflammation. He said I would have to take a course of treatment, and if that failed to overcome the rigid condition I might, in time, be compelled to have the ovaries removed. I objected to that, so filled out Dr. Coonley's symptom blank and forwarded it to him, and he diagnosed the disease the same as my local doctor, so I decided to take Dr. Coonley's Treatment. I have used two jars of Cerate Massage, two packages of Herbal Womb Tonic and six boxes of Orange Lily. It is eight months since I began the treatment, but I feel like a new woman. I work right through everything now. Hardly know a pain, even during menstruation now. I often say, "I would not take $100 and be in the state that I was last March." I feel that Dr. Coonley's Home Treatment is a Godsend to suffering womankind, and shall continue to sound its praises whenever I have an opportunity.

Yours gratefully, MRS. T. H. HATTON.

ORANGE LILY as a remedy for these ills, as well as for leucorrhoea, painful periods, irregularities, cancers in their earlier stages, tumors, displacements, lacerations, and all ovarian troubles, has long since passed the experimental stage. So confident am I of this that I will send ten days' treatment, which is worth 35 cents, to any sufferer ABSOLUTELY FREE. The treatment is inexpensive, used at home, and no physician is necessary. Send at once for the

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

which will demonstrate that ORANGE LILY will cure you. Enclose stamps, and address MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, ONT., Can. Rep., Coonley Med. Inst.. Delays are dangerous. 11

HAS USED DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry

For The Last Fifteen Years

Mrs. Duncan McRae, 62, 6th St. North Brandon, Man., writes:—"It is much pleasure for me to say that I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my home, every Summer, for the last fifteen years.

"I have six children and have used it on every one of them.

"I use it myself and so does my husband. Last summer my baby, seven months old, was taken very sick with Summer Complaint, and we thought he would die. We got a bottle of Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and started giving it to him in small doses and in three days he got quite well, so we kept on with the medicine for about a week or more and he became as well as ever.

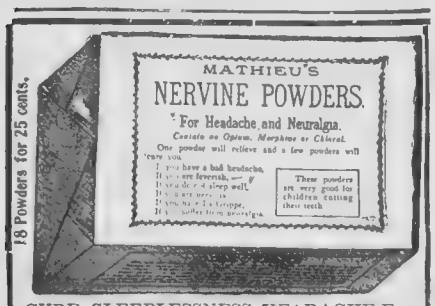
"My little girl, two years old, was taken very bad with the same trouble, and I used two doses of the same medicine and she was completely cured.

"Myself and my husband think there is no other medicine so good for all bowel complaints.

"If anyone wishes to know what an excellent remedy Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is, I am willing to tell them what it has done for me."

ASK FOR "DR. FOWLER'S" AND INSIST ON GETTING WHAT YOU ASK FOR.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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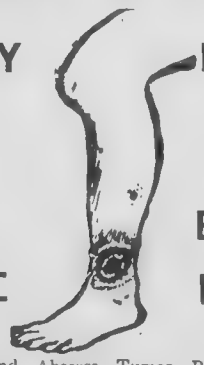

a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitus, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London England (copyright).

Wholesale Agents. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada.

"Grammar?" said Molly. She was quite puzzled. "Do you have to learn grammar?"

"The Prince says I'm always making dreadfull mistakes," said Curly-Locks dolefully, "and he can't let me go into the reception room until I can speak nicely."

"What a hateful old pig!" said Molly indignantly.

"Oh, no, he isn't," sniffed Curly-Locks. "He's very nice really, only I'd rather be at home with Robin and the pigs. I wasn't meant to be a lady, and I don't get on. I have to have my curls tugged at every night and morning to keep them tidy, and Robin always thought them pretty enough anyhow."

"They are lovely," said Molly, suddenly remembering her own vain wishes, but she wanted to help Curly-Locks, so she said:

"Let's think how you can get back."

"I can't think of anything," said Curly-Locks. "You see there are all the Nursery Rhyme books. I'm in all of them. That's why I came to you—I thought perhaps you'd know how they were made."

"Would you have to be taken out of them?" said Molly. "We might have all the new ones made without your rhyme in them."

"But what about the old ones?"

"Couldn't all the children be asked to burn them?" suggested Molly.

"There'd sure to be some forgotten," said Curly-Locks sadly, "and then I should have to stay and sew seams."

"I suppose it all happened ever so long ago?" said Molly. It's so hard to understand."

"Yes, hundreds of years," said Curly-Locks. They sat in silence for a time, both staring into the heart of the fire. Then Molly gave a little jump.

"Oh, Curly-Locks," she said, "suppose I was to go and put the clock back until it came just before it happened."

"Well?" said Curly-Locks doubtfully, "what then?"

"Why then it wouldn't have happened, so it wouldn't be in the books."

"Nor it would," said Curly-Locks. "You are a clever little thing!" she added admiringly. "I should never have thought of that myself."

"And oh, Curly-Locks," said Molly, springing up in her excitement, "the grandfather clock in the corner hasn't gone for years and years. Mother says it's very old, so I daresay we shan't have to put it back far."

She seized Curly-Locks by the hand and dragged her to the clock, but she could not reach the hands; and though Curly-Locks could just manage it by standing on tiptoe, she had not strength enough to push the hands round while she was in such an uncomfortable position. So Molly put a wicker chair in front of the clock and stood upon the edge of it, and Curly-Locks held the back of the chair with both hands, for it was a rather rickety one, and tipped forward in a very dangerous way as Molly struggled with the hands of the clock. She pushed and puffed and got quite hot and cross, but the hands would not move. Curly-Locks was so interested that she forgot to hold the back of the chair, and it tipped forward suddenly. Molly's hand slipped on the clock-face and caught on the little brass knob that holds the hands together. There was a groan and a whirr from the clock, the chair fell forward on to the clock, and Molly came crashing down between the clock and the chair, with Curly-Locks on top of her

"Oh, oh!" cried Curly-Locks. "They are going round and round, and now we can't stop them!"

Then every thing seemed to go dark to Molly, and her head whizzed round. She shut her eyes and clung to Curly-Locks. After a time she felt as if a soft wind was blowing over her, and somehow she knew she was out in the sunshine. She opened her eyes, and found that she and Curly-Locks were sitting in a sort of huddled heap in the middle of a green field. The house was gone, the road to the town seemed smaller, and had no lamp-posts in it, and even the town itself looked quite different, smaller and darker, and Molly noticed that some of the buildings she was used to had quite disappeared.

Now, when Molly had turned back the hands of the clock, she had meant to

Divided Affection.

FOR 25 YEARS HE SUFFERED

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SARNIA, ONT., Feb. 5th, 1910.

"I have been a sufferer for the past 25 years with Constipation, Indigestion and Catarrh of The Stomach. I tried many remedies and many doctors but derived no benefit whatever.

Finally I read an advertisement of "Fruit-a-tives". I decided to give "Fruit-a-tives" a trial and found they did exactly what was claimed for them.

I have now taken "Fruit-a-tives" for some months and find that they are the only remedy that does me good.

I have recommended "Fruit-a-tives" to a great many of my friends and I cannot praise these fruit tablets too highly" PAUL J. JONES

Thousands now use "Fruit-a-tives. Thousands more will try Fruit-a-tives" after reading the above letter. It proves, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that at last there is a cure for Constipation and Stomach Troubles.

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Send Name and Address Today—You Gan Have it Free and Be Strong and vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—with out any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

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Reliable parties to do **Machine Knitting** for us at home. $7 to $10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address:

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Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Glanford Station, Ont.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for years and never found any medicine to compare with it. I had ulcers and falling of the uterus, and doctors did me no good. I suffered dreadfully until I began taking your medicine. It has also helped other women to whom I have recommended it."—Mrs. HENRY CLARK, Glanford Station, Ontario.

Another Cure

Harvey Bank, N. B.—I can highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any suffering woman. I have taken it for female weakness and painful menstruation and it cured me. — MRS. DEVERE BARBOUR.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

Take Off The Fat Where It Shows

Most woman suffer much humiliation and inconvenience, especially during the hot summer months, because of great quantities of fat, so located that, no matter how they dress, everybody sees that they are abnormal. This is the season and the day of the slender figure, and fat women are simply not tolerated either in business or social affairs. Women may not know it, but men when they see a fat womon pass them on the street make all manner of sympathetic remarks about her. They do not mean to be unkind or to seem unmanly, but it is natural for a man to dislike fat on a woman. Where fat shows the most there is where it must be removed, and as quickly as possible. Hot weather dresses seem to be made for the fat woman's misery and the slender woman's delight. They expose all the charms of woman and her ugliness as well. Exercise and diet will not remove fat. This has been proved. The famous Marmola prescription which has met with such phenominal success and has so many of our society women as its sponsors, is now being sold in tablet form to meet the demand of the public for this style of treatment. These little tablets go into your system just like food. They stop the stomach and digestive apparatus from producing fat and reduce the fat upon the body at the rate of from 12 to 15 ounces a day. They are harmless in hot as well as cool weather and can be carried in your purse and taken even after you have indulged in a hearty meal away from home. They are sold at all drug stores at 75 cents a case, or if you prefer you may write the Marmola Company, 1412 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC., are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease Full particulars on receipt of stamps W. F. Young, P. D. F. 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

get back to a time when Curly-Locks was living with Robin and the pigs at the farm; but what had happened was that they had gone back to the time when Edward IV. was king and printing had only just been invented. Molly didn't know this, she only knew that she felt rather lonely and frightened to find that her house and garden had gone, and that she hadn't any idea of how to get back to Mother. But Curly-Locks seemed so pleased that Molly, who was a very kind little girl, and a brave one too, tried to forget her own troubles and look happy.

Curly-Locks gave a shake to her curls and jumped up.

"Come on," she said; "this is the Land of Long Ago, right enough. I know where I am. Our farm lies over to the west."

She raised her hand and pointed towards the setting sun, and Molly saw in the distance a farm building with a red roof.

"Come along," said Curly-Locks, "we shall find Robin now." And she took Molly's hand and dragged her along. Molly was glad to have come to the right place for Robin, but she could not help being troubled about herself. It was all very well for Curly-Locks to say that Molly should live with her and feed the pigs and wash the dishes, but somehow it did not seem so pleasant an idea as it had when she was safe at home in her warm nursery. At last they reached the farm, and then Molly forgot her own sorrow, for there on the wall sat a sad, sad boy, dressed in rough herdsman's clothes, and at his feet lay four or five lean, miserable pigs, who looked up at him with pleading eyes, as if asking for something he could not give them. Curly-Locks gave a little sob.

"Oh, the poor, poor pigs!" she said, and she ran and clapped her hands over Robin's eyes.

"Guess who it is?" she cried.

Then Molly began to laugh, in spite of her loneliness, for Curly-Locks was laughing and sobbing in Robin's arms, and the pigs, poor sillies, leaped up from the ground and began dancing, doing their steps all wrong because Curly-Locks had been away such a long time.

Molly laughed until she could hardly see, and then quite suddenly the farm and the pigs and Curly-Locks faded away and it grew dark. She heard Curly-Locks call, "I shan't forget—I shan't forget!" And the sound grew fainter and fainter, and Molly remembered no more.

* * * * *

When Molly's mother came into the nursery to kiss her little girl good-night, she found the fire had died down and the room was almost in darkness.

"Molly," she said, "where are you?"

There was no answer, only the ticking of the clock.

"Why, it's going at last!" said Molly's mother, and she lit a candle and went to look at it. She saw that the clock-case was open, and she thought as the clock was going it might just as well be put right; but when she tried to turn the hands the clock gave a whirr and a groan and the hands whizzed round at such a pace that she was quite startled and dropped the candle. By the time she had picked up the candle and relighted it, the clock went "Thud! Bump!" inside and stopped working, and when Molly's mother turned round, there was Molly with her head on the window-sill, looking very dazed and rather frightened.

"Why, darling," said her mother, "you must have dropped asleep. It's long past bed-time."

Molly was much too bewildered and sleepy to explain, and, of course, she would not have been sleepy if she had already had a long sleep, would she?

Now, three days after this, Molly developed scarlet fever, and it was during this that a still more wonderful thing happened, for the doctor advised Mother to have Molly's hair cut off quite short, and when Molly grew stronger, and her hair began to grow again, it came in little curls.

Nurse said that the crusts did it after all; but Molly knows that Curly-Locks didn't forget her.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

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Also Internally Radway's Ready Relief in Water, for all Bowel Pains and Disorders.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send for FREE COPY of "HOPE FOR THE SICK," a list of the principal ailments of mankind—with directions for their treatment—to

RADWAY & CO., MONTREAL, CANADA

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my **home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure—**you**, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men **cannot** understand women's sufferings. What we women know **from experience**, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhœa** or **Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar** to our sex.

I want to send you **a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that **it will cost you nothing** to give the treatment **a complete trial**; and if you should wish to continue, **it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day.** It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address,** tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free of cost** my book—"**WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER**" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think **for herself.** Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. **It cures all, old or young.** To **Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really **cures** all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address,** and the free ten days treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 WINDSOR, Ont.

CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer.

Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

LADIES

A safe, reliable and effectual Monthly medicine. A special favorite with married ladies. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of $1.00. Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.

If it's made of

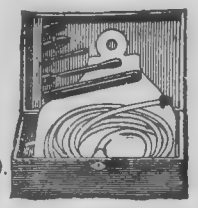
RUBBER

We Have It.

Write us and mention your wants.

INDIA RUBBER SPECIALTY CO.

Box 2704. Montreal.



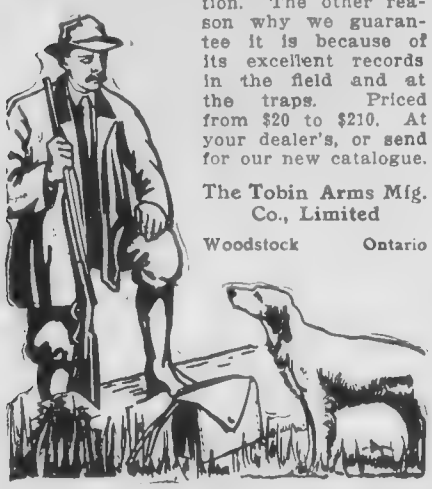
Your Dog — Some Lunch — and a Tobin Simplex Gun

Sounds like a good day's sport, doesn't it? Whether you are beating the bush for partridge, or bagging a few rabbits, or "jumping" duck in the marshes, it is good business to have a gun that answers accurately to your almost involuntary shooting impulse when, without any warning, your target presents itself. The

Tobin Simplex Gun

amply fulfils these requirements; and your quickest way of verifying this statement is to see the gun itself, or to ask any of the good shots—they all know something about the "Tobin."

We know all about it—every part of it. The most painstaking care is exercised in our factory in choosing material of known quality to go into these guns. That is one reason why, when you purchase a Tobin Simplex, you get a "money-back" guarantee, that assures you of either perfect satisfaction, or the full purchase amount refunded without question. The other reason why we guarantee it is because of its excellent records in the field and at the traps. Priced from $20 to $210. At your dealer's, or send for our new catalogue.



The Tobin Arms Mfg. Co., Limited

Woodstock Ontario

In Lighter Vein.

The Colored Band.

W'en de colo'ed ban' comes ma'chin'
down de street,
Don't you people stan' daih starin,; lif
yo' feet!
Ain't dey playin'? Hip hooray!
Stir yo' stumps an' cleah de way,
Fu' de music dat dey makin' can't be
beat.
Oh, de major man's a-swingin' of his
stick,
An' de pickaninnies crowdin' 'roun' him
thick;
In his go'geous uniform,
He's de lightin' of de sto'm,
An' de little clouds erroun' look mighty
slick.

You kin hyeah a fine perfo'mance w'en
de white ban's serenade,
And dey play dey high-toned music
mighty sweet,
But hit's Sousa played in rag-time an'
hit's Rastus on parade,
W'en de colo'ed ban comes ma'chin'
down de street.
W'en de colo'ed ban comes ma'chin'
down de street.

You kin hyeah de ladies all erroun'
repeat:
"Ain't they han'some? Ain't dey
gran'?
Ain't dey splendid? Goodness lan,!
W'y dey pu'fect f'om dey fo'heads to
dey feet!"
An' sich steppin' to de music down de
line,
'Taint de music by itself dat makes it
fine.
Hit's de wakin', step by step,
An' de keepin' time wid "Hep,"
Dat it mek a common ditty soun'
divine.

Oh, de white ban' play hits music, an'
hit's mighty good to hyeah,
An' hit sometimes leaves a ticklin' in
yo' feet,
But de hea't goes into business fu' to
he'p erlong de eah,
W'en de colo'ed ban comes ma'chin'
down de street.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar in Saturday Evening Post.

A Daniel Come to Judgment.

"It didn't turn out as Jones figured," said the talkative man, with a grin. "He invited me to pay him a visit at his summer home in the country, and I accepted without any idea of what he had in store for me. No sooner had I arrived than he informed me that he had me booked to act as judge at a baby show that was to take place the following day. I laughed at him and told him that all babies looked alike to me, and that I would have to be excused. But he pointed out the fact that I had been advertised to act, and that it was now too late to withdraw; so I consented, although with a good many misgivings concerning the outcome.

"Well, when I stood up on the plat form and saw twenty-seven proud mothers holding as many babies before me I came near losing my nerve and bolting. However, I took a brace and told them to form in line and march past me. They did, and the sight made me dizzy, and for the life of me I couldn't tell a white baby from a colored one. To catch my breath and gain time to collect my thoughts, I told them to march around once more, the result being that I was rattled more than ever. I was about to ask them to parade once more, when I saw Jones grinning at me from the rear of the hall, and I realized the hand that he had had in getting me into the present situation. Like a flash I saw a way out of the trouble and a chance to even up matters with Jones at the same time. Clearing my throat, I addressed the expectant mothers as follows:

"'I have asked you to pass before me more as a matter of form than any doubt concerning the winner of this contest. That the babies are all dears I think you will agree with me, and I also think you will concur with my judgment when I state that there is one baby here so much prettier than the rest as to place it in a class of its own, and to that baby it is my duty to award the prize. But to save the heartburnings of the other mothers I think it best not to publicly announce the winner at this time. If the mother who holds the winner at this instant in her arms—and she knows to whom I refer — will call at the home of Mr. Jones to-morrow morning at eight o'clock she will be awarded the prize that she so justly deserves.

"Then I left and caught the first train for home. I gather from the somewhat warm and incoherent remarks that Jones has made in my hearing since that there was a wildly exciting time when twenty-seven fond mothers called in a bunch to demand the prize that I had awarded. Jones refuses to tell how it ended, but as he appears afraid to go back, I rather imagine that the end is not yet."—Detroit Free Press.

The English Language.

A Frenchman thirsting for linguistic superiority began a course of English lessons with a teacher of languages. After toiling conscientiously through a good many exercises, the following dialogue between the pupil and his master was overheard:

"I find the English very difficult," complained the Frenchman. "How do you pronounce t-o-u-g-h?"

"It is pronounced 'tuff.'"

"Eh, bien, 'tuff;' 'snuff,' then, is spelt s-n-o-u-g-h, is it no?"

"Oh, no; 'snuff' is spelt s-n-u-ff. As a matter of fact, words ending in o-u-g-h are somewhat irregular."

"I see; a superb language! T-o-u-g-h is 'tuff' and c-o-u-g-his 'cuff.' I have a very bad cuff."

"No; it is 'coff,' not 'cuff.'"

"Very well; cuff, tuff and coff. And d-o-u-g-h is 'duff,' eh?"

"No, not 'duff.'"

"'Doff,' then?"

"No; 'doh.'"

"Well, then, what about h-o-u-g-h?"

"That is pronounced hock."

"'Hock!' Then, I suppose the thing the farmer uses, the p-l-o-u-g-h, is 'pluff,' or is it 'plock,' or 'plo?' Fine language—'plo.'

The Human Geyser.

This story is about a man who is related to the man who didn't know the gun was loaded. Every few weeks readers of newspapers see something about a a man, a different one in each case, who takes a seidlitz powder by drinking one mixture and foll wing that with the other mixture, instead of pouring the contents of one glass into the other and drinking while the stuff effervesces. These stories are probably true. At least a case of this kind happened a few days ago out in Lester Park, according to the Duluth (Minn.) "News Tribune" The drug clerk gave the man the following instructions when he sold the seidlitz powder:

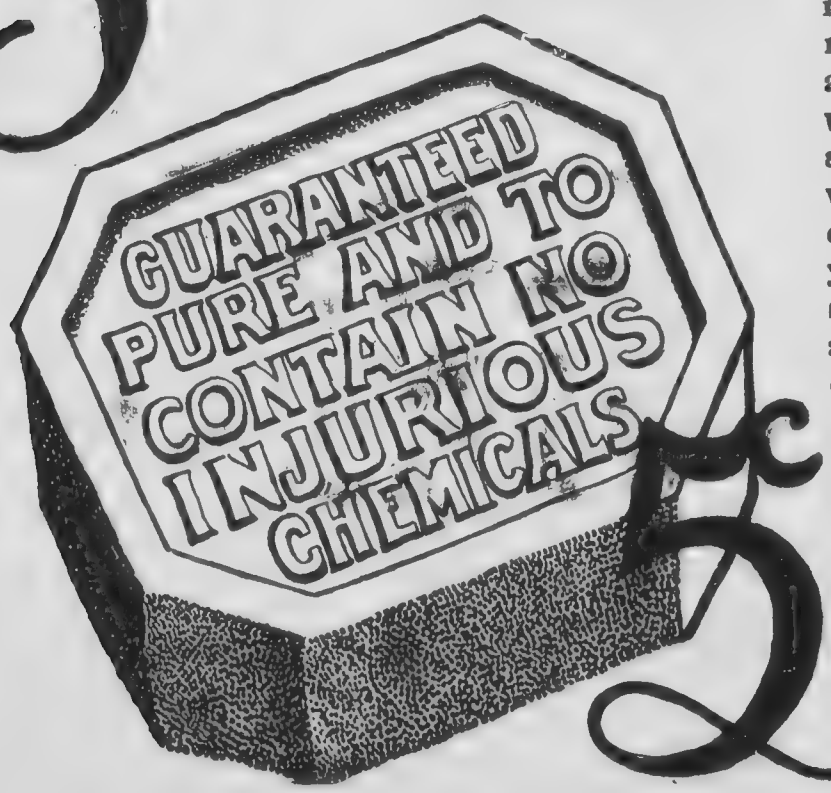
"There are two powders in the package. Mix them in separate glasses. Then pour them together and drink when the liquid begins to foam."

The man carried out the instructions, but the stuff effervesced so suddenly that it went all over his face and into his eyes and down his vest, and very little down his throat. So it occurred to him that the only way to best the effervescing qualities of a seidlitz powder was to swallow one section of the

the soap that saves work is this:—

Sunlight Soap

does well what other soaps only half do



—its bubbly, snowy lather makes the clothes smell sweet — dissolves out the dirt—helps hot or cold water do all cleansing — absolutely the easiest of soaps on fine fabrics — never will make the hands chap nor redden them — goes twice as far as common soaps — those are the reasons why it takes many millions of cakes a week to Sunlight the whole world's cleansing. Shun soaps loaded with chemicals that rot clothes — get the soap you know is pure — the soap that lessens labor and spares what it cleans. This does that.

try Sunlight Soap and be really satisfied 19

Your grocer will show you the $5,000 Guarantee of purity that goes with every cake, signed by Lever Bros. Limited at Toronto.

Impurities of the Blood

Anyone whose Blood is impure should read this Testimonial

Mr. Chas. Martin, Box No. 367, Kenora, Ont., writes:—"Three years ago, while working in Hamilton, Ont., I was taken sick, and no one knew what ailed me. Every bit of food I ate I vomited up and consequently I became very weak. My landlord told me that after that he thought at one time I was booked for the cemetery. Walking down street one day I happened to see Burdock Blood Bitters in a druggist's window so went in and got a bottle. Before I had taken half of it I broke out, all round my loins in sores. I showed it to my landlord and asked him what he thought of it. He told me it looked as if I had a heavy attack of chicken pox. Both he and his wife tried all they knew how to persuade me to stop taking the B.B.B., but it was no use. I had gotten so bad I thought it did not matter much whether I went under or not, so I got a second bottle and judge to my surprise to see the sores begin to disappear, and by the time I had taken three bottles I did not care for the best man in Hamilton. I am 61 years of age and am able to do a day's work with the next man, thanks to B.B.B.

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by the T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Kidneys, Free

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches: the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe, contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

FITS I have cured cases of 20 years standing. Trial package free by mail. Dr. S. PERRY, Dpt. Park Sta., Chicago, Ill.

English Volunteers Commencing to build bridge.

dissolved stuff, and then the other. In that way, he reasoned, there would be no waste. He would get the full benefit of the powder, and it would not be necessary to wear a napkin to save his clothing from damage.

Preparing two more powders, he carried out the scheme, and it worked beautifully. When the second glass of the liquid mingled with the first in his stomach, there were doings. The stuff effervesced and spouted out of his mouth like a shower of minature soap bubbles.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" exclaimed his wife.

Wiping the tears out of his eyes, and regarding her with sorrowful countenance, he replied:

"I am the human geyser, the wonder of the new century, and the despair of the medical and scientific world. I am the biggest idiot in St. Louis County, and I'm going to make a bee-line for a lunatic asylum before I bust. Bring me a handkerchief, please."

The Lady and the Boy.

A lady was calling at the home of a New Denver hopeful, says the New Denver (B.C.) Ledge," and, during a brief absence of the mother from the room, was entertained by the three-year-old. He had just been provided with his first pair of suspenders, was proud of them, and, boy like, wanted to tell about them.

"Yo' doesn't know what I's got, Missus Blank," said he. "I's got—I's got——" But he had forgotten the name, and could get no farther. He was not to be outdone, however, and, looking inquiringly into the lady's face, innocently asked:

"What yo' call 'em things what yo' hang you're pants on?"

Joking a Politician.

A good joke is told on F. L. Moore, the fusion candidate for State senator, which happened at one of his meetings in the country. Before the meeting, relates the Moscow (Id.) "Mirror," some wag decorated the wall of the building behind the speaker nicely, and beneath the decoration placed a placard with the following:

"From '93 to '97 I made $18,000 in fees on mortgage foreclosures." "Down with money power." "F. L. Moore, attorney for the Northwestern & Pacific Hypotheek Bank and Lombard Mortgage Company." "I am pledged to vote for the payment of the governor's Coeur d'Alene war debt, if elected."

Whenever Mr. Moore would grow eloquent, the wag who had arranged the decoration would pull a string and expose the placard, the crowd would cheer, and the speaker thought he "had em." He failed to notice the decoration, and imagines that the audience was charmed by his eloquence.

He Did His Best.

A young lady at a summer hotel asked an artist friend who was spending his vacation there, if he would mind doing a small favor for her.

"Certainly not," he said eagerly; "what is it?"

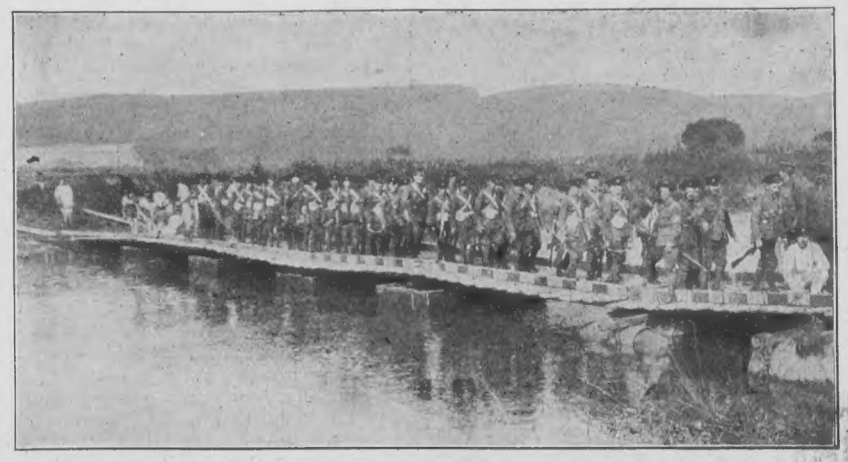
"Thank you so much," she exclaimed gratefully. "I wish you would stop at Mrs. Gannon's little shop and get three large bone buttons, the kind with two small holes in them. They're for my new bathing suit, you know. Just tell her who I am and it will be all right. You needn't pay for them."

Now, the artist was a bachelor, and had never bought anything but collar buttons before. So on the way to the store he kept repeating the instructions that he had received. Eager to relieve his mind, he rushed up to Mrs. Gannon and reeled off this surprising speech: "I want three bone buttons for a small bathing suit with two large holes in it. Just tell me who I am and it will be all right."

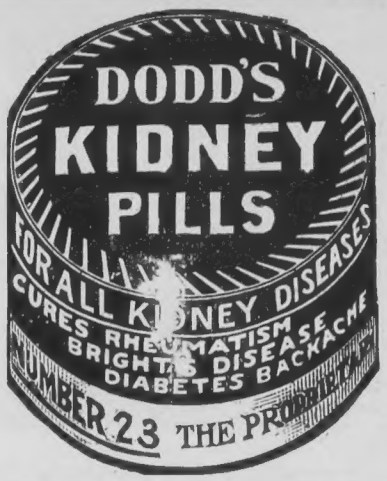
An Exciting Race.

One moonlight night an old Northumbrian who had imbibed rather too freely, was going towards home at a breakneck pace with his gaze fixed upon his shadow. After going about half a mile, he stopped. "Wey, aa've often heerd tell ov folk gannin' past thorsels," he muttered, "but aa divvent beleeve it's true, becaase aa've run aal the way th' neet, an' aall be hanged if aa cud even catch up te masel'!"

As a vermifuge there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminatro, and it can be given to the most delicate child without feat of injury to the constitution.



This bridge was built by a company of 84 men in 35 minutes, 25,000 troops passed over, it was then dismantled in 19 minutes, pontoons and barrel piers combined, and stored, and galloped away with.



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Representatives are making $2,000 to $10,000 a year without capital.

One student, upon completing his course, and without capital, made a profit of $2,714 in his first month's work.

Be Your Own Master

Good judgment and ordinary education and ambition with our course of instruction, will quickly win for you an independent life.

Free legal advice to each representative

DOMINION CO-OPERATIVE REALTY Co LIMITED

CENTRAL OFFICE, TRADERS BANK BLDG. TORONTO, ONT. | WESTERN OFFICE, McDOUGALL BLOCK, CALGARY, ALTA.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Household Suggestions.

THE PICNIC BASKET.

By Sophie K. Underwood.

Don't start on a picnic unless you are taking a good lunch and plenty of it. Plan a day beforehand, if you are one of those unlucky creatures who are possessed of a short memory, and make a little list of what you will need for the occasion, for verily to be ten miles from home and to discover that you have forgotten the lemonade is enough to turn a festive occasion into a most unpleasant one.

The sandwich is the picnic stand-by, of course, and unusually good ones can be made by baking a pan of little round rolls, cutting the tops nearly off when they are cold, scooping out some of the crumb, and filling them with chicken chopped and reduced to a stiff paste with cream. They must be seasoned, mixed with mayonnaise, pepper, and celery salt if liked.

For a simpler sandwich, butter white bread thinly, and place between two slices a thin slice of cold chicken and a thin slice of cold ham.

A streamed brown-bread loaf a day old, cut in slices, and spread with a mixture of Neufchatel cheese and chopped stuffed olives, makes sandwiches which never satisfy the demand for more.

If you are going to build a camp-fire, take some thin slices of bacon or a dozen frankfurters, and toast them over the fire. These will necessitate preparing some long rolls, split and lightly buttered, and for the frankfurters one needs also a little wide-mouthed bottle of prepared mustard.

All of these sandwiches and rolls may be kept fresh and moist by wrapping in paraffin paper, or if this is not at hand, in an old napkin or tea-towel wrung as dry as possible out of very hot water. Cream the butter used in spreading the sandwiches, and see that the bread of which they are made is twenty-four hours old.

Those Delicious Stuffed Eggs.

Stuffed eggs are a most agreeable addition to the picnic lunch and may be prepared in a variety of ways. The eggs must be boiled hard, dropped at once into cold water, and when cool, shelled. The whites are then cut off in lengthwise halves, the yolks mashed and seasoned, mied with mayonnaise, shaped into balls, and replaced in the whites.

For stuffed eggs with meat, add to the yolks half the quantity of finely-chopped ham or the same quantity of finely-chopped chicken. Cream or melted butter may be used to moisten the mixture if preferred to mayonnaise. Salt, pepper, lemon-juice and cayenne are the seasonings to use.

Saratoga chips may be either bought or made. For the benefit of those who are far from the delicatessen store, here is a good recipe: Pare, and slice very thin medium-sized potatoes. Let the slices stand in very cold water for an hour and a half. Drain on a towel. Fry in deep fat until delicately browned, remove to brown paper to absorb the superfluous fat, and sprinkle with salt.

Don't Forget the Cake.

Of course you will want to take some cake for dessert. A good devil's-food cake with a nice white icing makes a splendid cake for a picnic. Try this recipe: Melt four squares of chocolate over hot water, add one half cupful of sugar and one half cupful of sweet milk; add the yolk of one egg, and cook until the mixture thickens. Let cool, and in the meantime cream one fourth of a cupful of butter, add one half cupful of sugar, one egg well beaten, one fourth of a cupful of sour milk and one and one eighth cupfuls of flour with which has been sifted one half teaspoonful of soda. Combine the two mixtures and add one half teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in a sheet, and frost with boiled icing in which one fourth of a cupful of seeded and chopped raisins has been mixed.

A few bottles of grape-juice of some concentrated sort which is to be diluted with water makes a good drink, or one may take a bottle of lemon-syrup and make lemonade "all in a minute." Boil one cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of water twelve minutes. Add one third of a cupful of lemon-juice, cool, and pour into a wide-necked bottle. It may be diluted according to the individual taste.

Now about the little things. Have a big sheet of heavy brown paper, folded to fit the top of the basket. It is to be the table-cloth. A supply of paper napkins is better than taking linen ones. A few wooden plates, some drinking-cups, a few knives, forks and spoons and little pepper and salt shakers will set the table sufficiently. Fill in the chinks of the basket with bottles of olives—little ones—bottles of pickles, a box of sardines and two or three of crackers if there are children in the party. If you have a number of discarderd cracker-boxes, fill them with the various sorts of sandwiches, one kind in each box.

Fruit Punch.

Pour a pint of water over a pound of sugar, add the juice of one orange and the juice and grated rind of one lemon, blend thoroughly, and boil for about five minutes. When cooked sufficiently, remove the syrup from the fire; strain it carefully, and, while still warm, add half a tumblerful of currant jelly. Stir until the latter has dissolved, and set by the ice to cool. When about to be used, pour the syrup into a punch-bowl, pack ice all around it, and add the juice of two lemons and two oranges, half a pint of grape-juice, and a quart of carbonated water. If desirable, the flavor of this punch may be changed occasionally by the addition of cold tea.

The Larder.

In warm weather the larder needs a little extra attention. There should be a daily inspection,,,,,,,,did.ffl ? o-si;kM a daily inspection each morning, and any food put away on plates or dishes will keep better if removed on to clean ones. The breadpan should be emptied, wiped out, and the bread replaced. All gravies and soups that have been left should be boiled up and poured into clean basins. All fish and meat should be kept covered over with wire covers or with a piece of muslin to keep off the flies. A simple butter-cooler is made by wrapping a porous flower-pot in a wet cloth. If possible, let the milk be kept in a place away from the other food; an outside safe, in the shade, is the best for this. In summer it is advisable to scald the milk as soon as it is delivered; place it in a clean, shallow basin, and throw a piece of clean muslin over the top to protect the contents from dust. It is a good plan, too, where possible, to store pastry in a separate cupboard to preserve its crispness, as when kept in the larder it is liable to become damp and heavy. If the larder has a stone floor, use it for the storage of greens, lettuce, etc. Twice a week the larder should be thoroughly cleaned and scrubbed out.

Mosquito Bites.

The simplest and most effective remedy for mosquito bites is ordinary soap. When in the country, or at any time when one is liable to meet those pests, a small piece of soap should be carried in the pocket, and when bitten a lather should be made over the affected part and left to dry on. The soap at once relieves the irritation. If, however, it should return, a second application is all that is necessary.

Give the Window-Screens a Cold Sponge Bath

occasionally in summer and you will keep c... much heat and dust. A small basin of cold water and an old sponge may be easily carried from one window to another, and it takes but a few minutes to sponge off the screens. During a hot wave, or whenever there is sickness in the house, dampen the screens frequently.

To Drive Flies Away from a Screen Door

rub the door with a cloth dipped in kerosene oil. Oil of peppermint, or oil of lavender, put in an atomizer with water and sprayed around the porch, will sometimes keep them off. It is said that the common house-fly does not like the odor of sweet peas, and will not go where there are any bouquets of these flowers.

Does the Sewing Machine Need Cleaning?

Empty the oil-can, fill with gasoline, flood every oiling place on the machine, run it rapidly, repeat process if necessary; then oil with best machine oil, and wonder, in your surprise at the result, why you did not do it sooner.

How to Wash Dishes.

Have plenty of hot water, clean, dry wiping-towels, and the dishes arranged in order on the table before beginning. I first wash tumblers and all glassware in hot suds, rolling the tumblers and dipping other pieces in the hot, rinsing water, using a brush for cut-glass China I do not pour boiling water over, but dip the pieces in the rinsing water. After washing the glassware, I wash the silver, pouring boiling water over it to rinse it. Porcelain dishes can be piled on something that will allow them to drain in the rinsing-pan, and boiling water poured over them. When the available space is filled, put the clean dishes away, making room for more. Sticky dishes that have been used for mixing batters, etc., I fill with water as soon as I have finished using them. Greasy kettles and skillets I pour boiling water into and add some good washing-powder, then set on the stove and let them boil a while; this loosens the grease. I turn out the water, wash the utensils in hot soapsuds, scour well, rinse in hot water ,dry, and set on the back of the stove or expose to the air a while before putting away, to prevent rust.

To wash colored dresses successfully, soak ten or fifteen minutes in middling strong salt water to set the color. Then rinse out and wash in lukeworm suds made with white soap. Rinse immediately after they are washed, turn inside out, and put them through good clear starch that has been strained, or stiffen them by putting them through a thin gum-arabic water, and dry as soon as possible. When dry, sprinkle, roll up a short time, and iron on the wrong side over a thick ironing-cloth.

If there are any spots, such as grease, fruit, or ink stains, on the dresses, they should be taken out before the dresses are washed. Remove all stains before they are dry.

To Keep Ice Cream Left Ovef from Dinner

put it into a fruit-jar, being careful to pack it down hard with a spoon; then put a piece of paper over the top and screw on the cover as tight as you can. Place the jar back in the pail with the ice and salt. If this plan is followed you will find the ice cream firm several hours later, no matter how soft it was when put into the jar; provided, of course, the pail has plenty of ice left in it.

His Mother's Corn Bread.

Young Mrs. Gillmore watched her husband anxiously as he cut into a smoking pan of corn bread.

"I do hope you'll like it, dear ! I made it myself."

"It looks very good," replied Gillmore, as he helped himself liberally and shoved the pan toward her. "Last time we had it I thought it was a little too short."

"I know you did, and yet I was sure that Katie put in the right quantity of shortening."

"It crumbled all to pieces when it was cut. But it was better than the one we had Friday morning. That was soggy."

"That's the reason I was so particular about having plenty of shortening in the last one."

"You should learn not to go to extremes," said Gillmore. He had often thought that if he had not been a practical business man, he might have become a philsopher.

"Why, Martha," he exclaimed, after swallowing his first bite of the corn bread, "I do believe that you put sugar in it!"

"Of course, Byron. It was only yesterday morning that you told me that your mother put some sweetening into her famous corn bread."

"I said that mother used just a suspicion of sugar. This is really as sweet as cake, and I think you must have left out the salt. Mother often said, 'Spare the salt and spoil the food!'"

"She must have been a remarkable cook," sighed Mrs. Gillmore.

"Indeed she was."

"I sometimes wonder," continued Mrs. Gillmore, gently, "if our boyish appetite did not have something to do with your relish for your mother's cooking."

"That boyish appetite explanation is getting pretty stale, Martha. I guess I always knew palatable food when tasted it, even in my early youth. My mother was an expert."

"I heartily wish that she had bequeathed her receipts to your wife."

"It's one thing to be funny," Gillmore retorted, "but it's another to excel in cooking. Martha, do you put any white flour with the corn-meal?"

"Yes, some."

"Well, that's the trouble. It destroys the flavor of the corn."

"But, Byron, you have told me a number of times that your mother always mixed a little spring wheat flour with the corn-meal."

"Of course, I suppose a little is necessary, but you must use discretion."

"I don't seem to have any," murmured Mrs. Gillmore, wearily.

"Well, mother often said that some women were born cooks and some weren't." Gillmore took the last piece of corn bread in the pan.

One night, a week later, Mr. Gillmore handed her an evening paper, opened at the household department page.

She glanced at a paragraph he had marked and read aloud, "Will some one kindly tell Martha, who is troubled with many things, how her husband's mother made corn bread? M. G., 1000 Blank St."

"So they really printed it," she said, much amused. Gillmore joined in her laugh somewhat weakly.

Every day for two weeks the postman brought Mrs. Gillmore at least one letter, and sometimes half a dozen, from other housewives who had long been struggling to reach that height of perfection in cooking which their husband's mothers were said to have attained. They wrote in a spirit of sympathy for a fellow sufferer.

"Martha," remarked Gillmore, after listening with the air of a martyr to a dozen of the communications which Mrs. Gillmore had read him gleefully, notes to me, "I'll never say corn bread "if you'll stop reading those ridiculous to you again."

"Just one more, Byron, that you must hear. It's form your sister Lucy. She says she laughed till she cried when she saw my letter in the paper."

"Why? It didn't strike me as so wonderfully amusing. Read me what she says, please."

"'Poor, dear, busy mother,'" began Mrs. Gillmore, in a tone that she tried to make inexpressive, "'never was much of a cook. She had too much to do to bring up her hungry brood to be very particular about the cooking. I well remember how father used to fuss about her corn bread. She never could reach his ideal of that dish. He wanted it just as his mother had made it.'"

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